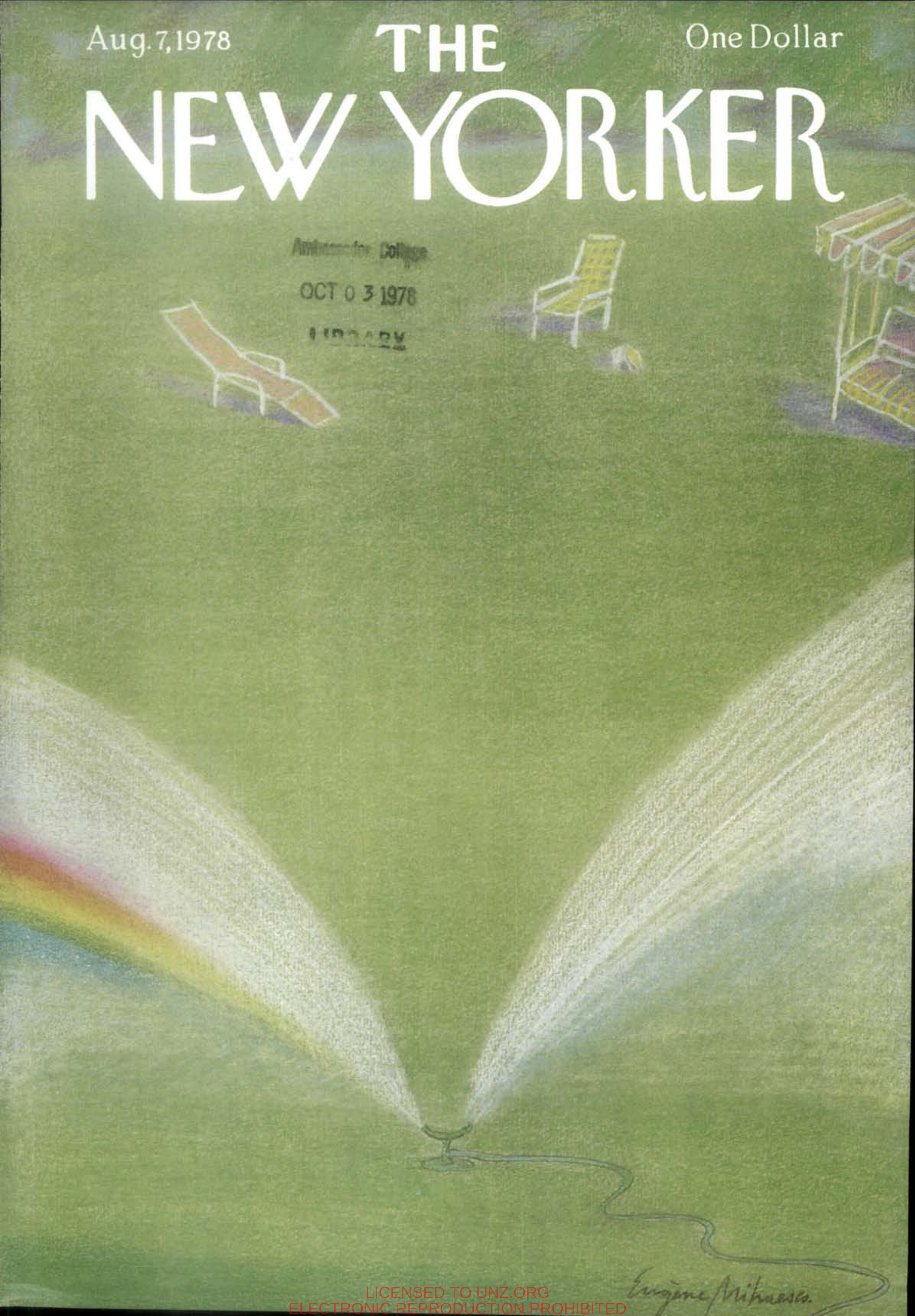
Aug. 7, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

One Dollar

Ambassador College
OCT 0 3 1978
LIBRARY



Eugène Mihaesco.

"Since all airline meals are pretty much the same, our service can't be." Frank Borman, President, Eastern Airlines.

If you pick an airline by the food it serves, you'll have a hard time deciding. The truth is all airline food is pretty much the same.

This doesn't mean we're not interested in serving the best quality food. It just means we realize that there are other things you're interested in besides what's on the plate.

At Eastern Airlines, we feel it's people that make the difference between airlines.

There's a total commitment to giving you good, comfortable, hassle-free service from all 34,000 of us. That means reservation agents, baggage handlers, mechanics, pilots, flight attendants, departure service personnel and all the rest. Some work behind the scenes and some you meet face to face. But they all play an important part in getting you to your destination. So it's teamwork that leads to a successful flight.

Eastern people realize you appreciate our being considerate and careful and friendly. And a little hustle doesn't hurt either.

So you see, we not only care about serving good quality food, but we know that how we dish it up counts, too.

Knowing all this has helped us. For the second year in a row, we've flown almost two million more passengers than the year before.

There are other airlines out there that you could fly. So if we want you to fly Eastern all the time, and we do, we have to earn our wings every day.

50

"The Wings of Man" is a registered service mark of Eastern Air Lines, Inc.

EASTERN

THE WINGS OF MAN

architectural dressing on three scenic levels

Building toward a very social season: the lean little vest over smock over flounced skirt. In a rosy Provence print on black rayon crepe. By Norman Berg for Bérnard Dress Ltd. Sizes 6 to 16, 88.00.

Plaza 2 Misses' Dresses on Two. New York and all fashion branches.

bloomingdale's

NEW YORK (1000 Third Ave., New York 10022, Garden City, Fresh Meadows, White Plains) CONNECTICUT (Stamford)
NEW JERSEY (Riverside Square-Bergen, Short Hills) MARYLAND (White Flint-Kensington) VIRGINIA (Tysons Corner-McLean)
Mail and phone orders filled. We regret, no C.O.D.'s.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Dance Machine—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Bird Land—Starletta DuPois in a musical by Barry Amyer Kaleem. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 6.)

Chapter Two—A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. The four-person cast is admirable. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Da—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dancin'—Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, Victor Garber, Marian Winters, and Richard Woods. Directed by Robert Moore. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The 5th of July—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 for various purposes. Lanford Wilson is an experienced dramatist, but this is one of his non-vintage plays. The performance is very good, though. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Just the Immediate Family—A play by Grace Kimmins. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 242-2695. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 13.)

Man-Wo-Man—A pair of one-acters—subject as stated. In the first, "Michael," an ironic and funny "dramatic fragment" by Ed Bullins, a worldly composer and arranger on a visit to a black college is wooed and won by an innocent-seeming student. In the second, the kaleidoscopic "*Passion Without Reason*," by Neil Harris, a black man and woman assume any number of male and female roles. (5/22/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Free.)

Monteith and Rand—Improvisational sketches by John Monteith and Suzanne Rand. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-0177. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Once in a Lifetime—Hollywood in turmoil over the advent of the "talkies." This first collaboration by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman has been given a charming production, with John Lithgow and George S. Irving as a pair of nitwits who can do no wrong. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On the Twentieth Century—A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum, Imogene Coca, and Judy Kaye are its stars. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Piano Bar—A small musical, lightly disguised as cabaret, about two men and two women

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 17
"NIVEN: A RECONSIDERATION" . . . . *Ian A. Frazier* 23
"OUT ON THE MARSH" . . . . *David Updike* 24
"A SUMMER BY THE SEA" . . . . *Ruth Prawer Jhabvala* 26
"FOREST OF EUROPE" (POEM) . . . . *Derek Walcott* 28
"AN EVENING WALK" (POEM) . . . . *William Stafford* 32
THE SPORTING SCENE (SOCCER) . . . . *Alastair Reid* 37
REFLECTIONS (THE LEFT IN EUROPE) . . . . *William Pfaff* 54
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 60
U.S. JOURNAL: KANSAS . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 68
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 74
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 76
BOOKS . . . . *Lis Harris* 79
BRIEFLY NOTED 81

COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

DRAWINGS: *George Price, William Steig, Lee Lorenz, Frank Modell, Mischa Richter, Arnie Levin, Bill Woodman, Richard McCallister, Barney Tobey, Charles Saxon, Joseph Mirachi, James Stevenson, Stan Hunt, Henry Martin, Charles Barsotti, Robert Weber, Bernard Schoenbaum, Eldon Dedini, Al Ross, Donald Reilly*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) 840-3800
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) 840-3700

CHANDE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LIV, No. 25, August 7, 1978. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1978 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. *Printed in* U.S.A. *Subscription* rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $24.00; two years, $40.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $28.00. Other foreign, $32.00.

estée
lauder
swiss
performing
extract
a super-rich
nourishing lotion

Now: Estée Lauder
and today's technology bring you
Swiss Performing Extract. Its amazing
capabilities can help your skin look better from now on.

Fact: Swiss Performing Extract is more than a moisturizer. It is a super nourishing lotion blended in the U.S.A. with natural ingredients including soluble protein: a substance plentiful in young skin.

Fact: Science tells us this natural substance has outstanding capabilities. It sinks right down into the skin's surface to help promote resilience, good tone and to maintain optimum moisture balance.

Fact: Swiss Performing Extract performs 24-hours a day. Use it under moisturizer or under makeup, and before bedtime. Specifically, dryness lines will become less noticeable instantly and you will be on your way to better looking skin. Estée Lauder skin.

Swiss Performing Extract. Because makeup and moisturizers can't do it all.

Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

who enter a bar as strangers and leave, after a couple of hours, as friends and lovers. Music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, and libretto by both. (6/19/78) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays—except Aug. 5—and Sundays at 2.)

P. S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Three Charles Ludlam productions. **STAGE BLOOD:** Mondays and Wednesdays at 8.... **BLUEBEARD:** Thursdays and Fridays at 8.... **CAMILLE:** Saturdays and Sundays at 8. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—Sammy Davis, Jr., in a limited engagement of a revival of the Leslie Bricusse-Anthony Newley musical. Directed by Mel Shapiro. Preview Wednesday evening, Aug. 2. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 3, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 27. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Timbuktu!—Eartha Kitt, Gilbert Price, and Ira Hawkins in a silly reworking of the musical "Kismet." (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tribute—Jack Lemmon is superb in this rueful comedy (by Bernard Slade) about a dying man who seeks belatedly to achieve a successful relationship with his son. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DRACULA:** Frank Langella and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,592 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father, and Barbara Coggin and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE GIN GAME:** Jessica Tandy and E. G. Marshall in a new comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-seven years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Betsy Palmer and Charles Kimbrough are the cast. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and gymnasts. (Eighth Ave. and 50th St., on the site of the old Madison Square Garden. 581-9186. Wednesdays at 11:15 and 2:15; Thursdays at 11:15 and 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 2:15 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 4.)

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Peggy Fleming. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 9, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 20. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Aug. 10, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A musician-owned night-club loft on a stretch of Greene Street that hasn't changed much since the neighborhood—the desolate and gray Factory District—turned into SoHo. Drummer Zahir Batin leads his quintet through Saturday, Aug. 5; on Tuesday, Aug. 8, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will bring in his quartet for five nights. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from about ten. Closed Sundays.

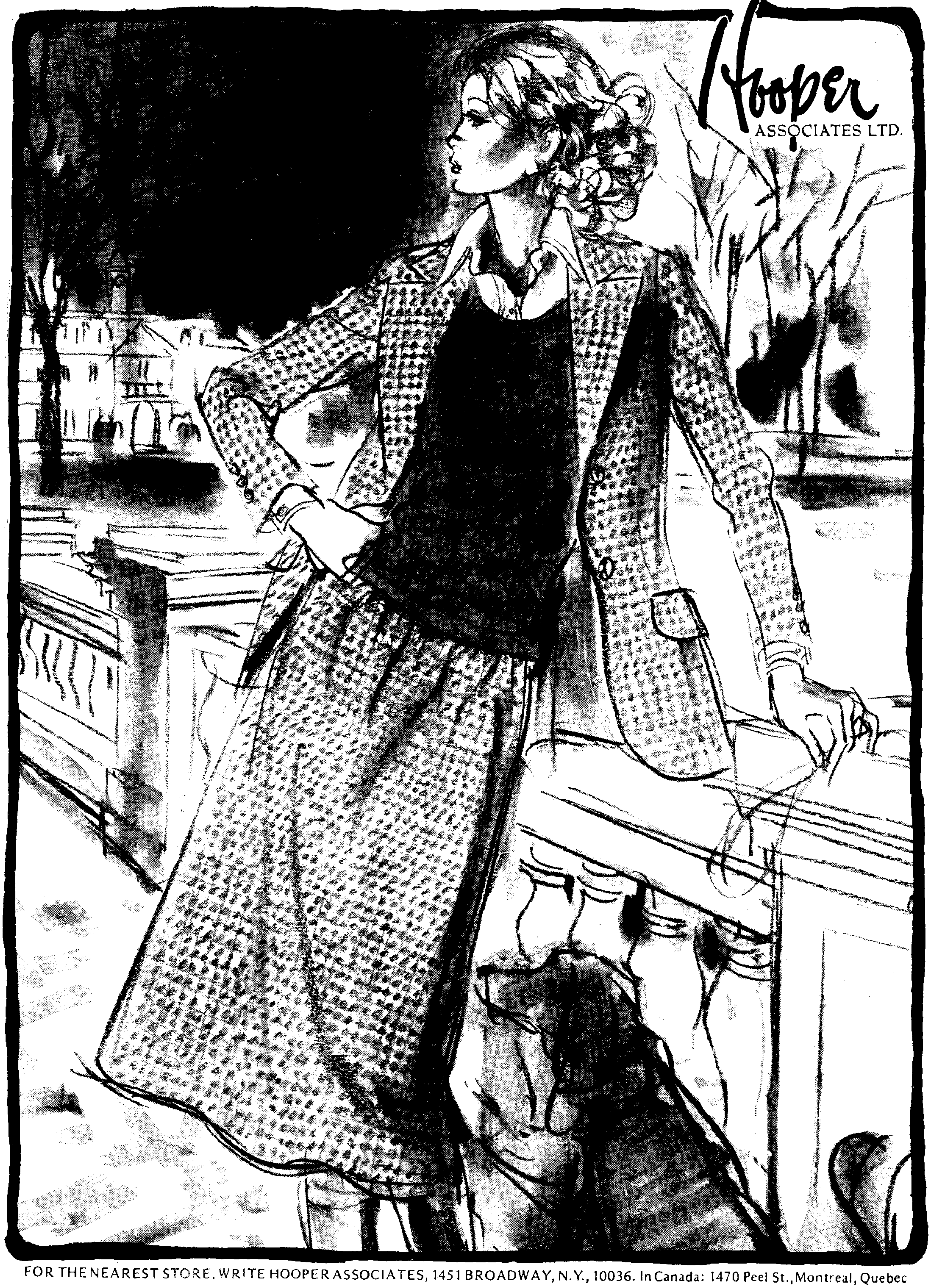
Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Liz Corrigan, a former folkie and a current studio performer—she sings commercials and television themes—has moved in to do a bit of Rodgers and Hart, a bit of bluegrass, and a bit of seventies pop. She's here Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge, with good musicians performing in a picture-window music corner. Bassist David Friesen and guitarist John Stowell perform through Saturday, Aug. 5; Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 9-12, Janet Lawson, a young bebop-influenced vocalist, will head up her quartet. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Except for a few artfully got-up punk-rock groupies (orange-dyed hair, torn T-shirts, and Buddy Holly horn-rimmed glasses are all acceptable trappings), the patrons here resemble the clean-cut, Pepsi generation that makes up the studio audiences on "Saturday Night Live." The highlights from the current lineup are rock singer and producer Genya Ravan, who is here Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 2-3; the Dramatics, an R. & B. vocal quintet, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5; singer Jimmie Mack and his rock band, Monday, Aug. 7; and folk-rock singer and songwriter Jesse Winchester, Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 10-12. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A lot of people like to hang out here, checking everyone at the bar in the overhead mirrors or listening in on the literary gossip. A lot of other people think of Bradley's as piano-bass heaven: **MIKE LONGO** and **BOB CRAN-**

First scent of fall: soft wool flannel knit a-tingle with tiny houndstooth checks (fairly begging for a walk!)... **bleyle** blazer and newly slendered, dirndl-front pull-on skirt paced by a color-cued wool pointelle pullover and silky polyester shirt. Imported by



Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.

FOR THE NEAREST STORE, WRITE HOOPER ASSOCIATES, 1451 BROADWAY, N.Y., 10036. In Canada: 1470 Peel St., Montreal, Quebec

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

SHAW play piano-bass hosannas through Saturday, Aug. 5; on Monday, Aug. 7, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will come in with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ**. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—If one cannot fly to Rio, this is the next best thing. Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others performed by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. In short, a lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music Tuesdays through Sundays from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and music from Carnival. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Pianist Monty Alexander, who has a penchant for crescendo-laden solos, leads his trio Sundays through Thursdays. Music at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Punk rock, which is generally loud, back-to-basics, simple pre-Herman's Hermits rock and roll, had its origins at this club. The bands that play here nowadays are called the Shirts, the Planets, the Communists, the Erasers, the Student Teachers, the Mumps. Many of the musicians like to appear as menacing and threatening as possible—much the same way the early Rolling Stones did. Would you want your daughter to marry a Student Teacher? Monday is showcase night. Nightly from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**JOE TURNER,** a first-edition stride pianist—he's in his early seventies and was a contemporary of Fats Waller and other Harlem players fifty years ago—has moved in to play solo piano weeknights at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. On Sundays from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** is here working with a trio Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, highbacked Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins weeknights after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. On Tuesday, Aug. 8, trombonist **EDDIE HUBBLE** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Aug. 6, from eight-thirty, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a quintet that will feature trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ,** who, like Hamilton, is in his twenties and likes to play swing music. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** guitarist **JOE PUMA,** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're usually here Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three, and on Sundays from seven to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to pianist **AL HAIG,** guitarist **AL GAFA,** and bassist **MORRIS EDWARDS.** Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**SLAM STEWART,** who supplies comedy and hamminess with his fuzzy, buzzing vocals and his bass bowing, works with guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** through Saturday, Aug. 5. Stewart's part of the act tends to get a bit tiresome, but Pizzarelli's solos—which are mostly delicate chord solos that play off the melody in four-part harmony—are a delight. He can make "Satin Doll," a wonderful tune that is suffering from being played too much, actually sound refreshing; on "Honeysuckle Rose," he completely lets loose into one of the hottest, fastest chord solos ever executed. On Monday, Aug. 7, trumpeter **TED CURSON** will bring in his quartet. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A taste of Austin, Texas: slick young lawyer types, cosmic cowboys, and pecan pie (but where are the chicken-fried steaks?). The entertainment usually consists of progressive country bands. (Progressive country bands tend to be bands that write their own material and get high.) Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 3-6, Greezy Wheels, a good-natured bar band from Austin, will be present. Monday through Thursday, Aug. 7-10, have been reserved for rock-and-roll groundbreaker and guitarist **BO DIDDLEY.** In the mid-fifties, Diddley's exaggerated, raw, and jangling rhythms—skeptics called it jungle music at the time—prevented him from equalling the popularity of his softer-edged, founding-father colleague Chuck Berry. Today, Diddley classics such as "Bo Diddley," "Mona," and "Who Do You Love?" are viewed by many with the reverence others reserve for Gregorian chant. Weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

LES MAREYEURS, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE,** a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and his own capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. He's here with strong bass support from **RON MARKOWITZ** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **JAY MC SHANN,** who led the last of the great Kansas City bands in the late thirties and early forties, has returned to this bandstand. McShann no longer has a big band, but he still has a bead on Kansas City music—i.e., the blues. Drummer **JOE MORELLO,** bassist **JACK SIX,** and tenor saxophonist **HAL ASHBY** help him out. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Drummer **IDRIS MUHAMMAD** heads up a quintet on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 10-12, electric-keyboard player Charles Earland will perform with his group. Music from ten to two. Dining.

AUCTIONS
T Goddard

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—**MORGANA KING,** a smoky-voiced, emotional jazz singer, is present through Saturday, Aug. 5; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 10-12, singer Etta James, a rhythm-and-blues star from the fifties, will bring her comeback tour to this stage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** and his orchestra depart after Sunday, Aug. 6; on Wednesday, Aug. 9, **SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet reclaim Art Deco-land. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Gotham, a male vocal trio with an act that leans heavily on Boswell Sisters hits from the thirties and on similar campy material, has moved in. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are usually showcase nights. Dining.

SIBI, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—**BOBBY COLE,** a pianist with a sure, subtle touch and a vocalist with a hoarse, raspy voice, has settled in with what seems at first like a fifties lounge repertoire—"Cry Me a River," "When Your Lover Has Gone," and "From This Moment On"—until he drops in "Wild Horses," by the Rolling Stones. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Swing tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** is in charge of a quartet Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 3-5; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 10-12, bassist **RON CARTER** will be present with his wonderful sidemen—pianist **KENNY BARRON,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS.** Shows begin about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist Mickey Tucker's quintet performs through Saturday, Aug. 5; Sunday and Monday, Aug. 6-7, will be turned over to pianist **NINA SHELDON,** saxophonist **GERRY NIEWOOD,** and their quartet; on Tuesday, Aug. 8, trumpeter **CHET BAKER** will arrive with his current quintet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—Trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** heads his very fine quintet—pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS,** drummer **VICTOR LEWIS,** tenor saxophonist **CARTER JEFFERSON,** and bassist **CLINT HOUSTON**—through Sunday, Aug. 6. Solo pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** (formerly known as Dollar Brand) will take over beginning Tuesday, Aug. 8. Mondays are claimed by the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and aging swing musicians who can still swing. Pianist **BROOKS KERR,** bassist **AARON BELL,** and drummer **SONNY GREER** devote themselves to Ellingtonia on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 2-3; Friday through Sunday, Aug. 4-6, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will play on the beat; Tuesday through Friday, Aug. 8-11, trombonist and guitarist **EDDIE DURHAM** will be in charge of a quartet; and on Saturday, Aug. 12, trumpeter Franc Williams' Swing Four will return. Live music from nine nightly, except Mondays, when the management pre-

MGB.
Widen your horizons.

In a world of caged-in, cooped-up cars, the MGB is a classic sports car: low, lean and wide open all around. Everything about the car is designed to make driving more fun and widen your horizons.

The top-down, wind-in-your-face sense of excitement you get from driving an MGB comes from handling features like front disc brakes, rack and pinion steering, quick-throw four-speed stick, and front and back anti-sway bars for increased stability. And, with its track-proven 1800cc engine, the MGB performs like the proven winner it is. In fact, the MGB holds the National Class E Championship in SCCA racing this year, just as it has for six of the past seven years.

So sit in it. Drive it. Experience it.

And widen your horizons the quickest way we know. Behind the wheel of an MGB.

For the name of the dealer nearest you, just call these toll-free numbers: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

BRITISH
LEYLAND

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, NEW JERSEY 07605.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

sents jazz-history sessions on film, records, or slides. Student food at student prices.

DISCOTHÈQUES

Ipanema, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Mostly recorded disco and some Brazilian music from nine. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

New York, New York, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning, colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

Régine's, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Isley Brothers—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Aug. 4, at 8.

Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin's Band—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Thursday, Aug. 10, at 11, and Friday, Aug. 11, at 10 and at midnight.

Piano Pinnacle II—The trios of Walter Davis, Jr., Barry Harris, and Duke Jordan. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Aug. 12, at 7 and 9:45.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Louis I. Kahn (1901-74)—Early architectural sketches, together with later drawings in pastel, pen and ink, charcoal, watercolor, and pencil, made during his travels in Europe and Egypt. Through Sept. 9. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open daily, except Sundays, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Blinky Palermo (1943-77)—Times of the day and seasons of the year are the subjects of a series of small abstract gouaches, often monochromatic, by this German artist. Through Saturday, Aug. 5. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Hovsep Pushman (1877-1966)—Paintings and prints by an Armenian-American specialist in still-life. Through Aug. 18. (Grand Central, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Twenty-four self-portraits by this celebrated Austrian draftsman, nearly all of them pencil drawings or watercolors. Through Aug. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Etchings, engravings, and woodcuts by more than thirty Old Masters, including Aldegrever, Bol, Beham, and Reni. Through Friday, Aug. 4. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works by gallery artists. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.). . . **CRISPO,** 41 E. 57th St.: "New Forms in Sculpture" has works by Douglas Abdell, Arman, Fred Eversley, Nancy Leeds, and Hubert Long. Through Saturday, Aug. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.). . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by gallery artists. Through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.). . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery members. Through Sept. 9. . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Works by eighteen artists who showed with the New Museum before it settled down in its present quarters. Among them are Jonathan Santlofer, Marianne Stikas, and Brenda Goodman. Through Aug. 31. (Opens at noon.). . . **PHOENIX,** 30 W. 57th St.: Step-by-step illustrations showing how a number of the gallery artists (among them Suzanne Hodes, Anna Bisso, and Nelson Williams), arrived at a finished product: ideas jotted on the back of an envelope, color experiments, black-and-white sketches. Through Thursday, Aug. 10.

Alfresco Sculpture—At Fordham University's Lincoln Center campus: **CHAIM GROSS,** bronzes, and **LILA KATZEN,** metal pieces in a variety of sizes. . . . **NED SMYTH:** Multi-part concrete pieces positioned around the plaza in formal arrangements. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.). . . **ARTHUR WEYHE:** A huge free-form sculpture, remotely resembling a Coney Island roller coaster and incorporating tree trunks the size of telephone poles. The site is a large plaza affording a sweeping view of the East River. (Waterside, accessible to visitors by a footbridge across the East River Drive at 25th St.). . . **GEORGE SUGARMAN:** "Yellow Ascending," a twenty-four-foot sculpture of enamelled welded-steel units, erupts from a base in front of City Hall.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Doisneau / George Krause—A group of photographs of twentieth-century artists (Léger, Steinberg, Picasso) stand out in a show of a hundred works by this Parisian photographer. / Studies of nudes, most of them surreal. Through Aug. 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Henry Jackson (1843-1942)—Photographs of waterfalls and rock formations. Through Aug. 18. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

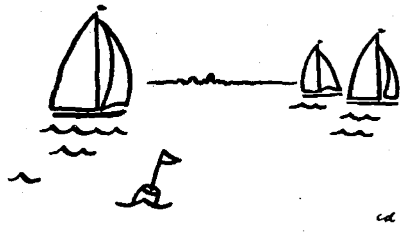
Adam Clark Vroman (1856-1916)—More than sixty vintage platinum prints of Indian reservations in Arizona and New Mexico at the turn of the century. Through Aug. 18. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

American Photography Since 1960—The shift in photography from the documentary to the expressionistic, from the public event to the private is the basis for an exhibition of about two hundred works mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. Close to a hundred photographers are represented. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **GREY ART GALLERY,** New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: More than a hundred and sixty nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs from the collection of Sam Wagstaff, which includes such names as Julia Margaret Cameron, Robert Frank, Doris Ulmann, and William Eggleston. Through Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.). . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two shows. The first is of a hundred and twenty-five prints that **EDWARD WESTON** gave to his sister, Mary Weston Seaman, over a period of years. . . . ¶ The second show is called "The Great West, Real/Ideal," and it ranges from Betty Hahn's color-screen prints of the Lone Ranger and Tonto, to Ansel Adams' sharp-focus wilderness scenes, to Geoff Winningham's pictures of plastic culture in Houston. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Images of Women: Master Drawings of Five Centuries" has ninety works (from the Lehman Collection) by artists who include Dürer, Ingres, Menzel, Valadon, and Matisse. Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ A show of engravings by Abraham Bosse which record the social customs of seventeenth-century Paris. Through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about fifty blue-and-white Japanese Export porcelains (early seventeenth century). Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. Through Aug. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Ninety portrait drawings, impromptu for the most part, of twentieth-century artists and writers. Included are an arresting graphite-pencil likeness by René Bouché of the architect Frederick Keisler, whose own full-length pencil portrait of Marcel Duchamp (also shown, in another room) occupies eight sheets of paper, each framed separately. (One whole page is devoted to the toe of Duchamp's boot.) Through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ An exhibit of etchings by Jim Dine. Through Sept. 5. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Group show of contemporary American photographers. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.). . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. During August, Friday and Saturday evenings, starting at 8, will be taken up by "performance artists" (the live-action wing of conceptual art).

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, collages, and reliefs of the Italian abstractionist Alberto Burri. Through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans, from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Art About Art" is a lighthearted exhibition that demonstrates how American artists appropriate the works of others for their own purposes—sometimes in homage and sometimes as a starting point but more often in fun. In this show, the favorite targets for parody, by far, are Mona Lisa (Arakawa, Halsman, Johns, Marisol, Rauschenberg, Warhol, Wesselmann) and the Stuart George Washington (Colescott, Hefferton, Lichtenstein, Rivers, Wesley, Wesselmann). Red Grooms takes off a whole gallery (the Marlborough) and some of its contents for one of his huge three-dimensional pieces. Through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred twentieth-century drawings acquired by the museum during the past five years, by artists such as Chuck Close. Claes Oldenburg, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Ad Reinhardt. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . ¶ Informal concerts of classical and contemporary music Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Photographs by nineteen recipients of fellowship grants, among them Lilo Raymond, Jan Groover, Louis Faurer. Through Friday, Aug. 4. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Archer Collection of Pahari miniatures consists of eighty paintings of the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries, many of them portraits of maharajas and illustrations of religious epics. Through Sept. 17. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a gallery on the third floor, contains prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Imperial China from the mid-eighteen-hundreds to 1912 is the subject of vintage photographs, chiefly by Europeans (Charles Weed, John Thomson, Donald Mennie among them). Portraits of the Dowager Empress and her entourage are included in a series by her court photographer. Through Aug. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—

"Embroidery Through the Ages," a show of textiles reaching back to the fourteenth century, taken from the museum's collection or on loan from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)... ¶ Performances by dancers in the garden Tuesday evenings at 7.

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on loan. Through Oct. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of traditional folk-art objects whose dominant motif is the heart. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Patrons & Publishers: The Economics of English Literature" is the theme of an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 2: Alexander Schneider conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Peter Serkin, piano.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, in an all-Mozart program, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; James Buswell, violin; and others.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Barry Tuckwell, horn.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 7, and Wednesday, Aug. 9: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra and acting as trumpet soloist, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 8: Alicia de Larrocha, piano, in a recital program. (No pre-concert recital.)... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 10: The Cleveland Quartet, with Mr. Ohlsson, and Laurence Lesser, cello, in a chamber-music program.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 11-12: Richard Westenburg directing the orchestra in a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Susan Davenny-Wyner, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Musica Sacra Chorus. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 26.)

ROBERT AND MERTINA RUDIÉ—Violin and piano, in a program of Viennese music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL—Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in a varied program.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 4, at 7: Benita Valente, soprano, in a program of Schubert songs.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 4, at 9: Edo de Waart conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Miss Valente.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Michael Tippett directing a program including one of his own works, with Miss Valente; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Alexander Stevenson, tenor; Norman Bailey, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2:30: Edo de Waart conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Emanuel Ax, piano.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Gunther Schuller conducting the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra in a varied program.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 11, at 7: Gilbert Kalish and Yehudi Wyner in an all-Schubert program of music for piano, four hands.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 11, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Liszt-Wagner program, with Jessye Norman, soprano; Jon Vickers, tenor; and Gwynne Howell, baritone.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 2:30: Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Wednesday, Aug. 2, at 7: The Doobie Brothers and Toby Beau.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:15: Kris

A Summer of Lilies

A White Flower Farm
collection
of named varieties of lilies
provides bloom from June
through early September.

Our continuous-flowering Lily collection is made up of 12 bulbs, 6 varieties carefully selected for diversity of color, form, and blooming time. Lilies are delightful growing by themselves, in a mixed perennial border, or in containers on the terrace. A great cut flower.

Bloom begins in late June with 'Enchantment,' an upward facing form that has been called the best Lily originated in this century—a great self-propagator, too. 'Black Dragon Strain' is striking in the garden and in arrangements, a frequent choice of flower show entrants. The flowers of 'Burgundy Strain,' about half the size of others in the collection, are charming, dancing sprites. 'Pink Perfection Strain' is a great (in all respects) trumpet that grows to six feet and bears a score of flowers, all pink, all perfect. 'Connecticut Yankee,' hybridized in this state by Messrs. Stone and Payne whose work is recognized internationally, has remarkable beauty and vigor. Last to bloom, in late August or early September, is the sensational Gold-rayed Lily of Japan, *auratum platyphyllum*, a favorite for decades.

Bulbs are the largest size commercially available, and each variety is identified. With good first culture (instructions are included with each order) they will last many years.

Please order from this advertisement: Lily Collection #4210, $30 plus 10% transportation and handling east of the Mississippi and 15% west of the river (Conn. residents please add sales tax). The collection will be shipped in October. Please order now.

—Amos Pettingill

CONNECTICUT YANKEE
Vivid Orange
up to 20 blooms, 6" diameter
4'-6' stems

PINK PERFECTION STRAIN
Shades of Dark Pink
up to 20 blooms, 6" diameter
6' stems

BURGUNDY STRAIN
Cherry-Red to Burgundy
up to 20 blooms, 3" diameter
4'-5' stems

Also in the collection

AURATUM PLATYPHYLLUM
White, Gold Streaks, Crimson Spots
up to 20 blooms, 10" diameter
6' stems

ENCHANTMENT
Nasturtium-Red
up to 16 blooms, 6" diameter
3' stems

BLACK DRAGON STRAIN
White inside, Dark Maroon outside
up to 20 blooms, 6" diameter
5'-6' stems

White Flower Farm
Plantsmen
Litchfield 988, Connecticut 06759

Homesteading challis

Our prairie plaid-and-flowered big shirt to button on bright and early, or as the sun sinks in the West.

Camel-brown-rust polyester-rayon, from Loungees, P, S, M, L, 35.00 Loungewear, Fourth Floor, Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue— call 391-3300. And at all Lord & Taylor stores

Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5, at 7: Linda Ronstadt and Livingston Taylor.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 7: The Beach Boys.... ¶ Opening performances by the **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA** of a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 26. Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program, with André Watts, piano.... Thursday, Aug. 10, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; Veriano Luchetti, tenor; Ezio Flagello, bass; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus.... Friday, Aug. 11, at 8:15: Julius Hegyi conducting a varied program, with Silvia Marcovici, violin.... Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:15: Henry Mancini conducting a program of themes from TV and films. (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Gregg Smith directing the Gregg Smith Singers in a program of American and European music.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 5:30: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; James Buswell, violin; and others.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: The Emerson String Quartet, with Leslie Guinn, baritone, and Harriet Wingreen, piano.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 5:30: Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and Miriam Fried, violin. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 20. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 5: The Murray Louis Dance Company.... ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 8-12: The Boston Ballet Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 2-3, at 8.... ¶ Baltimore, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2.... ¶ Milwaukee, Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 8-10, at 8.... **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 11, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 12, at 4:05.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Jets vs. Atlanta Falcons, Monday, Aug. 7, at 8.... ¶ Giants vs. Jets, Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8.

GOLF—Curtis Cup Matches. (Apawamis Club, Rye, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5.)

RACING—At **SARATOGA**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Test, Wednesday, Aug. 2; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 5; the Bernard Baruch Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 9; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 12.... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. The Monmouth Invitational, Saturday, Aug. 5, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 12. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

TENNIS—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 2-4, at noon and 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 5-6, at 1. For information about tickets, call 201 762-6220.)... ¶ World Team Tennis: Apples vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Aug. 3, at 7:30.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 23.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.... **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Raul Julia and Meryl Streep in **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW**. The second of two plays by the company. Free performances start on Thursday, Aug. 3, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 3. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. Andre Kostelanetz will conduct the first (all-Tchaikovsky) in a series of four peripatetic programs: **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**, Tuesday, Aug. 8, at 8:30.... **VAN CORTLANDT PARK**, Bronx, Friday, Aug. 11, at 8:30.... **CUNNINGHAM PARK**, Queens, Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30.

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesday, Aug. 2; Friday, Aug. 4; and Sunday, Aug. 6, all at 8.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Henry Schuman conducting the Festival Orchestra. The third in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 8, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, Aug. 2, at 6:30: Richie Havens and Tom Rush.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 4, at 6:30: Patti Smith Group.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 6:30: Kenny Rankin and Lynn Kellogg.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 7, at 6:30: Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes.... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 6: The Kinks and Eddie Money.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 11, at 6:30: Robert Palmer and Muddy Waters. (Through Saturday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of Irving Berlin's **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN**, with Lucie Arnaz and Harve Presnell. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 9:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

PERSEID METEOR SHOWERS—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Friday, Aug. 11, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all cooperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 11 Monday through Thursday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Aug. 13 (day). San Diego, Aug. 15 (night), Aug. 16 (d), and Aug. 17 (n). Los Angeles, Aug. 18 (n) and Aug. 19-20 (d). San Francisco, Aug. 21-22 (n) and Aug. 23 (d). Pittsburgh, Sept. 8-9 (n) and Sept. 10 (d).... **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Aug. 25-26 (night) and Aug. 27 (day). California, Aug. 28-29 (n). Seattle, Sept. 1-2 (n) and Sept. 3 (d). Detroit, Sept. 4 (day doubleheader) and Sept. 5-6 (n).

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, AUG. 19**: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, exhibition game, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands.... **SATURDAY, AUG. 26**: Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, exhibition game, at Giants Stadium.... **SUNDAY, SEPT. 3**: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium.... **SUNDAY, SEPT. 10**: Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Giants Stadium.

GOLF—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Aug. 17-20.)... ¶ U.S.G.A. Men's Amateur. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. Aug. 29-Sept. 3.)

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Aug. 28-Oct. 23.... **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Sept. 5-Dec. 30.... **BOWIE**, Md.: Sept. 11-Oct. 20.

TENNIS—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow, Aug. 29-Sept. 10.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Aug. 24-Oct. 7.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Aug. 23-27.)

MUSIC—The fall season of the New York City Opera, at the New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727), will open on Aug. 31, with Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta," and will run through Nov. 12.

OTHER DATES—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit. Sept. 2-4, 9-10, and 16-17.... ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 4.... ¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Friday, Sept. 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 6: "Milestones."
Aug. 7: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 8: "1900."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Star Wars."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-0292)
Through Aug. 5: "Lenny" and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film."
Aug. 6-8: "Network" and "The Front."
From Aug. 9: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Star Wars."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Grease."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 3: "Big Wednesday."
From Aug. 4: "Hooper."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 3: "International Velvet."
From Aug. 4: "Corvette Summer."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Interiors."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Aug. 3: "The Cheap Detective."
From Aug. 4: "Eyes of Laura Mars."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Star Wars."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Jaws 2."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cat and Mouse."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Buddy Holly Story."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Buddy Holly Story."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 10 (tentative): "Replay."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heaven Can Wait."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 8: "The Bad News Bears Go to Japan."
From Aug. 9: "Damien: Omen II."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 3: "Big Wednesday."
From Aug. 4: "Corvette Summer."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 3: "An Unmarried Woman."
From Aug. 4: "The Cheap Detective."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Aug. 3: "Grease."
From Aug. 4: "Hooper."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Foul Play."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Jaws 2."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Jaws 2."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Madame Rosa."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 3: "The Last Waltz."
From Aug. 4: "Hooper."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 3: "That Obscure Object of Desire" and "The Lacemaker." From Aug. 4: "The Cheap Detective."
Theatre 2: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 3: "Dear Inspector."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 3: "Big Wednesday." From Aug. 4: "Corvette Summer."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 3: "Star Wars."
From Aug. 4: "The Cheap Detective."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Aug. 2: "Matilda."
From Aug. 3: "The Magic of Lassie."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Madame Rosa."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 8: "The End."
From Aug. 9: "Damien: Omen II."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Viva Italia!"

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Foul Play."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Foul Play."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 3: "That Obscure Object of Desire" and "The Lacemaker."
From Aug. 4: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Madame Rosa."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Star Wars."
Theatre 2: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 3: "Big Wednesday." From Aug. 4: "Hooper."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 3: Theatre closed. From Aug. 4: "The Cheap Detective."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Dear Inspector."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 3: "The Driver" and "Damnation Alley."
From Aug. 4: "The End" and "Short Eyes."

TIMES SQUARE

(Only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Jaws 2." (†)

Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8368)
Through Aug. 3: "Big Wednesday." (†)
From Aug. 4: "Hooper." (†)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"The Buddy Holly Story." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Aug. 3: "The Bad News Bears Go to Japan." (†)
From Aug. 4: "Corvette Summer." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 3: "The End." (†) From Aug. 4: "The Cheap Detective." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 3: "An Unmarried Woman." (†) From Aug. 4: "The Bad News Bears Go to Japan." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Foul Play." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Aug. 3: "Grease." (†)
From Aug. 4: "Eyes of Laura Mars." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Heaven Can Wait." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Driver." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Star Wars." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

(Only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 2: "Iphigenia" (1977), in Greek, directed by Michael Cacoyannis, with Irene Papas and Costa Kazakos; and "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas.
Aug. 3: "Women in Revolt" (1972), directed by Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey, with Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, and Jackie Curtis; and "Iphigenia."
Aug. 4-5: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; and "Metropolis." (†)
Aug. 6-7: "Fellini's Roma" (1972) and "The Clowns" (1971), both films in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.
Aug. 8: "Throne of Blood" (†); and "Illusion of Blood" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Shiro Toyoda.
Aug. 9: "Band of Outsiders" (†) and "Going Places." (†)
Aug. 10: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead; and "Alice Adams" (1935), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, Ann Shoemaker, Fred Stone, and Frank Albertson.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 2: "Don Juan" (1929), directed by Alan Crosland, with John Barrymore and Mary Astor; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1920), directed by John S. Robertson, with John Barrymore.
Aug. 3: "La Terra Trema" (1947), in Sicilian dialect, directed by Luchino Visconti; and "The Miracle" (1948), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani and Federico Fellini.
Aug. 4: "The Maltese Falcon" (†) and "The Mask of Dimitrios." (†)
Aug. 5: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "Women in Love." (†)
Aug. 6: "Great Expectations" (†) and "Jane Eyre." (†)
Aug. 7: "La Grande Illusion" (†) and "The Elusive Corporal." (†)
Aug. 8: "Arsène Lupin" (1932), directed by Jack Conway, with John and Lionel Barrymore; and "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (1937), directed by Louis King, with John Barrymore and Louise Campbell.
Aug. 9: "A Bill of Divorcement" (†); and "Counsellor-at-Law" (1933), directed by William Wyler, with John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels, and Melvyn Douglas.
Aug. 10: "The Human Condition: Part I, No Greater Love" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 3: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.
Aug. 4-5: "Woodstock." (†)
Aug. 6-7: "Sebastiane" (1978), in Latin, directed by Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress (X-rated); and "Les Enfants Terribles." (†)
Aug. 8: "Equus" (1977), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Richard Burton and Peter Firth; and "Staircase." (†)
Aug. 9-10: "Julia" (1977), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, and Jason Robards; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 5: "Jimi Hendrix" (1973) and "Janis" (1975), both documentary films.

Aug. 6-8: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert on film; and "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles Brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.

From Aug. 9: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" (†); and "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 2: "The Devil Doll" (1936), directed by Tod Browning, with Lionel Barrymore, Grace Ford, Arthur Hohl, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Lawton, and Rafaela Ottiano; and "Mad Love" (1935), directed by Karl Freund, with Peter Lorre, Frances Drake, and Colin Clive.

Aug. 3-5: "It's a Wonderful World" (1939), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Claudette Colbert, James Stewart, Guy Kibbee, Ernest Truex, and Nat Pendleton; and "China Seas" (1935), directed by Tay Garnett, with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, and Rosalind Russell.

Aug. 6-8: "The Merry Widow" (1934), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald; and "Naughty Marietta" (1935), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Elsa Lanchester, and Frank Morgan.

From Aug. 9: "Idiot's Delight" (†) and "Private Lives." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Aug. 3: "Platinum Blonde" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Harlow, Robert Williams, Loretta Young, Claude Allister, and Halliwell Hobbes; and "Forbidden" (1932), directed by Frank Capra, with Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and Ralph Bellamy.

Aug. 4-5: "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester; and "Family Plot" (1976), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Karen Black, Bruce Dern, Barbara Harris, and William Devane.

Aug. 6-7: "The King and I" (1956), directed by Walter Lang, with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya.

Aug. 8: "Harlem Rhythm and Blues" (1955) and "Rock 'n Roll at the Apollo" (1955).

Aug. 9-10: "The Miracle Woman" (†); and "Flight" (1929), directed by Frank Capra, with Jack Holt.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 2: "The Good Earth" (1937), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Luise Rainer, Paul Muni, and Tilly Losch; and "Big City" (1937), directed by Frank Borzage, with Spencer Tracy, Luise Rainer, and William Demarest.

Aug. 3: "I Was a Male War Bride" (1949), directed by Howard Hawks, with Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan; and "We're Not Married!" (1952), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Allen, and Victor Moore.

Aug. 4-5: "Castle in the Desert" (1942), directed by Harry Lackman, a Charlie Chan mystery, with Sidney Toler; and "The Casino Murder Case." (†)

Aug. 6: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both with the Marx Brothers.

Aug. 7: "Journey Into Fear" (1943), directed by Norman Foster, with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, and Agnes Moorehead; and "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.

Aug. 8: "Red-Headed Woman" (†) and "Personal Property." (†)

Aug. 9: "The House on 92nd Street" (1945), directed by Henry Hathaway, with William Eythe, Signe Hasso, and Lloyd Nolan; and "Boomerang!" (†)

Aug. 10: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles; and "Hallelujah!" (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Fifteen programs in a series of films directed by Henry King: Aug. 3 at 2:30: "David and Bathsheba" (1951), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Raymond Massey.... Aug. 3 at 6: "Prince of Foxes" (1949), with Tyrone Power, Orson Welles, Everett Sloan, and Wanda Hendrix.... Aug. 3 at 8:30: "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.... Aug. 4 at 2:30: "Captain from Castille" (1946), with Tyrone Power, Jean Peters, and Cesar Romero.... Aug. 5 at noon: "The Gunfighter" (1950), with Gregory Peck, Millard Mitchell, Mae Marsh, Karl Malden, and Helen Westcott.... Aug. 5 at 2:30: "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain" (1951), with Susan Hayward, William Lundigan, and Rory Calhoun.... Aug. 5 at 5: "Twelve O'Clock High" (1949), with Gregory Peck, Hugh Marlowe, and Millard Mitchell.... Aug. 6 at noon: "Prince of Foxes."... Aug. 6 at 2:30: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (1953), with Tyrone Power, Terry Moore, and Michael Rennie.... Aug. 7 at 2:30: "The Snows of Kilimanjaro."... Aug. 7 at 6: "David and Bathsheba."... Aug. 8 at 6: "King of the Khyber Rifles."... Aug. 10 at 2:30: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer, Eddie Albert, and Errol Flynn.... Aug. 10 at 6: "The Bravados" (1958), with Gregory Peck, Joan Collins, Lee Van Cleef, and Stephen Boyd.... Aug. 10 at 8:30: "Carousel" (1956), with Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, and Cameron Mitchell.... ¶ Other, non-King, films scheduled during this period are: Aug. 4 at 6: "The Oyster Princess" (1919), a German silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Ossi Oswalda; *no English inter-titles*.... Aug. 6 at 5: "Paisan" (1946), in English, French, Italian, and German, directed by Roberto Rossellini, a six-episode film; English subtitles.... Aug. 7 at noon and Aug. 8 at noon: "Philip Johnson Interviewed by Rosamond Bernier: Parts I and II" (1977), directed by John Musilli, for CBS Camera Three.... Aug. 8 at 2:30: "The Avenging Conscience" (1914), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Henry B. Walthall and Blanche Sweet. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Bad News Bears Go to Japan—With Tony Curtis and Jackie Earle Haley, directed by John Berry. (Embassy 1; through Aug. 3.... ¶ 72nd Street East; through Aug. 8.... ¶ Embassy; starting Aug. 4.)

Band of Outsiders (1964)—Two boys and a girl daydream about committing a robbery—just as in the movies—and then try to carry it out. Jean-Luc Godard's lyrical, romantic tragicomedy is perhaps his most delicately charming film. With Anna Karina. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 9.)

Big Wednesday—Jan-Michael Vincent, William Katt, and Gary Busey; directed by John Milius. (Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Cinerama 2; through Aug. 3.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—The dialogue has the creaky sound of classy, overcivilized theatre; the film is just barely adapted from Clemence Dane's play about a father and daughter doomed by hereditary insanity—the kind of play in which the daughter is named Sydney Fairchild, her father Hilary Fairchild, and the daughter's boyfriend Kit. But as Sydney, Katharine Hepburn, in her film début, was like nothing that had ever been seen on the screen. It wasn't that she was good, exactly (in fact, her acting was mostly awful), but she was so angular and mannered, with her mouth a scar of suffering, that she was riveting. And John Barrymore, who plays the father, was a fairly riveting performer himself—though his role here is drearily subservient. Young George Cukor directed, in the insulated style all too appropriate to the vehicle. With David Manners (Kit, of course), *Billie Burke, Bramwell Fletcher*, and Elizabeth Patterson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 9.)

Boomerang! (1947)—Elia Kazan was still a fledgling movie director when he did this modest, cleanly made, rather simplistic crime picture, produced by Louis de Rochemont, long associated with the "March of Time" series, who specialized in the use of documentary locations. It's based on an episode in the career of Homer Cummings (who was Franklin Roosevelt's first Attorney General); as a state's attorney in Connecticut, Cummings became convinced that a man he was about to prosecute was innocent, and set about gathering evidence to clear him. The film was shot in Stamford (the actual events took place in Bridgeport). With Dana Andrews, Jane Wyatt, Lee J. Cobb, Sam Levene, Arthur Kennedy, Cara Williams, Taylor Holmes, Ed Begley, Karl Malden, Robert Keith, Anthony Ross, Bert Freed, and nonprofessionals from the area, and with Joe Kazan (the man later celebrated in "America America"). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 9.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

The Buddy Holly Story—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (Gemini 1, Gemini 2, and Criterion.)

The Casino Murder Case (1935)—One in the Philo Vance series, but with Paul Lukas taking over the role from William Powell. Lukas is smooth enough, but his Magyar accent blurs some of his *mots*. With Rosalind Russell, Alison Skipworth, Donald Cook; directed by Edwin L. Marin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 4-5.)

Cat and Mouse—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan. The detective is played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Cinema I.)

The Cheap Detective—Written by Neil Simon for Ray Stark, this has Peter Falk in a thin imitation of Humphrey Bogart—thin because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—along with a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. The picture is facetious, but it is going to be popular. (7/3/78) (Coronet; through Aug. 3.... ¶ U. A. East, Quad Cinema, Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; starting Aug. 4.)

Corvette Summer—With Mark Hamill and Annie Potts, directed by Matthew Robbins. (Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and Embassy 1; starting Aug. 4.)

Damien: Omen II—The followup to "The Omen," with Jonathan Scott-Taylor as the possessed child, now thirteen, grown in satanism from six. Directed by Don Taylor. Diabolism sells now, no doubt of it, but with films like this, one wonders why. (6/19/78) (72nd Street East, and Playboy; starting Aug. 9.)

Damnation Alley—With Jan-Michael Vincent, George Peppard, Dominique Sanda, Paul Winfield, and Jackie Earle Haley; directed by Jack Smight. (Olympia; through Aug. 3.)

Dear Inspector—Philippe de Broca's film. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective. In French. (5/1/78) (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed (at the age of seventy-two) with exhilarating ease. It's a cosmic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and the inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. This episodic story is about a group of six friends—discreetly charming amoral beasts—whose attempts to have dinner together are always being interrupted: food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. Buñuel takes an off-hand, prankish approach to the medium. With Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau, Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Bulle Ogier, Milena Vukotic, Claude Piéplu, and Michel Piccoli.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10		

In French. (Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 4.)

Ona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Cinema II.)

He Driver—With Ryan O'Neal, Bruce Dern, and Isabelle Adjani; directed by Walter Hill. (National. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Aug. 3.)

He Elusive Corporal (1962)—Jean Renoir returns to the prison-camp setting of "La Grande Illusion" and treats the themes of war and survival in a more comic and matter-of-fact mood. The sad-eyed young hero (Jean-Pierre Cassel) has an infectious grin; he knows only that he wants to escape from the camp and live. We can see what Renoir wants to say, but the characters lack depth, and the film seems shallow, unsatisfying. With Claude Brasseur, O. E. Hasse, and Claude Rich. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 7.)

He End—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Reynolds. (Embassy; through Aug. 3. . . . ¶ Playboy; through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 4.)

Es Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elisabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. In French. (Cinema Village; Aug. 6-7.)

Es of Laura Mars—With Faye Dunaway and Tommy Lee Jones, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Coronet, and Loews State 1; starting Aug. 4.)

Oul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Loews Ciné, Cinema 3, Paramount, and Forum.)

He Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 6-8.)

Oing Places (1974)—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl (Miou-Miou) whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise in the film. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 9.)

A Grande Illusion (1937)—In form, "La Grande Illusion" is an escape story; yet who would think of it in this way? It's like saying that "Oedipus Rex" is a detective story. A great work transcends the usual categories. "La Grande Illusion" is a study of human needs and the subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. The two aristocrats—the German prison commander von Rauffenstein (Erich von Stroheim) and his prisoner the French officer de Boeldieu (Pierre Fresnay)—share a common world of memories and sentiments. Though their class is doomed by the changes that produced the war, they must act out the rituals of noblesse oblige and serve a nationalism they do not believe in. The Frenchman sacrifices his life for men he does not really approve of—the plebeian Maréchal (Jean Gabin) and the Jew Rosenthal (Marcel Dalio). Jean Renoir directed this elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. Von Rauffenstein and de Boeldieu are in a great romantic tradition; Cyrano has his plume, they draw on their white gloves. Maréchal, the mechanic who has become an officer, is uneasy in the presence of urbanity and polish, but he has natural gallantry, and he's the one with survival power. The performances of von Stroheim, Fresnay, and Gabin are in three different styles of acting, and they illuminate one another. The miracle of Gabin's performance is that you're not aware of any performance; with von Stroheim and Fresnay, you *are*—and you should be: they represent a way of life that is dedicated to superbly controlled outer appearances. With Dita Parlo, Gaston Modot, and Julien Carette; written by Charles Spaak and Renoir; the music is by Kosma; the camerawork is by Christian Matras and Claude Renoir. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 7.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Bay Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1; through Aug. 3.)

Great Expectations (1946)—David Lean directed this handsome British production from J. Arthur Rank; it takes us back to that period in English letters when heroes had nice manners, a story had sweep and flourish, and all the stray subplots were gathered up and "rhymed." The rather creamy look (like an expensive gift edition of a classic) is not particularly appropriate to Dickens' style, but the film has a strong style of its own that is very different from Lean's earlier work. He seems finally to have let go—to have pulled out all the stops. The film is emotional, exciting, full of action; sequences are planned in terms of heightened dramatic contrasts and sudden, scary tensions. This hyperbolic style rushes us past the awkward bits of staging and the slight dissatisfaction we may feel about the boy Pip (Anthony Wager) turning into John Mills, who plays his role very tentatively—almost as if he were trying out for it. Jean Simmons is Estella, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the part, though it's inconceivable that one could grow into the other, and something seems to be lost, despite Hobson's dignity and beauty. The rest of the cast, though, is close to miraculous: Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket; Finlay Currie is Magwitch; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Bernard Miles is Joe Gargery; Freda Jackson is Mrs. Gargery; Ivor Barnard is Wemmick; Torin Thatcher is Bentley Drummle; Eileen Erskine is Biddy; O. B. Clarence is The Aged Parent; and Francis L. Sullivan (who had played the same role in the 1934 Hollywood version) is that most alarming upholder of the law Jaggers. The producer, Ronald Neame, collaborated with Lean on the adaptation. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

Hallelujah! (1929)—The first all-talking, all-Negro film out of Hollywood, and inevitably highly controversial. The story, about a country man and a bad woman, involves church meetings and the singing of spirituals and a chase across a swamp, and the attitudes are certain to offend many, but King Vidor directed, and there are impressive sequences. With Daniel L. Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney; songs by Irving Berlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 10.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; and of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel. (7/10/78) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Hooper—With Burt Reynolds, Jan-Michael Vincent, Sally Field, and Brian Keith; directed by Hal Needham. (Eastside Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and Cinerama 2; starting Aug. 4.)

Idiot's Delight (1939)—Robert Sherwood's high reputation as a dramatist was always a little mystifying, and never more so than when his windy intellectuality was recorded on film. This allegorical comedy from M-G-M has Clark Gable as a hoofer and Norma Shearer as a Russian countess (the roles made famous on Broadway by Lunt and Fontanne). It's set in an Alpine winter-sports hotel high above a world about to be engulfed in war. The characters include a leftist, a pair of honeymooners, and so forth, and there's got to be an anti-war message in it somewhere. Gable isn't bad (and he gets a chance to do a deliberately clunky, bedraggled dance to "Puttin' on the Ritz"), but oh, that Shearer. With Burgess Meredith, Edward Arnold, Charles Coburn, Joseph Schildkraut, Skeets Gallagher, Laura Hope Crews, Pat Paterson, Virginia Grey, Joan Marsh, Bernadene Hayes, and Fritz Feld. Directed by Clarence Brown, who struggles hopelessly trying to give this stagy material some style and impudence. Sherwood did the adaptation himself, providing early scenes to establish that the hoofer and the "countess" had had an affair years before, when they were both in vaudeville, and adding a new upbeat ending. (Regency; starting Aug. 9.)

Interiors—With Diane Keaton, Maureen Stapleton, Geraldine Page, Marybeth Hurt, Sam Waterston, and E. G. Marshall; directed by Woody Allen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet.)

International Velvet—The rash follow-up to the Elizabeth Taylor classic, which was based on Enid Bagnold's story "National Velvet." Orphan Tatum O'Neal comes to England from America as the adopted child of her aunt (Nanette Newman), enabling her to ride for England in the Olympics—thus the "international." "National Velvet" was a classic; this is a bend-over-backward exercise in film financing. Written and directed by Bryan Forbes. (7/24/78) (Trans-Lux East; through Aug. 3.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Perfectly respectable version, directed by Robert Stevenson, with Aldous Huxley adding his own pungency to Charlotte Brontë's novel. Orson Welles looms in a cast that includes Joan Fontaine and a very young Elizabeth Taylor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

Jaws 2—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Cinerama 1.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000 (1976)—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. It's a romantic, mystic, utopian comedy. With Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 4.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through Aug. 3.)

The Last Waltz—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/1/78) (Greenwich; through Aug. 3.)

Lenny (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for those who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but his Lenny is a nice boy, whereas Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. With Valerie Perrine, Gary Morton, Jan Miner, and Stanley Beck. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 5.)

The Lenny Bruce Performance Film (1974)—An actual Lenny Bruce performance, recorded, however, at the end of his career, in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 5.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Waverly, Festival, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen (1971)—Directed by Pierre Adidge. Noisy but jolly film about the American tour of Joe Cocker, the English rock star, accompanied by hordes of family,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

friends, and a dog. Lots of split-screen stuff and some amiable *cinéma vérité* of the dog eating hamburger on a jet. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Aug. 9.)

The Magic of Lassie—A musical, with Lassie, James Stewart, Mickey Rooney, Pernell Roberts, and Stephanie Zimbalist; directed by Don Chaffey. (Music Hall; starting Aug. 3.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart's most exciting role was Sam Spade, that ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear, who gave new dimension to the detective genre. This first film directed by John Huston is an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Huston used Hammett's plot design and economic dialogue in a hard, precise directorial style that brings out the full viciousness of characters so ruthless and greedy that they become comic. It is (and this is rare in American films) a work of entertainment that is yet so skillfully constructed that after many years and many viewings it has the same brittle explosiveness—and even some of the same surprise—that it had in its first run. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet as Casper Gutman, Mary Astor as Brigid O'Shaughnessy, Peter Lorre as Joel Cairo, Gladys George as Iva, Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer the gunsel, Jerome Cowan as Miles Archer, Lee Patrick as Effie, and Ward Bond and Barton MacLane as the cops. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 4.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—Modest little "international" thriller from an Eric Ambler story. With Zachary Scott, and Peter Lorre as—surprise—the good guy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 4.)

Matilda—With Elliott Gould, Clive Revill, Harry Guardino, Roy Clark, and Robert Mitchum; directed by Daniel Mann. (Music Hall; Aug. 2.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's great silent film, which goes too far and always gets away with it. No one else in Europe ever handled crowd scenes so glitteringly, and only D. W. Griffith did so in this country. There is an interesting robot in the film, called the False Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Erich Pommer, who also had the wit to find the financing for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh," and "The Blue Angel." (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 4-5.)

Milestones (1975)—An acted-out cross-section view of what the young radicals of the sixties are doing in the seventies—how they're trying to find a revolutionary way of life. It's so long (195 minutes) and so miserably structured that the viewer can't tell who is living with whom, or where, or what the economic base of any of the groups is. The directors, Robert Kramer and John Douglas (who also wrote and edited the film), cut back and forth among people living in communes and burned-out apartments and on the road, who talk about their feelings, and the need to be open about those feelings, in banal, strangely indirect and abstract terms. (Little Theatre; through Aug. 6.)

The Miracle Woman (1931)—Barbara Stanwyck gives a peerless performance as a young evangelist—a girl from a religious background who is taken over by a carny promoter (Sam Hardy) and is developed into a big-time shear-the-sheep phenomenon, with her own church. Frank Capra directed this fictionalized version of the life of Aimee Semple McPherson. It was softened by a mawkish love story: the heroine is redeemed through her unselfish love for a blind aviator (David Manners, God help us all). But it's still a beauty, well staged and handsomely lighted (Joseph Walker was the cinematographer), and with some intermittent good writing; the screenplay is by Jo Swerling, from the play "Bless You Sister," by John Meehan and Robert Riskin. With Beryl Mercer and Russell Hopton. (Thalia; Aug. 9-10.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—With John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, and Verna Bloom; directed by John Landis. (Murray Hill, Sutton, Beekman, 86th St. East, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Network (1976)—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10		

take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 6-8.)

1900—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. Next to it, all the other new movies are like something you hold up at the end of a toothpick. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Little Theatre; starting Aug. 8.)

Personal Property (1937)—H. M. Harwood's comedy "The Man in Possession" was pleasant enough in the 1931 movie version, starring Robert Montgomery, but this one, starring Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor, is a dud, despite the efforts of Una O'Connor, Reginald Owen, E. E. Cline, and Cora Witherspoon. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 8.)

Private Lives (1931)—Early talkie attempt at glittering theatrical sophistication, and, somehow, M-G-M brought it off this time. This version of the Noël Coward play was made soon after the play came out, and perhaps the play's style and excitement carries the cast along. Norma Shearer isn't so bad, and Robert Montgomery is very, very good. It was a dazzling success. Sidney Franklin directed; with Reginald Denny. (Regency; starting Aug. 9.)

Red-Headed Woman (1932)—Jean Harlow as a girl who exploits her charms and makes the journey from the wrong side of the tracks to a rich marriage and then to even richer liaisons. She's a throttler, a scrambler, a kicker—and the picture, written by Anita Loos (based on a novel by Katharine Brush), is tough and funny. Chester Morris is the young man, and Charles Boyer, having just arrived in the U.S., puts in a stunning appearance. Jack Conway directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 8.)

Replay—With Marie-José Nat and Victor Lanoux, directed by Michel Drach. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 10, tentative.)

Revenge of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in gaffes, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. Recommended. (7/31/78) (Ziegfeld.)

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band—A fairy-tale film that celebrates the musicianship of the Beatles and commemorates their youthful brotherhood and vagrancy from orthodox values by linking them to the Bee Gees, who appear with Peter Frampton and many other loved rock singers. Directed by Michael Schultz. (7/31/78) (34th St. East, Plaza, and Rivoli.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). The play shows through the documentary surface, and the film's potency is in its words, yet parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (Olympia; starting Aug. 4.)

Staircase (1969)—Stanley Donen's conventional and rather untender film made from Charles Dyer's play about two homosexuals, acted by Rex Harrison as if he were doing a turn that alarmed him, but by Richard Burton with more feeling and heroic comedy than anything else in the film possesses. (Cinema Village; Aug. 8.)

Star Wars (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Art, Gramercy, 59th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria. . . . ¶ Guild, through Aug. 3.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays rich, worldly French widower of perha fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; sl alternates between promises and postpon ment—she teases him, fleeces him, enrag him. She is played by two actresses—Caro Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Ange Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spani girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add ar meaning: perhaps there's less than if the were a single actress who could capture o imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Qua Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through Au 3.)

Throne of Blood (1957)—Kurosawa's wild a fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, s in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound tra pounds with noises of armor and horse hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is ke and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, e pecially when the mists of the picture part show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinan one of the truly alarming shots in world cin ma. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Au 8.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wro and directed this buoyant, enormously frien ly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) a her attempt to get back into "the stream life" after her marriage of sixteen yea breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist pi ture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, P Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cli Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Ala Bates, whose fine comic, expansive perfor ance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, ove powers the movie. (3/6/78) (Quad Cinem and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ U. A. East, ar Embassy; through Aug. 3.)

Viva Italia!—An Italian anthology film in whi at least four of the nine sketches are real fine, including a recklessly funny kitche story of regional cooking gone berserk and poignant piece about a hypocritical son lu ing his mother into an old-age home. T film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto So di. In Italian. (7/17/78) (Paris.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's mov could perhaps be described as a gothic se fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence novel. Visually and emotionally, it's extrav gant and, from time to time, impressive. B cause Lawrence was one of the most purp of all great writers (perhaps the most, thoug rivalled by Conrad), Russell's style might d ceive one into imagining that he is provi ing an equivalent to Lawrence's prose. B though Lawrence's passionate imprecision what's bad in his writing, we can pass rig through it in his "Women in Love," becau he was reaching for clarity; he might mak a fool of himself groping around his chara ters' psychosexual insides like a messian explorer, but he was opening up new terrai Russell, on the other hand, heads right fo the purple, and his overheated virtuoso t bleaux are piled on for our admiration, n for our understanding. The movie is a high colored swirl of emotional impressions, burs ing with intensity that isn't really ground in anything. Probably to see this particula movie before reading the book is desecration the novel is a staggering accomplishment— the sort of book that leaves one dumbfounde at how far its author got—and since ther are few English novels of this stature, w shouldn't jeopardize our vision of it by read ing it in terms of the actors and images o the movie. (The movie is rather like Law rence's accounts of bad sex.) With the fas cinating, stony Glenda Jackson as Gudrun Jennie Linden as her unimaginative sister Ursula; Alan Bates as Birkin; Oliver Reed glum and bilious, as Gerald; and also Vladel Sheybal, Eleanor Bron, Alan Webb, Christo pher Gable, and Michael Gough. The adapta tion is by Larry Kramer, who also produced the cinematography is by Billy Williams; th score is by Georges Delerue. (Carnegie Hal Cinema; Aug. 5.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Cinema Village; Aug. 4-5.)

Technics
by Panasonic

Introducing Technics Linear Phase bookshelf speaker series. Each with staggered speakers, a wide frequency response and flat amplitude. It may sound complicated, but it made Technics Linear Phase our biggest idea in speakers.

And now with the 3-way SB-X50 and SB-X30 plus the 2-way SB-X10, our biggest idea is small enough for shelf mounting. Like our other Technics Linear Phase Speakers, they all have the ability to reproduce a musical waveform that's virtually a mirror image of the original. Our engineers call it waveform fidelity.

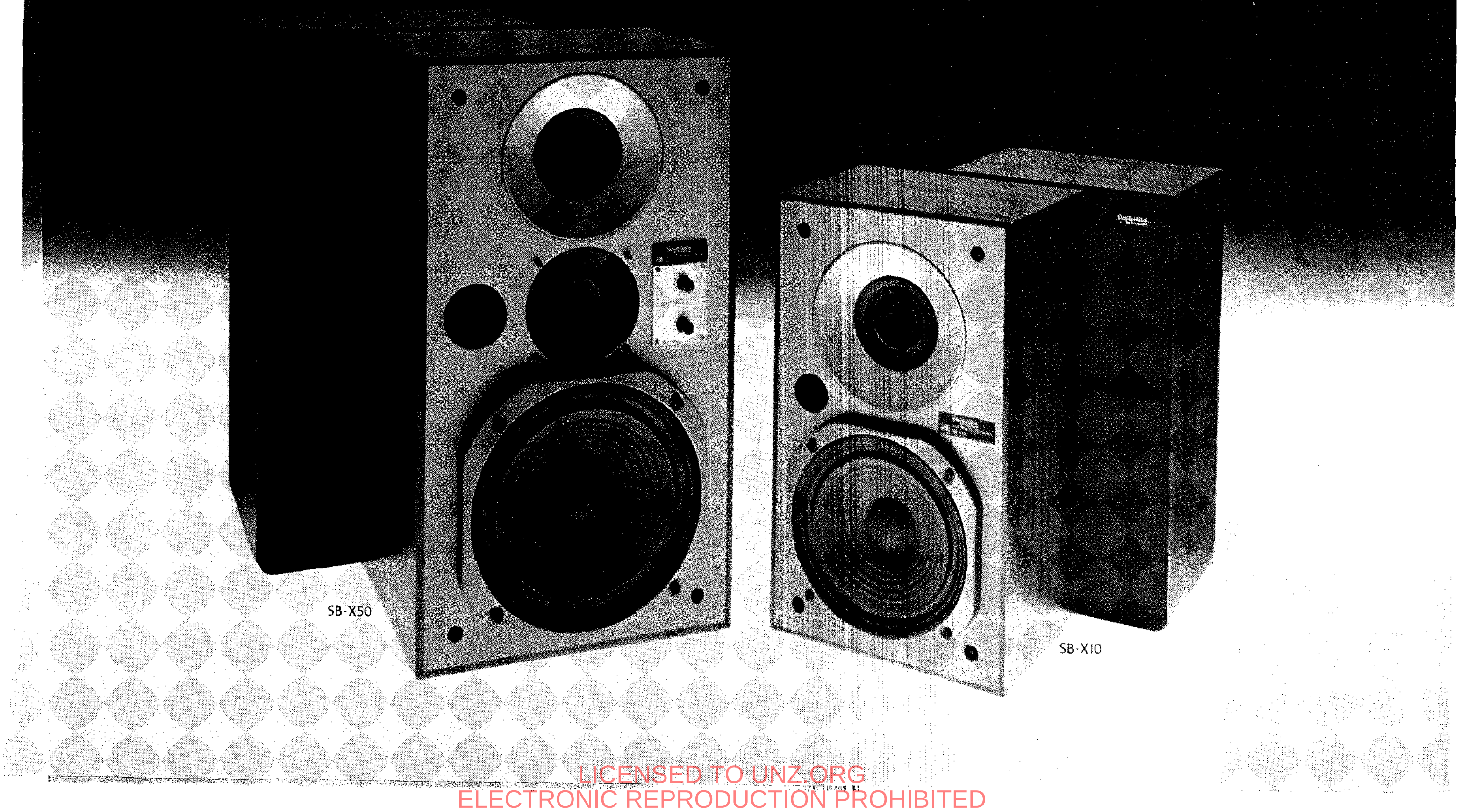
Piano Waveform. Piano Waveform reproduced by SB-X50.

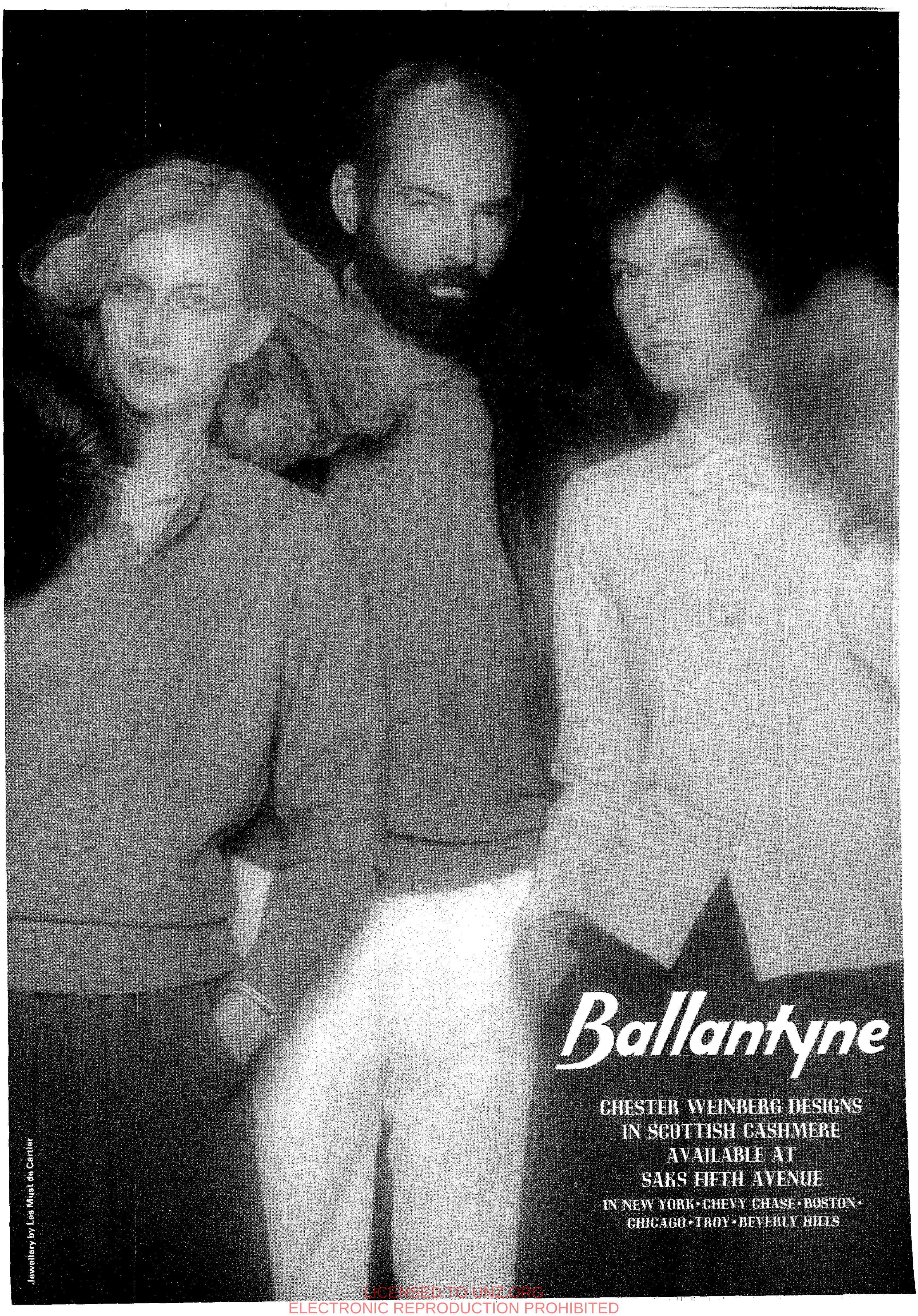
Look at the waveforms. If seeing is believing, you've just become a believer in Technics Linear Phase. Because that's accuracy that sounds better than good. It sounds live.

How we got that much accuracy into such small enclosures was extremely complicated. But our engineers found the key. A straight horn on a dome tweeter. It not only improved high frequency dispersion, it also gave us the unconventional staggered speaker configuration we wanted, in the conventional enclosure you want.

But what's more important is what Technics Linear Phase bookshelf series does for your hi-fi. For the first time you can have the accuracy of Technics Linear Phase in a speaker system small enough for shelf mounting.

How Technics made their biggest idea in speakers, smaller.





Ballantyne

CHESTER WEINBERG DESIGNS
IN SCOTTISH CASHMERE
AVAILABLE AT
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
IN NEW YORK • CHEVY CHASE • BOSTON •
CHICAGO • TROY • BEVERLY HILLS

Jewellery by Les Must de Cartier

THE NEW YORKER

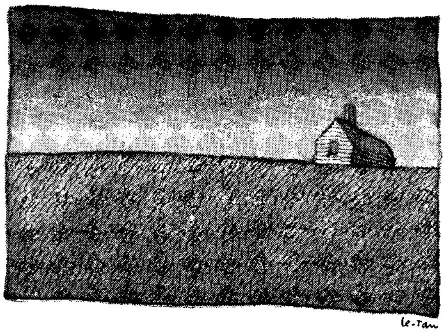
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE most alarming small item of news we have read in a long time stopped us cold in the *Times* of July 16th. It informed us that vast numbers of books in the great libraries of the land are quite literally turning to dust. The reason, according to the *Times* report, is that paper is now made from wood pulp that has been treated with alum-rosin compounds, which give off sulphuric acid, so that the books actually consume themselves, with the help of "rough handling, humidity, heat, mold, and cockroaches." A chill settled on us as we read, for all literature is mocked by this staggering circumstance. What about Shakespeare's sonnets, which keep telling us that they will be around when everything else—and readers in particular—has turned to dust? What about those poor writers slaving away with posterity in mind? Books, the report tells us, now have a life expectancy of from thirty to fifty years—less, that is, than our own. The whole of mankind's written existence is a deception. The remedy, apparently, is to print books on paper that will last—something that publishers are loath to do, because it would raise the price of books by some fifty cents a copy. We would like to offer our fifty cents right away, for it seems a small price to pay for the immortality of the written word which we have always been led to believe in. Or perhaps publishers might start a system of using durable paper for some of their books and perishable, dust-bound paper for others. If the choices were kept secret, it would make literature perhaps more exciting, something of a lottery, for only time would tell if a book had been chosen to endure or perish. But let something be done soon, we say. Writing these words has made us more than usually nervous.

LETTER from a young man we know:

I have seen the sun only about eleven times this summer, but every evening I lie on my bed and watch the sunset in the changes of light on my bedroom wall, on the door that opens from my bedroom onto the fire escape, and on the wall of the church behind my building. The door, when it is open, faces west, and in its window I can see reflected the cross-hatching of the fire escape, the roof of a building with a TV aerial on it, and, beyond that, actual sky (although not a part of the sky that is in any way center ring during sunsets). I enjoy thinking, as I watch, about all the things that are going on across the country at this time of day: uncoördinated Little Leaguers standing in various right fields praying that the ball will not be hit to them; girls sitting on front stoops waiting for dates; young men barbecuing steaks while annoying the house cats with water from the spray bottles used to keep the charcoal flames down; freight trains moving out of Laramie, Wyoming; people waterskiing on lakes that become calm at the end of the day. I also enjoy picking certain colors I see and figuring out what they would look like out of the context of the sunset. The corner of the window ledge on the church wall, for example, often turns a color during the more orange part of mid-sunset which could be closely duplicated by a rectangle of fresh muskmelon, and the part of my white bedroom wall farthest from the door is the color of pink skin seen through white cotton. The clouds reflected in the door are sometimes the color that, when I used to paint houses, was called Governor's Palace Tan, in a sky of Howard Johnson's blue. Toward the end of a good sunset, there is usually a color so pervasive that I could not get the necessary distance on it to name it or compare it to anything until one evening at the right time a friend of mine was over, looked at my back door and my bedroom wall, and said, "Oh! How mauve!"



On a recent Sunday night, the sunset shut down early. Olive-drab clouds moved in and made everything look like the bottom of the East River. Leaving my back door open, I went over to my couch and turned on "Hee Haw." Just as Buck Owens had started singing his version of "Lodi," a voice from my back door said "Sir?" I was startled; no one had ever come to my back door before. It was dark enough to use my flashlight, and I walked toward the door. The first thing my flashlight picked up was a gun, pointing down. The light travelled up the arm and came to a blue short sleeve with the New York Police insignia on it. I stepped onto the fire escape, and there was a hatless, partly bald policeman with vertical lines of sweat in the middle of his shirt, front and back.

"Did you hear anybody run up this fire escape?" he asked.

I said that I hadn't heard anybody but that the TV had been on.

"God*dam!*" he said. He was holding his .38 as casually as if it were a telephone receiver, and he was panting. "You sure?"

I said I was sure, and he climbed down from my fire escape to the roof of the burglar-alarm store next door, and then he jumped the one story from that roof down into the alley between the store and another one-story building, landing flat-footed with an expulsion of breath. He walked to the chain-link fence at the street end of the alley, climbed over it, and then leaned against it on the other side, resting the wrist of his gun hand on the small of his back as he peered down the alley. I came back into my apartment, went out onto my front fire escape, and watched him.

"Go up a couple of flights and see if you can see anybody on that roof," he said, pointing to a building at the end of the block.

I climbed up two flights, and saw my upstairs neighbor talking on the phone with his bed light on as I passed his window. I couldn't see anything else.

The policeman's partner came over. They conferred; they went to the patrol car. Sirens started up in the distance. A police van rolled up. Then a police truck. Then a very large green-and-white police truck came. Policemen were all over the sidewalk. Many of them were wearing blue baseball caps, like the S.W.A.T. teams on TV. They started bringing shotguns out of the vehicles and loading them from boxes of shells, six shells per gun. They took an extension ladder out of the big truck. They took chain cutters out of the smaller truck. One of the policemen tried to cut the lock off the chain-link fence but couldn't. Another policeman took the cutters from him and cut the lock off. They brought the ladder into the alley and fooled around with it for a while, finally getting it up to about its full extension. Then three policemen with loaded shotguns climbed the ladder onto the roof of the building on the other side of the alley, and from that roof to the roof of the building at the end of the block. Five other policemen, two using flashlights with battery packs the size of family Bibles, began to go through some scrap metal in the far corner of the alley. Several more policemen stayed on the street.

"Hey, Vic!" one of the men on the roof called down. "What is this guy, anyway?"

"Male, black, six-two, and he doesn't have any shirt on!" one of the policemen on the ground called back.

I could see the policemen on the roof opposite clearly enough to see that their hands were far up the barrels of their shotguns, on the pumps. They were creeping. The policemen in the alley found a broken pane of glass in one of the windows of the church, big enough to suggest that someone could have crawled through. The policemen on the roof began to climb around on the scaffolding of a billboard up there. I had looked at the billboard many times, but I had never realized before that you could climb on it, or how hard it is to see a person when he climbs on it.

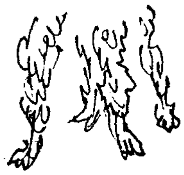
After a while, the policemen in the alley came back onto the street, and the policemen on the roof came down. They stood around on the street, many of them with their shotguns on their shoulders. I saw the glows from several cigarettes. I heard laughter. Then they unloaded the shotguns, collected the rest of their equipment, got into their police vehicles, and drove away.

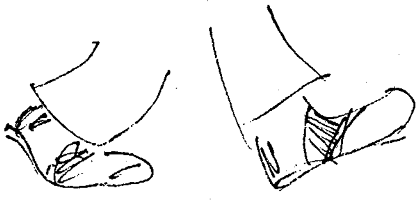
• •

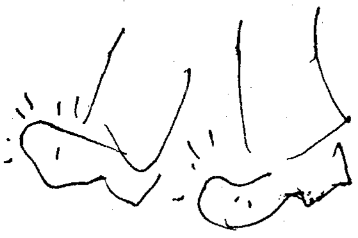
Financial Feet

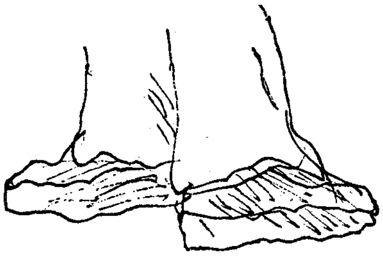
ON Fifth Avenue at Forty-seventh Street the other day, we recognized a young tycoon whose picture had appeared that morning in the *Times* financial section, accompanying a statement by him about a top-level shakeup in his vast corporation. Despite the bland and misty quality of his corporate patois, he made it pretty clear that he had decided whose head would roll and when, and, moreover, that his was still firmly *in situ*. Since he is younger than we are, and first came to our attention some years ago by making millions on Wall Street at about the time we were getting our first "Have You Forgotten? *Second Notice*" from our utility company, we trotted after him, staring at him discreetly and trying to figure out what—in addition to cash—he had so much of that we had so little of. His lead kept increasing until, around Fiftieth Street, we lost him completely, and our final conclusion was simply that he walked twice as fast as anybody else.

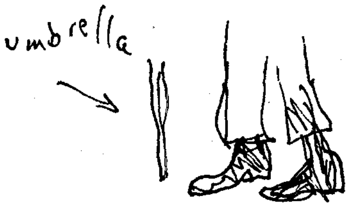
The next morning, we strode around very briskly, looking at the way people walk. In the area around Broadway and Seventy-second Street, the site of our observations, there seemed to be a minimum of fast-steppers and/or millionaires (though you never know). The only truly executive pace we saw was shown by a high-strung black poodle, at the end of a leash. His steps were staccato and purposeful, but he never got anywhere. A girl in brown-and-white saddle shoes was clocked at about 5 m.p.h., but for some reason we got the impression that she was not a big earner, and might even be getting money from home. A cop with very shiny shoes was walking fast up Amsterdam, but his pace may have reflected duty rather than ambition; his income, in any case, would be fixed—subject to negotiation, of course. An old man in space shoes was shuffling (Social Security, we hoped), and another old man—in high-tops—seemed to be following the tip of his furled umbrella, which kept eluding him on the sidewalk (we hoped he had something tucked away). A tall woman in gold slacks and gold high heels was doing about one click per 1.5 seconds, and we gave her a five-figure income. People in sneakers were either

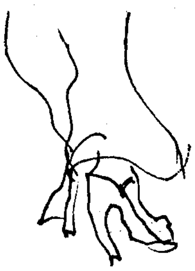


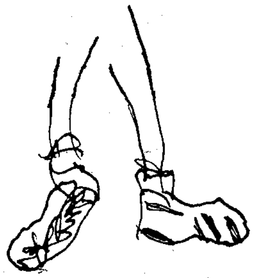




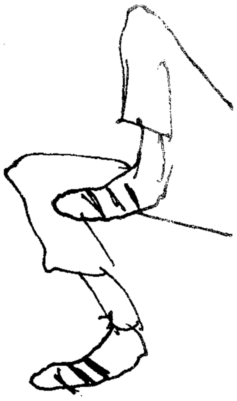




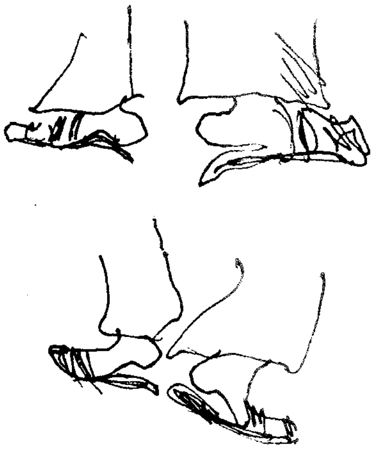


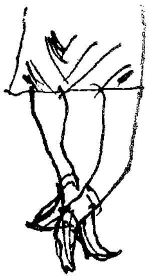


running or park-bench stationary; no in-between. It is our belief that running is not a sign of financial prowess or promise; the tycoon walks fast but does not *run*. Desperate people run. Running indicates that opportunity is slipping—or has already slipped—through one's fingers. (Jogging is a different matter, although not very different.) People who are missing a bus run. People who have just stolen something run.



We observed quite a lot of sandals and shower shoes: low-income. A woman in yellow high heels was charting a *lento* course down Broadway: whichever way her toe was pointing when her foot landed, that's the direction she went. She was sober but had a remarkably relaxed attitude. We couldn't estimate her pay scale exactly, but we felt that, whatever her job was, she was in some danger of losing it. In Verdi Square, pigeons were going around at tycoon velocity, but they lacked the quiet assurance of major executives. They appeared to be over their heads in puts and calls or commodity futures. The feet that were most confident and relaxed and successful-looking were not moving at all. They were on top of a pedestal in the park and belonged to Giuseppe Verdi. He made a lot of lire in his day, and deserved them.





Timeless

WHEN the grand seigneur we call the Pastmaster General heard that Luther Henderson would once again be prowling around backstage—as musical director—at the original, uptown, Manhattan Theatre Club opening of "Ain't Misbehavin'," the "revusical" (as Henderson calls it) built around the music of Fats Waller, he picked up first-night tickets for first row center. Things have happened since then: "Ain't Misbehavin' " finished its sellout run at the club, moved downtown to the Longacre Theatre, and immediately collected practically every award Broadway has to offer. "Come with me and meet Henderson," the P.G. said last week, and he bundled us into a taxicab pointed toward West Fifty-seventh Street. "I first met him a quarter of a century ago at the Bon Soir, a classic Greenwich Village supper club. He was prowling around backstage then, too. I have thought fondly of him ever since, because he was then doing the arranging for and counselling of a very young Anita Ellis, the finest and most perceptive white singer of my time. Like me, he is a pianist, but he appears onstage as rarely as I do; in fact, I had not seen him out front since 1944, when he appeared as part of the Leonard Ware Trio in a Katherine Dunham dance festival called 'Tropical Revue.' There isn't any curtain at the Manhattan Theatre Club—the lights just dim. And when they did on opening night nothing happened for a moment. Then someone in nondescript clothes with a bowler on his head shuffled out from the wings and made for the upright piano onstage. Only the rear elevation was on view to the audience. 'That's *got* to be the ghost of Fats come back to us,' I said to myself. And then, when he sat down at the piano, I knew it was Luther, appearing onstage for the first time in thirty-five years. Luther is all verticals; Fats was all curves. But during that shuffle Luther had made himself somehow much shorter and much plumper. It was a great opening act. At the intermission, he turned around to go offstage, looked at me, and disappeared. We had our reunion that night in his dressing room, such as it was. We hadn't seen one another since the revival of the musical 'Good News' was breaking in in Boston a couple of years ago. Backstage there in Boston—as composer and orchestrator of dance and incidental music—he was looking far more formidable than he really is, partly because he was in what I call his Grand Lama of Tibet getup—a long, inscrutably embroidered white robe that falls to his ankles, and an elaborate metal necklace that descends his chest to end in an enormous and likewise inscrutable medallion. And partly because one of the principal women in the cast had just sung an upbeat DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson song as though she didn't give a damn about it. There are moments like that in the life of every Grand Lama."

The apartment where Henderson lives, with his wife, Margot, and two caterpillars, is a seventeenth-floor studio apartment that was built in the days, the P.G. noted, before a "studio" came to mean a small room with a Murphy bed. The living room has a twenty-four-foot ceiling and plenty of northern light—the Hendersons have built a loft along one side of it—and a brown Chickering grand piano, and it's adjacent to a large terrace fitted out with redwood lawn furniture, an apple tree in a large concrete urn, and tubs of geraniums, petunias, and ivy. The caterpillars appeared in the ivy when the Hendersons were out of town for a fortnight. Lunch was ripe cantaloupe stuffed with even riper strawberries, and then cherries, plums, Perrier, and iced coffee, all these sufficient unto the heat of the day. The caterpillars ate petunia leaves. Henderson was dressed like a Grand Lama who had been working in his garden—jeans, a denim vest, a floppy denim hat, a brown polo shirt, brown suède sneakers, and a necklace without a medallion. His sideburns, mustache, and beard were gray and ecclesiastical, and his conversation was jolly.

"You're not really the Grand Lama today," the P.G. said.

"I wasn't the last time you saw me, either," Henderson said. "That was Wilbur, my spirit guide and poltergeist. If you see somebody who's drunk and disorderly and looks like me, it's probably Wilbur."

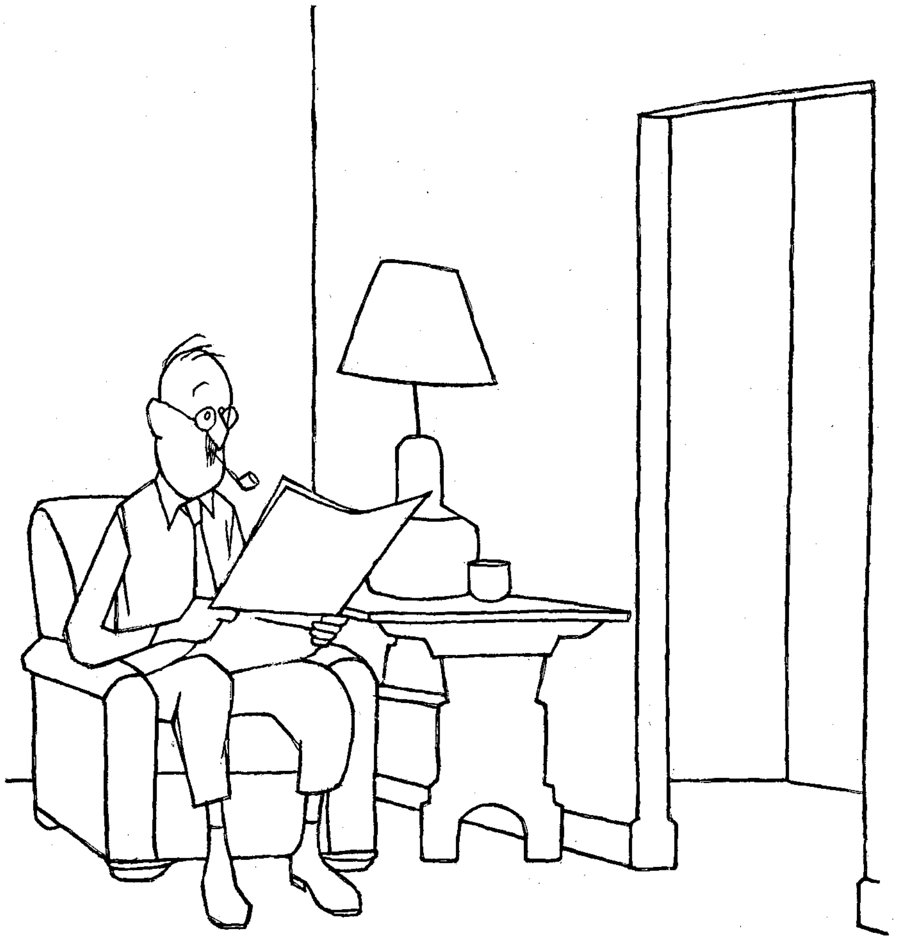
"Then I've never seen Wilbur," the P.G. said.

"When did you and Wilbur first hit town?" we asked Henderson.

"I was born in Kansas City, Missouri, but my family moved to New York—originally to One Hundred and Twenty-second Street, near Seventh Avenue—when I was three," Henderson said. "My family were all teachers—my father, my mother, my sister—so, of course, I went to college. As the youngest in that family, I just could not say, 'I don't want to go to college.' I couldn't even get my mouth around words like that. I went first to City College, because I was going to be a mathematician, but I didn't quite finish."

"Thank God!" said the P.G.

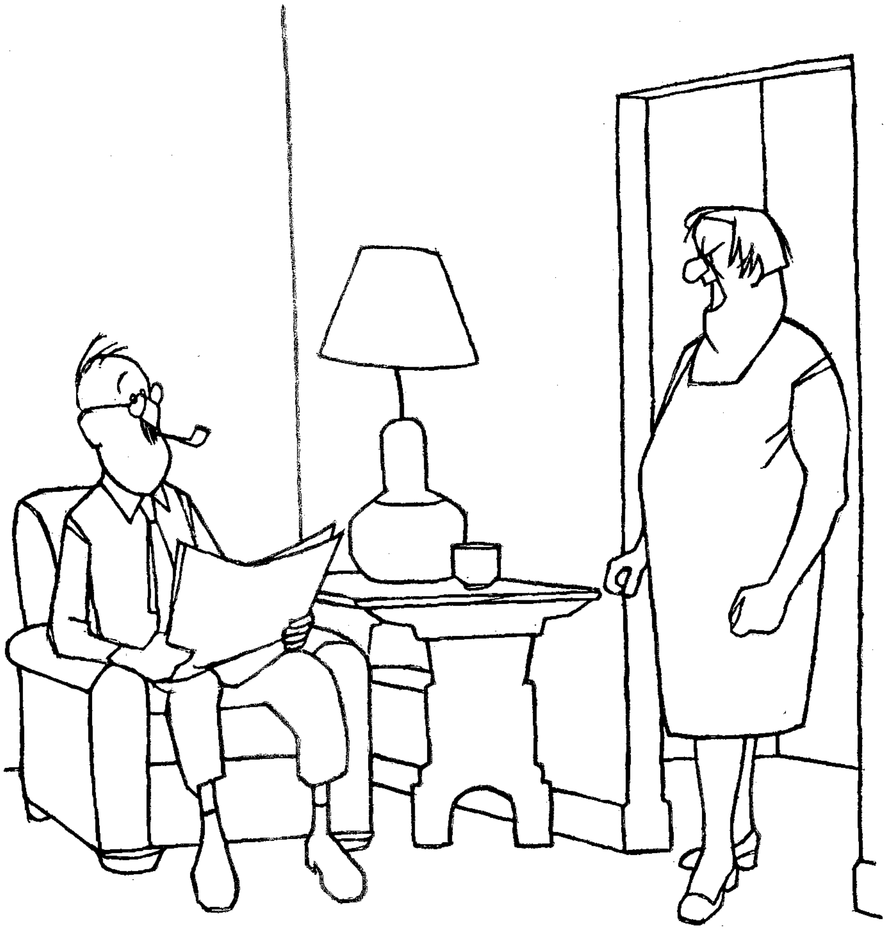
"I've thanked Him, too," said Henderson. "But He was the one who got me into it. I was already a piano student, but then I scored a hundred per cent on my geometry Regents, and I decided that that had to be a sign. After City College, I went to Juilliard, where I got a bachelor's degree, and then, after Pearl Harbor, I went into the U.S. Navy, where I had a captive employer—he couldn't fire me even if I was bad. I was stationed first at Great Lakes, thirty-five miles north of Chicago. The resident Navy band there was a thirty-piece jazz orchestra—what *can't* that mean? I started writing any and every kind of music. Bassoon solos, tuba-and-ocarina duets—whatever I liked. The band was made up of soloists from the Count Basie, Ellington, and Jimmy Lunceford orchestras—the Service was segregated, of course—and it was so good that when Ellington and Basie and what was left of their bands came to visit and play a concert, our band was restricted to the national anthem and playing the colors. Then, toward the end of the war, I was sent to a big Navy band center in Washington. At this point, I was not too happy with the Navy. I was still a seaman—it seemed I couldn't get a rating even if I went off and shot somebody—so I got a gig on Q Street or someplace. I sneaked in and played for Baby Hines at a daytime club—meaning a club whose first show started at 9 P.M. After a couple of weeks, I had regular rounds, including an engagement with Viola Jefferson at the Crystal Cavern, an after-hours spot—and I'll bet you've never heard of Viola Jefferson."



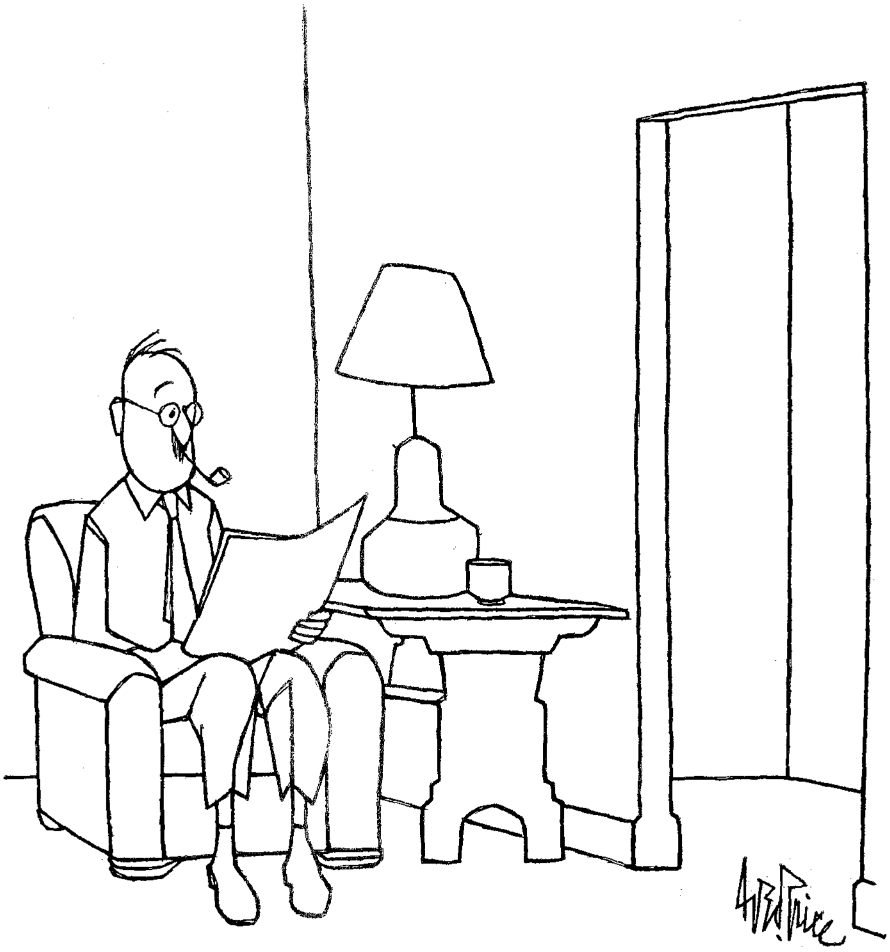
"Right," said the P.G.

"I got out of the Navy in 1946—was that when the war ended?" Henderson said. "Billy Strayhorn and Duke Ellington, my patron saints, put me with Lena Horne as her arranger. I knew Duke because I'd gone to high school with Mercer. When my family got a little dicty, we moved from One Hundred and Twenty-second up to Sugar Hill—our family was always on the rise—right around the corner from the Ellington apartment, at 409 Edgecombe Avenue. 'Hallelujah, Baby,' the musical that was on Broadway with Leslie Uggams a dozen years ago, was about just that—making it all the way up to 409. Mercer and I were block-gang buddies. When you moved into the neighborhood, you went out onto the street and sized up the other kids and figured out what side of the street they lived on. Mercer and I lived on the same side of the street, so we were friends. We had slingshots—we were good boys. There were some *bad* fellows farther up the Hill who had g-u-n-s. When we got a little older, we formed a social club. I don't know why I say social club—what it was was a boozing club. We were just trying to cruise chicks and drink booze. For one of our parties at the Renaissance Casino, we hired Charlie Barnet's band—the first white band ever to play Harlem. We called ourselves, modestly, the Cavaliers. A later offshoot of the club was known as the Personality Eight—we were always self-effacing kids, no braggadocio.

"After four years with Lena Horne, I had learned enough to set myself up on my own with complete success as a sort of vocal coach. Lena went on from clubs into theatre, and so did I. I did a lot of television work, too—'The Phil Silvers Show,' a 'Playhouse 90' production of 'The Helen Morgan Story,' with Polly Bergen, that won an Emmy. Then TV moved West, and I thought I'd be smart and clean up here while everyone else moved to Los Angeles. Later, I went out to Hollywood myself for two years, but out there you have to manufacture your own group. Otherwise, you have to sit and look up at the trees. I'm a people person—here I can't walk two blocks without seeing somebody I know. My career as coach and arranger has been studded with fantastic females—Di-



"Is there no end to your treachery?"



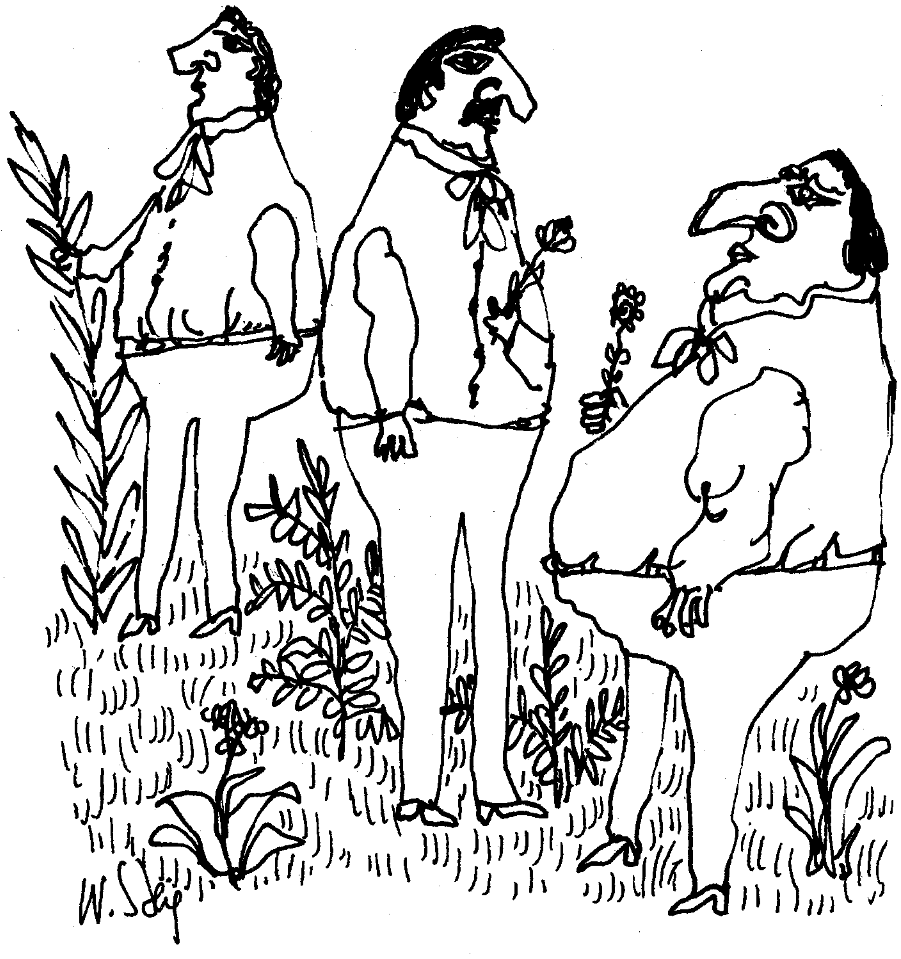
ahann Carroll, Carol Haney, Anita Ellis, Margot Henderson. For the last eight years, ever since I married Margot, I've been saying to her, 'This year, I'm going to get hot.' But there have been so many other kinds of music around. Then, two years ago, I was asked to put together a show at Ford's Theatre, in Washington, called 'All Night Strut,' which was unusually successful. People seemed to be ready for my kind of thing again, and in Washington they'd said to me, 'Will you do it?' and I'd said, 'What, *again*? Oh, all right—it's what I've been doing for the last thirty years.' And then came 'Ain't Misbehavin'.' "

"How did you learn to shuffle like Fats Waller?" the P.G. asked.

"I only saw Fats at the Apollo Theatre, and I never met him," Henderson said. "I just watched. I was going to school at the time he was playing in clubs. But his records were my textbook—Fats was the definitive jazz player. If you wanted a gig, you'd better learn to play the way Waller did. Oh, you'd better learn a little stride and a little Meade Lux Lewis boogie, but Waller was what counted. The personality of Fats came out on a record—and you know how unusual that is, how hard to achieve. You can't see him, but you *see* him. Whenever I write out my résumé these days, I list under education City College, Juilliard, the United States Navy, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, and Lena Horne. From Fats I learned first of all that technique per se is only good if you've got something to say. And everyone I heard when I was growing up lives again in 'Ain't Misbehavin' '—I worked for them all my life. Andre De Shields, who does 'The Viper's Drag' in 'Ain't Misbehavin',' has got to be Snake Hips Tucker, who slithered in Chicago, and Avon Long, whom y'all do know from 'Porgy and Bess,' and who in his more supple days was as supple and lithe as De Shields."

"And that marvellous, brash little Nell Carter," said the Pastmaster. "She is Mae Barnes all over again, when she was such a dynamo in those great little cabaret shows that Jimmie Daniels put together at the Bon Soir so many years ago. Well, 'Ain't Misbehavin' ' came downtown and you're no longer on piano. I guess it will be another thirty-five years before we see you onstage again."

"Oh, I had to leave," Henderson said. "For one thing, I knew the unions would never let me hire myself for the run of the show, since I was involved in it in an ancillary way. So I



Three Botanists

• •

wrote down everything I knew for Hank Jones and Frank Owens, the pianists who replaced me. Anyway, jazz musicians don't want to deal with let's-do-the-same-thing-every-night. And, furthermore, Margot and I—she's my real secret weapon—are working on an act for, we hope, the Rainbow Grill this fall. She'll be singing, and I'll be on piano. I'll give you a ring and let you know."

Up from Lumpfish

Fancy-Food merchandisers all live on the Rue du Camembert, just off Rum Cake Square. This was our conclusion after visiting the twenty-fourth annual National Fancy Food & Confection Show—open to the trade only—which recently occupied the second and third floors of the New York Hilton for four days. Everybody looked ecstatic. Food—more than four thousand items—abounded. Samples abounded. People abounded. They exclaimed and tasted, tasted and compared. We started out at a booth run by Harry London's Candies, of North Canton, Ohio. Among its products: Gourmet Junk Food, Super Kiss, Pretzel Joys, Hot Lips, Super Pacifier, and Weird Cedric's Butter-Licorice. We spoke with Weird Cedric, who is also known as Cedric Waggoner and is the company's president. He looked ecstatic. He told us that he had written his graduate thesis—at the University of Santa Clara, in California—on the candy industry. He added that his chocolate kisses were the largest in the world.

We moved on. Stixi Mix, Hengtenberg Mildessa, Pompadour Boldofix, Pixie Duck Sauce, Raffetto Nesslero, Infamous Cookies, Bookbinder's Snapper Soup, Herky Jerky, Gunkel Fried Herrings, Boule Paysanne, Hic-O-Ree Shredded Pieces, Striper Pops, Cheese Leaves, Haribo Gummy Bears, Peterle Gummy Bears, Tim Tim Gum Bears, Chanterelles, Cornichons, Fol Amour, Coco Loco, Mustard Medley, Unterland Celery Knobs, Holiday Pudding Floating in Brandy, Confederate Cannon Balls, Ugma Instant Snail Seasonings, Ferraro Couscous, Muehin Brot, Mao Chewing Bonbons, Thueringia Nut Nougat Spread, and Rajah Pappadoms—these were but a few of the delicacies we encountered. At a display run by Interal Commodities, Ltd., of Hackensack, we spoke with a man named Jon Strand, who looked ecstatic. He told us that Twinings teas—of which Interal imports eighteen blends—make up ninety-three per cent of the English teas sold in this country. He also said that Interal imports Tobler and Suchard chocolate from Bern, Switzerland.

Forward. At Hills of Westchester—whose headquarters are in Brentwood, Maryland—we talked with Tom Marchisa, the company's production manager. He pointed to a box labelled "Yogurt Cookies—All Natural, No Artificial Ingredients," and explained that it was one of his newest items. "Everybody's hung up on the 'natural' thing," he said. "So I took one of my regular old cookie recipes and did away with things like the potassium sorbate and the Yellow No. 5. I asked the F.D.A. if I could use the word 'natural.' It turns out there are no regulations at *all* governing the word 'natural.' It's not scientific."

In the Grand Ballroom: Crystal chandelier. Foods of many nations. "France France France"—cheese and wines—took up one end of the room. "Britain"—sweets—took up the other. "Holland Holland Holland"—ham, string beans, melba toast—stretched along one wall. "Federal Republic of Germany"—beer—occupied the ballroom's center.

Onward to the Romanoff Caviar Company, of Teaneck. A tasteful display. We sampled some pâté and spoke with John Roberts, the company's director of marketing—a young man who looked wise beyond his years. "The caviar business fluctuates," he told us. "It's like dealing in petroleum or coffee. We do business with countries whose economies may be in flux. The best caviar comes from Iran and the Soviet Union, from the waters of the Caspian Sea. As everyone knows, beluga caviar—the roe of the largest species of sturgeon—is the very finest. For example, a fourteen-ounce tin of beluga malossol—'malossol' is a Russian word meaning 'little salt'—retails for approximately two hundred and twenty-five dollars. But people don't have to start at the top. There are several varieties of caviar, some of them domestic. You can get excellent caviar from whitefish from the Great Lakes. Or take lumpfish, which is caught primarily in the waters off Iceland. Fourteen ounces of lumpfish caviar would retail for only about four-fifty. I usually advise people to begin with something like red lumpfish. Then, if they like it, they can always move up toward beluga."

NIVEN: A RECONSIDERATION

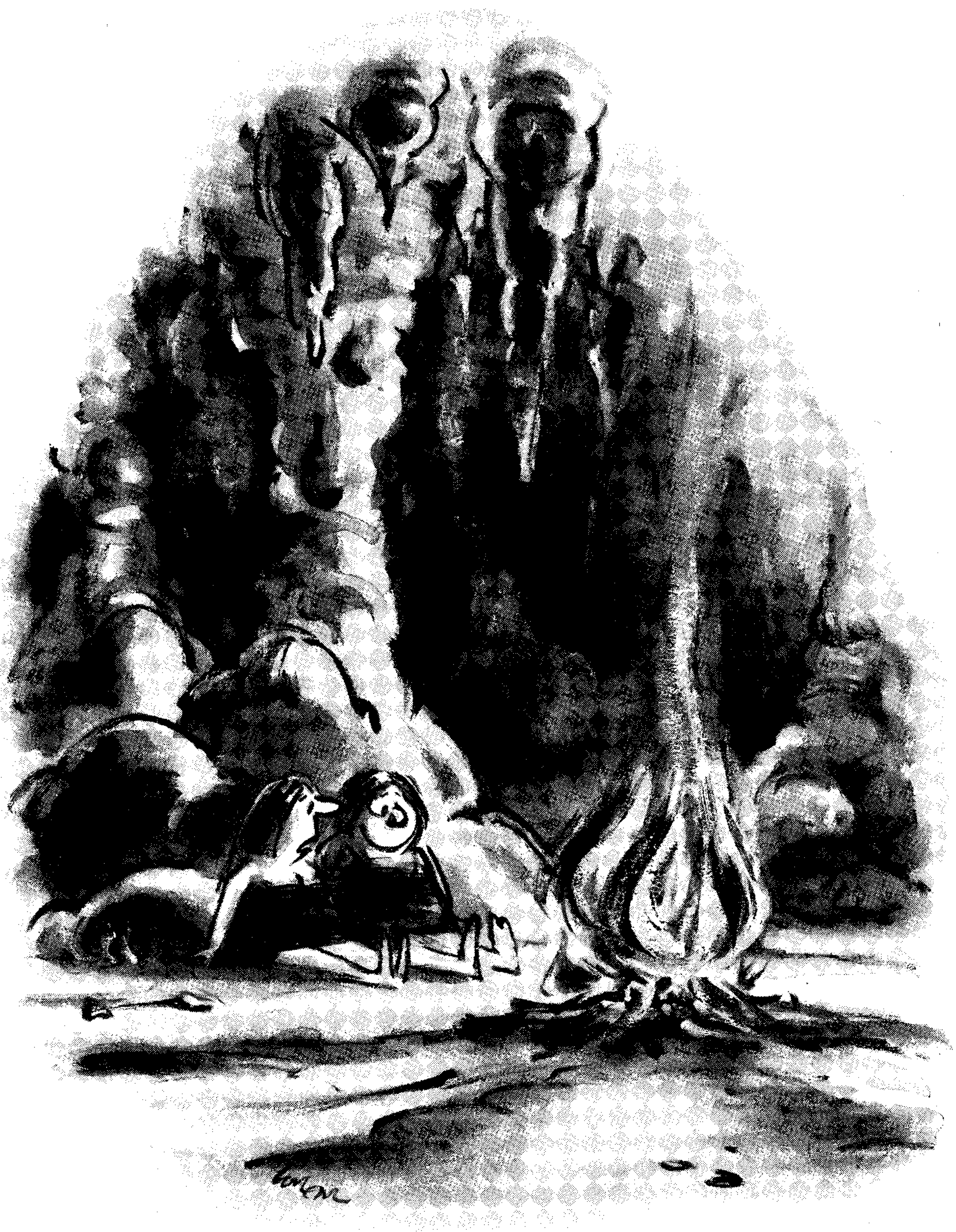
OVER the years, it has been the custom of literary critics to regard Niven as a lonely monument, self-created—almost as much a fiction as one of his own characters, magnificent in the uniqueness of his achievement. While I realize that this is doctrine from which one of our number strays at his peril, I have always believed that such a view of the man and his work removes Niven from his historical context and neglects consideration of the author as a product of the turbulent intellectual climate of his time. One must remember that it was during Niven's age that Hope also wrote. Although Hope had produced most of his œuvre (including the major works, "Have Tux, Will Travel," "So This Is Peace," and his masterpiece, "I Owe Russia $1,200") a number of years before Niven wrote "The Moon's a Balloon," he was still alive in the full noon of Niven's day, and they may even have known each other. We should remember, too, that it was about this time that MacLaine produced her "Don't Fall Off the Mountain," Arnaz his "A Book," and Boone his "Twixt Twelve and Twenty." And what of Davis, Jr.? His "Yes I Can," which predates Niven's "Balloon," has a clean, architectonic style reminiscent of Nivenian prose. Indeed, is it mere coincidence that Davis, Jr.,'s work even contains some of the same characters that we find in both "Balloon" and "Bring on the Empty Horses"?

The only author to whom critics might concede some legitimate claim to Niven's spiritual paternity is Sam Levenson, and even here I feel they have always missed an important point; namely, that the title of one of Levenson's finest works, "In One Era and Out the Other," with its punning play on the word "era" (and its nicely coupled sense of words going in one *ear* and out the other, from the popular expression, much as ideas that are "in" to members of one generation, or era, may be "out"—i.e., not only unfashionable but also out of mind—to the members of another) may well have provided Niven with the inspiration for similar assonantal play with whimsy and daring internal rhyme in the brilliant title of his first masterpiece.

It is unfortunate that critics have all too often lost sight of the fact that David Niven's works are, above all, stories, full of fun and adventure, depicted by an artist who knew enough not to spare the bold strokes. I wonder how many scholars lost in Nivenolatry can remember their joy at first meeting the roistering Errol Flynn, the puckish David Selznick, or the magisterial Louis B. Mayer. I sometimes wish that I could will myself into forgetting his marvellous scene with Mrs. Nikita Khrushchev and Frank Sinatra at the welcoming banquet, so that I could once more taste the delight of reading it for the first time.

Niven experiences life as an imprisoning reality of personal experience, plus mythopoeic elements, a vast *sottisier* in the tradition of Jessel's "This Way, Miss." In a time when many writers have designs on recondite allusions, his works are a valued presence. Behind the intelligence, etc., is an attitude best summarized.

—IAN A. FRAZIER



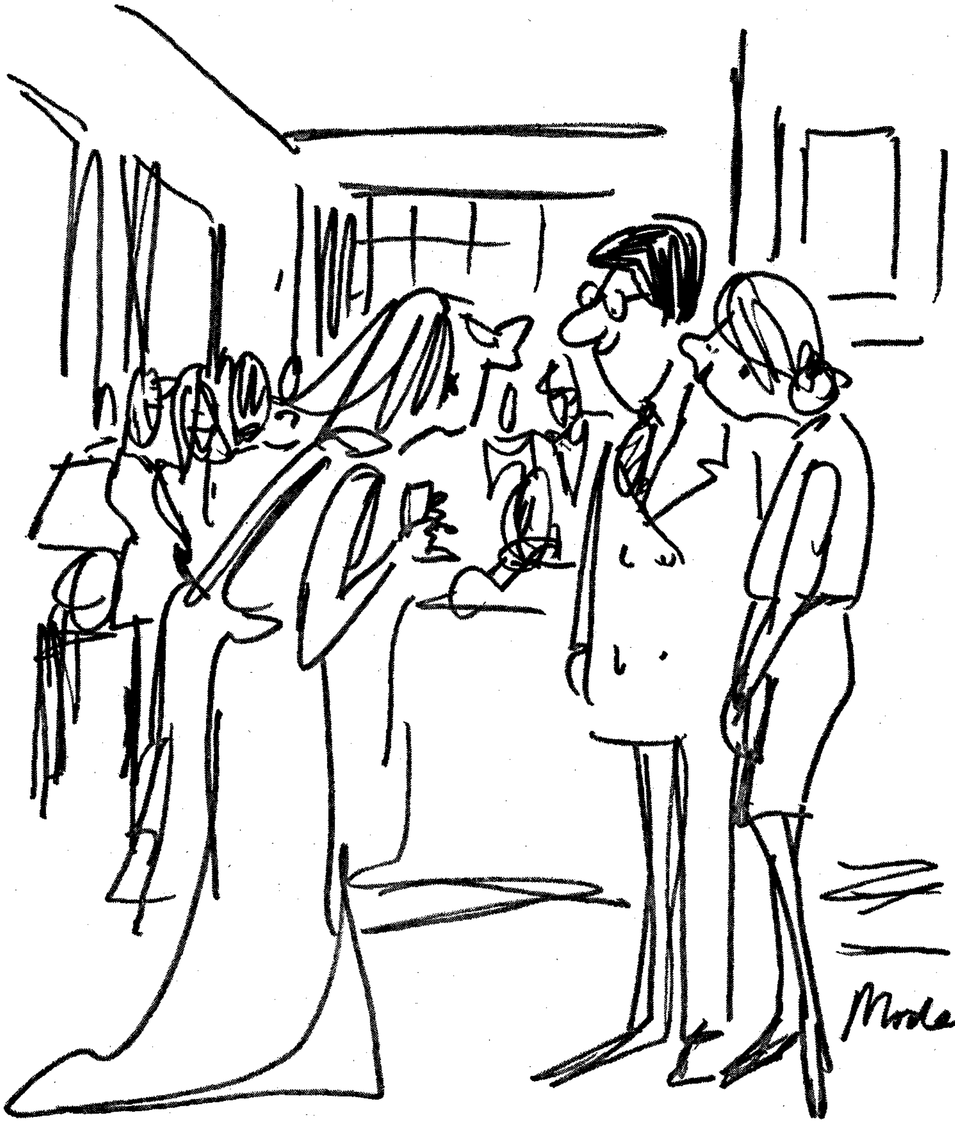
"Look, I think fire is a big deal, too. But do we have to sit home and watch it every night?"

OUT ON THE MARSH

I TURNED twenty-one a month or two ago, and I have been rather surprised lately to find myself suddenly conscious of my age. Twenty-one. That sounds very different from twenty right now, though I don't think I would have thought so a year ago. Against my better judgment, I now think of myself as standing at the edge of what presents itself as "my life," the previous twenty years being some sort of vague and distant warm-up. I am suddenly aware, I suppose, that my present actions are an indicator, a preview, of what's to come. I feel old.

At night, sitting under the dim yellow light of my desk lamp, I take from my wallet two photographs, from expired driver's licenses, of me at sixteen and at twenty. My hair has grown, my cheeks have broadened. Do I look older? Have I lost the question in my eye? I am handsome, I am told; I smile and look away. This picture of me at sixteen was on my first license, and I have always loved it. At the registry of motor vehicles, when it came time to turn my license in for a new one, I told the woman at the desk that I wanted to keep the picture, and she took a pair of large scissors, snipped the corner with my picture brusquely from the rest, and tossed it onto her desk with a flip of her chubby wrist. I have kept it with me since.

Have I become more sedate lately? I am home from college for spring vacation and spend my days puttering around the house and taking long solitary walks on the marsh with Mtoti, my dog. He has become my best friend, and I must admit I find his company entirely adequate. A large red-haired golden retriever, he walks with a sway that suggests he should not eat so much. The other day we found a deer carcass, completely decomposed except for the fur and a foot, which he tried to sneak away from me to eat in the woods. I went after him and got the foot and threw it into the creek, only to have him grunt and grovel and wheeze in a vain and pathetic search through the mud. He walked right over it twice, but could not see or smell it through the water, so I pointed it out to him with a long stick, and he stole away with it back to the house and finished it under a tree on the lawn.

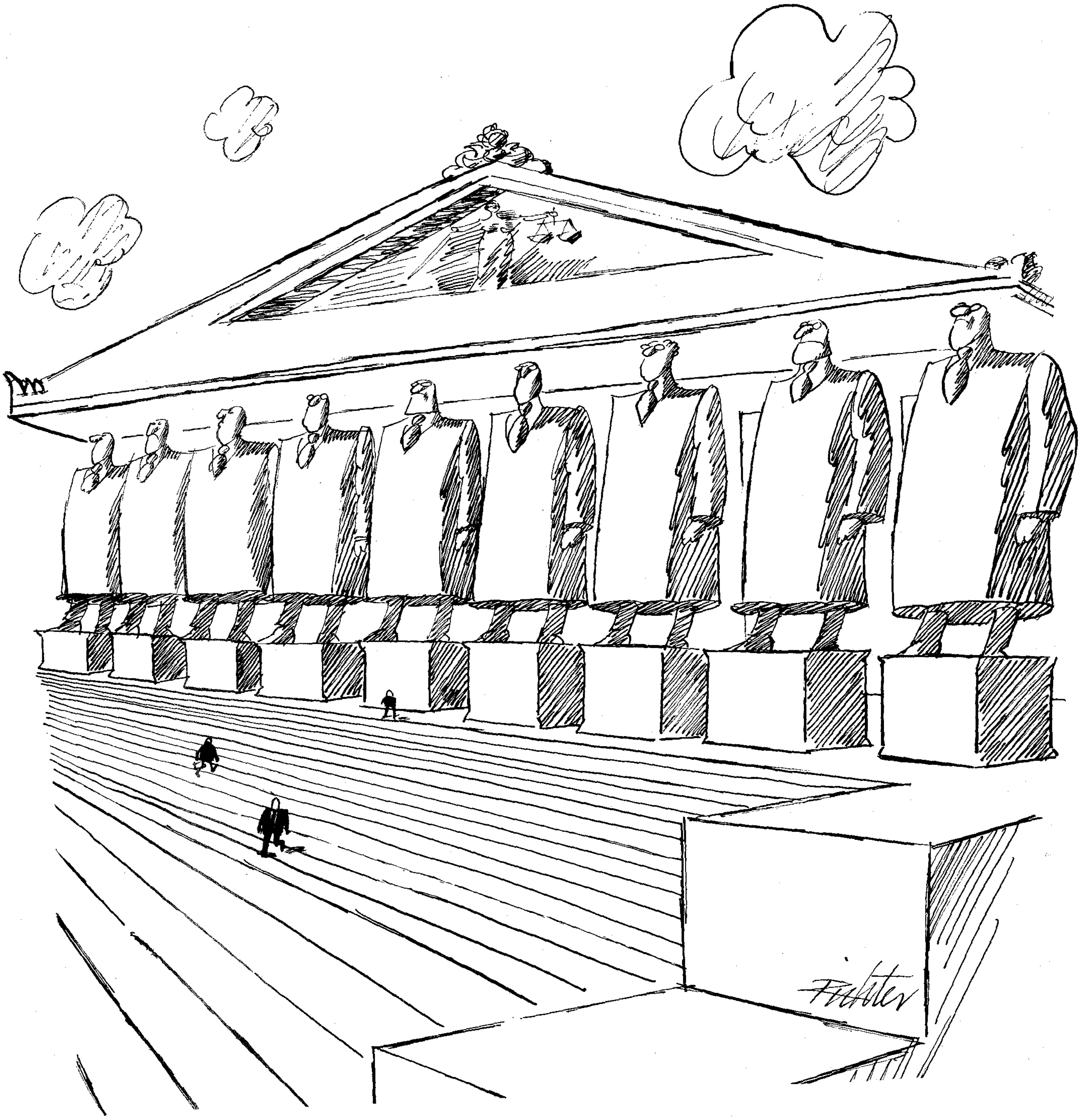


"Oh, I'm so glad you both could come! Everyone else here terrifies me."

It is on these recent wanderings that I have become acquainted with Mr. Birch, not so much in conversation as by seeing him, a familiar, waving figure on the marsh—a mobile landmark—at all hours of the day, collecting old scraps of wood, gazing toward the horizon. He lives here on the marsh with his wife, along the road that runs from town to the ocean, in a small white house on a knoll hidden in the trees. They are both in their eighties, and in the winter, when the tide is high and the wind blows from the northeast, the neighbors worry for them, knowing that the road to their house is covered with water and the knoll the house sits on has become an island. But when the tide subsides, and we hurry over to see if everything is all right, we find them, invariably, fine, surprised and amazed by our concern.

Now and then the paths of our wanderings intersect, and Mr. Birch and I stand together briefly, looking out over the marsh, trying to think of things to say. I ask him questions mostly, about the weather or the birds, and he returns short, soft-spoken answers, and we set off on our different ways, glad to have had someone to talk to, relieved to be again alone. It is his distant presence I cherish most—the sight of his ancient and erect form gliding across the marsh in his aluminum motorboat, his arm raised in a wave, his collar flapping in the wind—and the sense that all I see and hear and love here is shared.

Mr. Birch spends much of his time working in the small yard next to his house. The other day, after watching him and Mrs. Birch climb into their tired green Rambler and drive over the bridge toward town, I walked up to the house and stood in the yard. I was struck there by the wonderful haphazard order of the objects he has collected and saved and arranged in a randomness I knew not to be random—a disorder I thought to be the highest form of order, a personal one, which only Mr. Birch understands. A buoy hangs by a rope from a lilac bush. The wheelbarrow is con-



cealed, covered by a heavy piece of gray canvas, faded by the sun. Stumps double as stools, clothespins cling like birds to the line, a mattress dries in the sun. The grass is full but matted, padded by his step, and a beaten path bends through a gap in the bushes, marking his daily route between the house and the yard, between the yard and the marsh. I wonder if it has ever occurred to him that he alone has made this track—years of work, three decades of soft steps. Or at his age do you take these things for granted?

I met him recently on the road in front of his house and he pointed out two pine trees, forty feet high, that he and his wife planted from pots when they first moved here. We stood there marvelling at their height, and I, and Mr. Birch, too, perhaps, as he leaned over to pet the dog, thought of what these trees implied about his age. It was a beautiful spring day, with a high, cool wind blowing through the tops of the trees. We said goodbye and I walked slowly over the bridge back toward my house. I had been out on the marsh for several hours that day, and Mtoti was tired and followed a few feet behind me. I turned to him and ran backwards, urging him on, clapping my hands, calling his name, and he worked himself into a run. On the lawn we stopped, and I bent down to hug him. In the afternoon light, I could see that the gray flecks of his muzzle had gone to white, and I realized that he had drifted into old age without my having noticed. I have thought of him all these years as my peer, but it is only now, in the blue light of spring, that I realize he has grown old without me. —DAVID UPDIKE

•

AT KELBO'S FAIRFAX—TV producer Jack Rourke and Martha Moody were among diners at the popular restaurant, located directly across from CBS-TV. Dancing nightly, the famed spareribs are a couple of reasons for Kelbo's popularity.—*Photo caption in Entertainment Today, published in Los Angeles.*

What are the others?

A SUMMER BY THE SEA

LYING on the beach, I could hear their voices all day long. Sometimes they sounded like bird song, but when I opened my eyes they were all men. He—Boy, my husband—was very happy in their company. How everything sparkled on those long days on the beach: the ocean, the sky, the sand, and that group of handsome men in swim trunks, their bronzed limbs glistening with drops of water and grains of sand, scattered all over them like pearls.

Then there were the days when my mother was there with us. Those were not so good. She bothered them and she bothered me. By myself, I was happy just to lie near them, mostly with my eyes shut, and to hear their voices. I didn't expect to take part in their fun, and didn't really want to or need to. But Mother hated to be left out. She liked talking and laughing, but what she said bored them, and what they said bored her.

"What *are* they talking about?" she would ask me. "What's all that rubbish? Giggling like a bunch of kids." She would get disgusted with them and go off by herself, splashing in the ocean and making friends with other people. She usually joined some group, and we could hear her voice shouting above theirs and, looking over at her, we saw her—very bright in her bright bathing suit, with her gold-red hair and her jewels glistening in the sun, and her too-white skin that never tanned, and the operation scar showing over the top of her bikini.

She suffered from insomnia, and she would walk the house at night, looking for someone to talk to. Boy and I would lie very still, not daring to turn on the light or talk or read, in case she found us awake. The nights were very long and boring whenever she was there. The days weren't so bad, because I would pretend to be busy looking after the friends, or to be asleep on the beach, so that Mother couldn't ever really get hold of me for one of her tête-à-têtes. But sooner or later she managed it, and then it would always be the same—about Boy, and our marriage, and his friends, on and on, as it always had been from the beginning and even before.

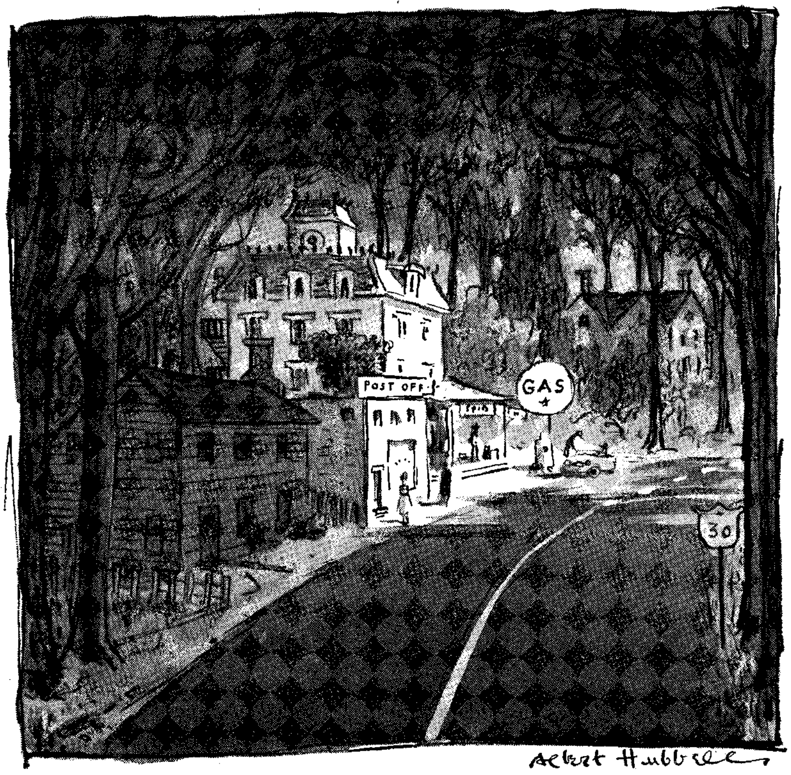
Yes, even before we were married she liked to question me about Boy. He was quite different from any son-in-law she had expected. She had dismissed his family almost from the beginning—his mother and two sisters ("those crazies," she called them)—but she could not dismiss Boy, not just because he was part of me and so part of her but because he fascinated her. His good looks and his refinement were like heirlooms that had come into the family, and she wanted to have them appraised. She just could not ask me enough about him, and the longer we were married the more pressing and intimate her questions became.

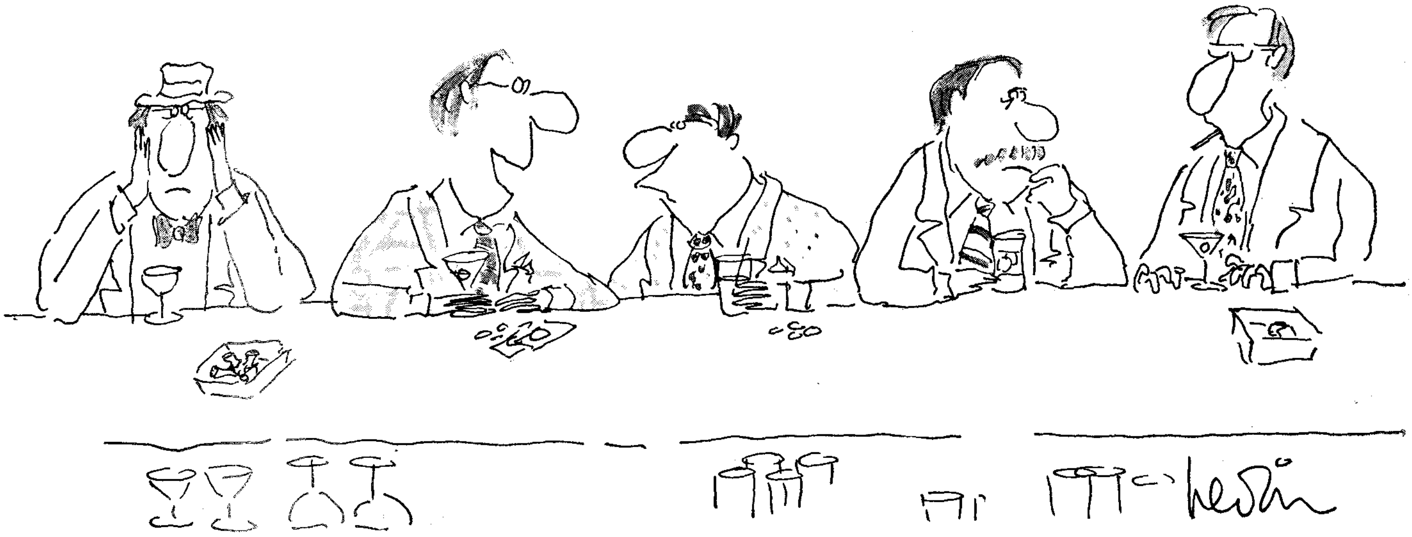
Boy used to teach a course in art history, but since our marriage he's been concentrating on his own research. That leaves him with a lot of time on his hands and makes him very dependent on having friends. Hamid has been his special friend for some months—they had got very close in New York, where they both liked to go to afternoon movies—but Mother hadn't met him till she came to stay with us in this cottage on Nantucket that Boy and I usually rent in the summer. She and Hamid got on very well together. They kidded around and seemed to have the same sense of humor, and Mother really became like a girl, with all that teasing and joking they did together. He called her by her first name, Bea, and treated her as if they were the same age. Naturally, she liked that and opened up to him completely. What she didn't know was that behind her back he called her Golden Oldie, and laughed at her with Boy and the others. I tried to warn her, but of course she wouldn't listen; she knew better.

"You don't understand, Susie," she said. "You don't know anything about these things. You never did." I am her only daughter, and it's one of the regrets of her life that I haven't turned out to be fun-loving and sexy, like her. "He's my type," she told me about Hamid. "We have the same chemistry."

Hamid had a lot of chemistry. I am not usually sensitive about this (as she has told me often enough), but I could feel that. There was a change in our circle after he entered it. Before that, it was always Boy we were all centered around—not that Boy is bossy or selfish or anything but just because we all wanted to do what he wanted and we didn't really get any fun out of anything unless he was behind it heart and soul. Perhaps that was because we all loved him so much. But I guess Hamid had a stronger personality than the rest of us, including Boy. Or maybe it was because he is a foreigner, an Oriental—someone different in an exotic way—and we kept looking at him in a fascinated way to see what he would do next.

At first we thought that he must be some kind of prince, on account of his looks, but he was too poor for that, really. He never had any money at all. Not that it bothered him, because there were plenty of people eager to pay for anything he needed. Boy said that maybe he came from one of those very ancient royal lines that were extinct now, except maybe for a few last descendants working as coolies in Calcutta. Or maybe, Boy said—he has plenty of imagination and also quite a bit of Oriental background, thanks to his study of art history—Hamid was a descendant of a line of famous saints, dating back to the thirteenth century and handing down their sainthood from generation to generation. When I said that I didn't think there was anything





"Of course I'm concerned about New York, but right now I'm loaded."

• •

saintly about Hamid, Boy said, "Oh, no? Just have a look at his eyes." So the next time he was near me I did, and while I had to admit that they were very beautiful, I couldn't see anything in them except an eroticism so deep that he had to keep it partly curtained by lowering his black satin lashes.

Mother always got up later than the rest of us, and then it took her a long time to get herself ready to appear on the beach. "Here comes Golden Oldie," Hamid would say to us, but when she got closer he called out to her "Good morning, Madame!" in a cheerful voice. "Or should I say 'Good afternoon'?"

"You can say 'Good evening,' for all I care," Mother replied pertly, and they carried on from there, topping each other with children's jokes, and always looking each other over with impudent, knowing looks. The other friends would pretend to be engrossed in their own doings. One was reading Baudelaire's "Intimate Journals," and another building something in the sand, and Boy lay face down, with his head buried in his arms. I kept my eyes shut; I didn't want to have to see Mother, with her face—so carefully made up, with green eyelids—exposed by the blazing light from sea, sun, and sand.

"Can't you stop her?" Boy sometimes asked me. I wanted to say "Can't you stop *him*?" For Hamid was leading her on, no doubt about that. He needed a lot of reaction from people, and although he got plenty in our house from Boy and Boy's other friends, perhaps he needed women as well. In that department, there was only Mother and me, and he had given up on me quite quickly.

Very late one night, when Hamid and Mother were sitting together out on the porch talking in low voices, Boy suddenly went rushing out there in his pajamas. I heard him say, "What are you *doing*, for Pete's sake, out here in the dark?"

"Ah-ha-ha!" replied Mother playfully, but with a hysterical note in her voice.

By the time I came out, Boy had turned on the light. There was Mother in full regalia, in a silver-spangled halter dress and actually wearing her dangling diamond earrings, and Hamid was stretched out on the painted wooden porch floor at her feet, in his very short shorts, with grains of sand still clinging to the hairs on his thighs.

"Can I speak to you?" Boy said to Hamid. "For a moment?" He seemed rather frail in his pale-blue pajamas. His fair and (unfortunately) thinning hair was tousled, from his drawing his hands through it in his nervousness.

Hamid sat up on the floor. He looked powerful and almost angry. We all waited for him. At last, he reacted favorably. He said, "Okeydokey," and heaved himself up from the floor, using Boy as a support. They went in together.

"How can you *stand* it?" Mother said to me.

We could hear them arguing inside—or, rather, Boy arguing. He tried to keep his voice low, so that we couldn't hear what he said, but that just made it more intense and passionate. Hamid made only an occasional remark, in a soft voice, as if he wanted to cool him down. But Boy was not cooled down.

"Well, *I* can't stand it," Mother said at last. She went down the porch steps, onto the beach, into the dark. I could see her pacing up and down there, like a firefly in her spangly dress and jewels.

I didn't want to join her but I knew she expected me to. As soon as I did, she fell on my neck and wept. She said it was for me. But that was an old story, and these tears came from somewhere new. Unexpectedly, she began to talk about Daddy. "I keep thinking about him these days," she said. "Not like he was later, with all those tarts he had"—she pulled her familiar sour face—"but in the first years."

Of course, I had heard all about those early years, when Daddy had been making his first million and Mother had given up a promising (she said) singing-and-dancing career to be married to him. The fun, the jokes! I never quite made out what these had been, because usually she laughed so much remembering them that she couldn't get the words out.

"How he'd have hated it here!" she said now. "He'd have been bored to death. And so am I. I don't know how you can like it."

"You know I like it," I said. Boy and I had chosen this house on a remote section of the beach near Wauwinet.

"Daddy liked being by the sea, too, but only if he could look at it from the terrace of some Grand Hotel," she said. "Sitting there with his binoculars—he looked at some other things besides the ocean, I can tell you that. Well, I guess that was his nature. He had these strong, manly appetites, God rest his soul."

I went right to the edge of the water. I looked and listened to the waves and really enjoyed that. But she came and stood next to me.

"Can I tell you something?" She

FOREST OF EUROPE

(For Joseph Brodsky)

The last leaves fell like notes from a piano
and left their ovals echoing in the ear;
with gawky music stands, the winter forest
looks like an empty orchestra, its lines
ruled on these scattered manuscripts of snow.

The inlaid copper laurel of an oak
shines through the brown-bricked glass above your head
as bright as whiskey, while the wintry breath
of lines from Mandelstam, which you recite,
uncoils as visibly as cigarette smoke.

"The rustling of ruble notes by the lemon Neva."
Under your exile's tongue, crisp under heel,
the gutturals crackle like decaying leaves,
the phrase from Mandelstam circles with light
in a brown room, in barren Oklahoma.

There is a Gulag Archipelago
under this ice, where the salt, mineral spring
of the long Trail of Tears still warms these plains
as hard and open as a herdsman's face
sun-cracked and stubbled with unshaven snow.

Growing in whispers from the Writers' Congress,
the snow circles like cossacks round the corpse
of a tired Choctaw till it is a blizzard
of treaties and white papers as we lose
sight of the single human through the cause.

So every spring these branches load their shelves,
like libraries with newly published leaves,
till waste recycles them—paper to snow—
but, at zero of suffering, one mind
lasts like this oak with a few brazen leaves.

As the train passed the forest's tortured icons,
the floes clanging like freight yards, then the spires
of frozen tears, the stations screeching steam,
he drew them in a single winter's breath
whose freezing consonants turned into stones.

He saw the poetry in forlorn stations
under clouds vast as Asia, through districts
that could gulp Oklahoma like a grape,
not these tree-shaded prairie halts but space
so desolate it mocked destinations.

Who is that dark child on the parapets
of Europe, watching the evening river mint
its sovereigns stamped with power, not with poets,
the Thames and the Neva rustling like banknotes,
then, black on gold, the Hudson's silhouettes?

From frozen Neva to the Hudson pours,
under the airport domes, the echoing stations,
the tributary of emigrants whom exile
has made as classless as the common cold,
citizens of a language that is now yours,

and every February, every "last autumn,"
you write far from the threshing harvesters
folding wheat like a girl plaiting her hair,
far from Russia's canals quivering with sunstroke,
a man living with English in one room.

The tourist archipelagoes of my South
are prisons too, corruptible, and though
there is no harder prison than writing verse,
what's poetry, if it is worth its salt,
but a phrase men can pass from hand to mouth?

From hand to mouth, across the centuries,
the bread that lasts when systems have decayed,
when, in his forest of barbed-wire branches,
a prisoner circles, chewing the one phrase
whose music will last longer than the leaves,

whose condensation is the marble sweat
of angels' foreheads, which will never dry
till Borealis shuts the peacock lights
of its slow fan from L.A. to Archangel,
and memory needs nothing to repeat.

Frightened and starved, with divine fever
Osip Mandelstam shook, and every
metaphor shuddered him with ague,
each vowel heavier than a boundary stone,
"to the rustling of ruble notes by the lemon Neva,"

but now that fever is a fire whose glow
warms our hands, Joseph, as we grunt like primates
exchanging gutturals in this winter cave
of a brown cottage while in the drifts outside
mastodons force their systems through the snow.

—Derek Walcott

• •

said it like a secret. "He reminds me of Daddy, Hamid. Not that they look alike or anything, but there is *something*. Maybe it's because they're both strong—strong, sexy men. He was telling me about his first experience today. He was only twelve, can you believe it? He was seduced by a servant girl, but she stank so much it put him off women for years. Everyone knows they're ambidextrous over there. It's all right over there. It's expected."

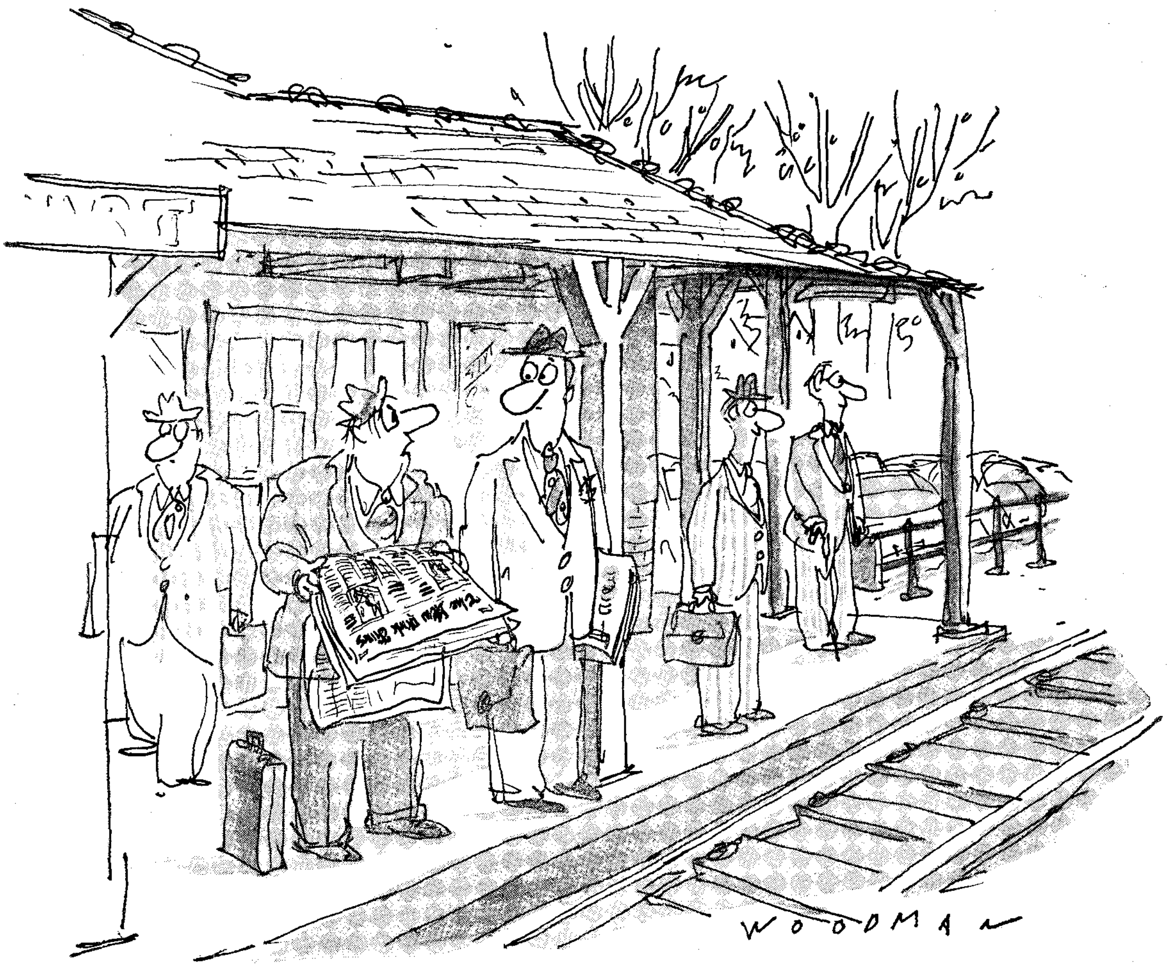
"Can we go back in now?"

"You know something, Susie?" she said. "You're a moral coward. I wouldn't have believed it that a daughter of mine, mine and Daddy's— Because we always did *everything* we wanted to."

I said, "How do you know I don't?"

THE next morning, Boy sat gloomily on the beach while Hamid laughed and joked with the other friends. When Mother came to join us, in a new lavender bikini and a matching head scarf, Hamid turned all his attention on her. Of course, she was delighted and reacted twice as much. Neither of them seemed to care when Boy got up and went away. After a while, I followed him into the house. He was in the kitchen making crêpes—he tends to start cooking when he's upset.

Boy is so sensitive that when he is emotionally wrought up he quivers all over. It is as if his body is just the thinnest, finest sheath around his soul, totally inadequate to protect him against the roughness of this world. That's why I



"Did you ever have one of those mornings when you just couldn't hack it? The 'Times,' I mean."

• •

feel I have to do everything to protect him, even though I know that I'm just as inadequate and unprotected. Boy hates me to see him when he is upset. He doesn't want me to know these things about him, so I have to pretend I don't.

I sat down at the kitchen table, talking to him about his damn crêpes and pretending I was interested in whether he was going to make them Suzette or Gil Blas. And he pretended that was all he was thinking about, too, frenziedly beating the batter. But he couldn't keep it up, and finally he sat down next to me at the table and said in a low, mean voice, "Get her out of here! I can't stand her another minute."

I knew how he felt, but I also knew how Mother felt. I murmured, "It gets awfully lonesome for her in New York."

"I don't *care!*" Boy said.

This was ludicrous. Boy cares more than any other human being in the world. He is so imaginative that another person's unhappiness is as real and painful to him as his own. He is always asking me, "How's your mother? Did you speak to her today?" A lot of the time, he phones her himself, to make sure she isn't dying of loneliness in that big apartment of hers, with the gilt furniture.

Luckily, I remembered something just then. I said, "Your sister Evie phoned last night. I forgot to tell you. She was—"

"What?" he asked in apprehension.

"Well," I said, "she seemed O.K., really. She spoke about going to visit Bobby at his summer camp, but then she—she—" I was upset, but I couldn't help laughing. Evie had told me that she had to call the doctor in, because there were birds roosting in the valance of her dining-room curtains. She was in one of her disturbed states, and spoke very seriously.

"Is she bad?" he asked. "Did Linda phone?"

Linda is his mother. Every now and again, when Evie gets very bad and has to go away for a while, Linda and her other daughter, Paula, are constantly on the phone to Boy. He is the only male left in the family. His father is dead (drowned while drunk, at East Hampton), and Evie's and Paula's husbands left years ago.

"I guess Linda would have phoned if she was really bad," he said, putting that problem aside for the moment. "That leaves *your* mother."

When I started to defend her again, he said, "Doesn't she realize how it looks? That everyone's laughing at her?"

"Who's laughing?"

At this point, Terry came to join us in the kitchen. He is an English boy, studying architecture in New York, and he had come to stay with us for the summer, along with some of the other friends. It's a big cottage, and they all like to be together. Terry was forever following Boy around, and that was why he came to join us in the kitchen. But Boy, wanting to be alone to talk with me, got rid of him quite fast. Poor Terry! How different it had been last year, when Hamid had not yet appeared on the scene and Terry had been the apple of Boy's eye.

"Everyone is," Boy said, as if no interruption had taken place. "To see an old woman like her making a fool of herself over— The whole beach is laughing. By the way," he said to me in a different tone, "can't you tell her not to wear a bikini? That scar— I mean, we all know, poor thing, but it makes you feel *sick.* Hamid asked me about it. He said, 'Who slit her up?' "

"Does it make him feel sick?"

"No, it makes him laugh. Everything about her makes him laugh. He thinks she's a ridiculous, ludicrous, silly old hag. He hates her," Boy said. He held his head in his hands.

I wanted to stroke his hair—which would have made him mad—so to resist the temptation I took the bowl of batter and began to beat it as hard as Boy had. After a while, he took over again—a good thing, because nobody makes crêpes the way he can, and also it was therapy for him, so by the time everyone came in to eat he was feeling better and was awfully nice to Mother, as if he wanted to make it up to her that he had spoken unkindly behind her back.

Later, Linda, Boy's mother, did

phone to say that Evie was bad again. She wanted Boy to come back to the city to persuade her to go back in the hospital till she was better. His sister Paula also phoned, with the same message. He usually goes when they call him, but this time he was more reluctant than usual. He just couldn't bear to leave Hamid, especially when Mother was there. It was a dilemma—he and I were very much aware of it, and so was Mother. (She wanted him to go, of course—very much.) I don't think Hamid knew what was going on, though he knew something was up. That was typical of him. He was remote from us and our problems, but at the same time he was extremely sensitive to what everyone was feeling.

When Linda phoned again to give the latest report about Evie, Mother tapped the side of her head and said to Hamid in an undertone, "His sister."

"She is . . . ?" And Hamid also tapped his head.

"Completely," Mother said.

I began to protest. I said Evie only had these spells, but Mother shouted me down. "Of course she's nuts, completely and absolutely gone," she said. "The whole family. You're not trying to tell me," she said, turning to me again, "that other sister of his, that what's-her-name, that *she's* normal? Or if it comes to that, what about Linda herself?"

"Linda! Why, she's the sanest woman I've ever met. She's so—so—" I didn't have the word for my tall, bony, thin-lipped, determinedly energetic mother-in-law, who is always frenziedly engaged in some practical job, like cleaning out the linen closet.

"She's the most screwed-up of the lot," Mother said emphatically.

"Who is?" Boy asked, coming in after speaking to his mother on the telephone. We all looked at him, but he told us nothing.

"Well?" Mother said. "Are you going?"

Boy looked at Hamid, who said, "Of course you'll have to go if your sister is . . . not well. If your family is expecting you."

Boy looked at him, and so did I. There was nothing in Hamid's eyes except solicitude for Boy. Mother was smoking frantically, dropping ash into her coffee, but Hamid was calm and gentle, at that moment caring only for Boy and his family problem and wanting everything settled. So when Boy left later that morning—Hamid and I dropped him at the airport—he went with a relatively light heart.

WHENEVER Boy is away, I keep myself occupied with all the household jobs I can think up. As soon as the plane left, I went off to buy pounds of peaches, and later I was very busy making jam that no one would ever want to eat. I was so busy I didn't wonder where Hamid was or Mother was. "Don't you *care?*" Terry asked me. He himself cared terribly. I guess that was why he had stayed behind; the other friends had scattered when Boy left. He wanted to see what would happen—to spy, if you want to look at it that way, or to look out for Boy, if you prefer. He kept following me around to report on his findings, and it irritated him that I didn't want to know.

"Don't you care?" he kept saying.

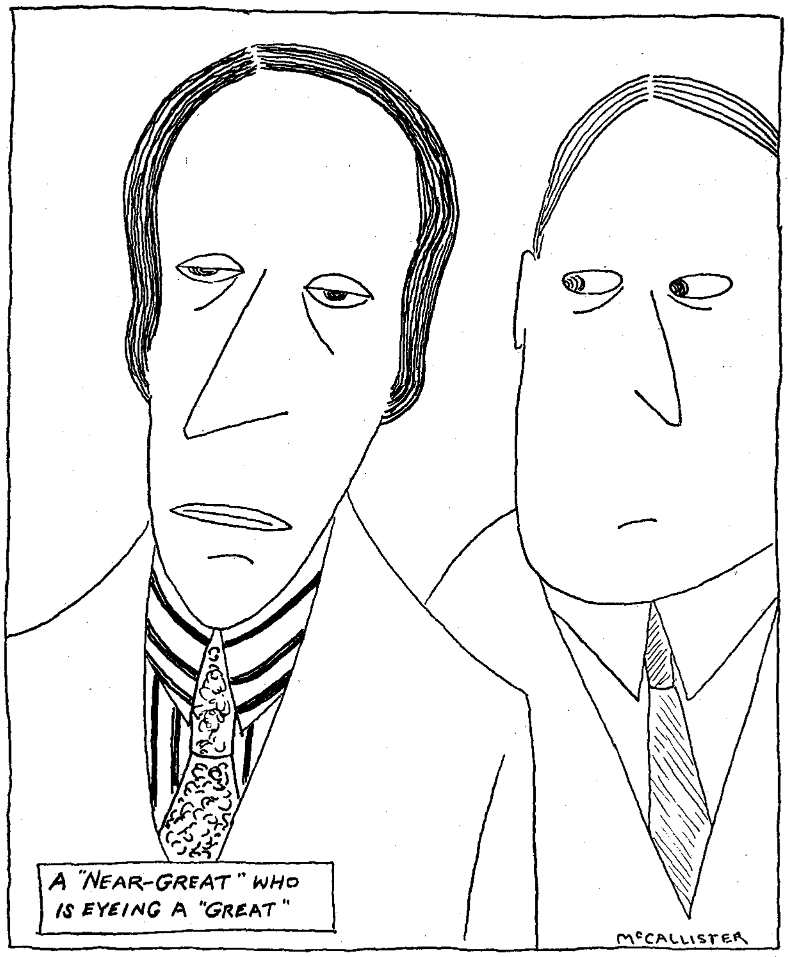
Actually, Terry himself was one of the people who taught me that it's not good to care too much. I was like him once—for instance, when he and Boy were very much involved with each other—and I used to torment myself by spying, speculating, finding out. But now I don't do that anymore.

It turned out to be the wrong day for making jam. It was terribly hot, with no breeze coming in from the ocean. Mother stayed in her room all afternoon, sometimes calling to me to come in and talk to her. She was sprawled across the bed, and she seemed both exhausted and excited. She was still in her morning wrap, which had fallen open, exposing her thighs. She said she wished she were back in New York—at least there was air-conditioning there, so a person could breathe—but I could see she didn't mean it. She didn't want to be in New York, she wanted to be here.

"When is he coming back?" she asked me, and then she answered herself: "I guess he has to put his sister away first. My God, Susie, what sort of a family have you gone and married us into?" She has said this so often that it's almost become a refrain. And almost in the same breath she said, "Did you see Hamid? He was out on the beach in all that heat. I called to him from the house. I said, 'You'll get sunstroke!' but he just laughed and waved. He's used to the heat—it must be even hotter where he comes from. I don't know how people stand it. He seems made different from us, don't you think, Susie? Don't you have that feeling about him?"

"I don't know," I murmured, pulling at her wrap to cover her thighs.

"You don't know anything," she said, pushing the wrap off again. "Sometimes I envy you. I mean, it must be a lot easier to be made the way you are. Wouldn't you think I'd have got over all that by now? Wouldn't you think so? That a person would be allowed to cool off? But no such luck, no such luck." Suddenly she cursed herself and struck the


A "NEAR-GREAT" WHO IS EYEING A "GREAT"

Laffitte Restaurant
Laffitte
B. TOBEY.

"Nothing there appeals to me."

• •

side of her head, like a peasant woman.

I had often seen her do that, even when I was a child, only then she had been cursing Daddy, who was usually away somewhere with someone else—someone younger. At that time, Mother had still been very pretty, so quite often she would get up and go over to the mirror to look at herself, and then she'd ask me, "I look O.K., don't I? What's wrong with me?" And I would tell her that she looked fabulous. But now she didn't go to the mirror or ask any questions.

Terry came in, with his rather sharp nose pointing out of his thin face, so that he seemed to be sniffing the air for information. When he saw that Hamid was not there, his expression changed from inquisition to distaste. Boy also looks like this whenever he comes into Mother's bedroom. I don't notice it myself, but I guess the feminine smell around her *is* rather strong, with all those perfumes and creams she uses and the little underthings she has discarded lying scattered around the room.

Just then the phone rang, and I went running out. It was Boy. I asked, "How is she?"

"Oh, hell, Susie, don't ask," he said. "What are you all doing?"

"Mother's lying down and Terry's—"

"Hamid's not there? Listen, ask him— Oh, I'll call again later. Tell him— I've got to *go*, Susie," he said as I began to ask him about Evie again.

Terry had followed me, and he stretched out his hand for the receiver. When I told him that Boy had hung up, he said, "Didn't he ask to speak to me?"

"His sister's very bad," I said apologetically.

Terry said, "What are you going to do about tonight?"

Unfortunately, I knew at once what he meant. I had already made up my mind that if Hamid and Mother got together there was nothing I could do about it. Actually, I had planned on taking a sleeping pill. I usually do that anyway when Boy is away; it helps me over having to sleep alone.

It never cooled down that night, and we kept everything wide open and wore the minimum of clothes. I forgot about the jam, and it burned and stuck to the bottom of the pan, and the house was filled with the smell of this blackened, sugary mess of peaches. I went into my bedroom and took a sleeping pill. But before it could take effect, Hamid came in and lay down on Boy's bed to talk to me. It seemed he had gone to see a movie in the afternoon, and now he was telling me the story, which was about a mother and daughter, both in love with the same guy. He slept with both but was really in love with another guy, who was an actor who played cowboy roles. All this seemed very strange to Hamid, and I must say it sounded strange to me, too, and I wondered whether he had got it quite right or whether I was hearing it right. I was beginning to feel very drowsy with my pill. He went on telling me about the movie, and then I think he told me some incidents from his own life, but by that time I was in a state where I couldn't quite keep the two apart.

When Mother came in, he said to her, "Listen to this." So she sat on the side of the bed where he was lying while he went on telling his story. I think it really was his story now, because Mother said "Well, what do you expect, with looks like that?" and she fondled him with real respect—reverence, even—for his beauty. And he let her do it, as if it was quite ordinary and what he was used to. He was telling her how, some years ago, his visa had run out and he was going to be deported, but there was this very wonderful lady he met. He went to live in her house, and she arranged everything about his papers, so that he could stay. She looked after him very well, and he was grateful to her and enjoyed being with her in her various houses, which she went to from season to season.

"Where is she now?" Mother asked, tangling her fingers in the hair of his chest.

The end of the story was not as good as the beginning. For reasons he didn't specify, he had had to leave her, and this gave rise to some very bad scenes. At one point, the police had been called in, and for a while his immigration papers had been endangered again. But it had all been straightened out, thanks to some other friends he had made in the meantime, and after a while she was all right, too, and had been able to leave the hospital, where her daughter had placed her. It made him sad to remember all this, and he freely admitted that he had not acted well. But it had all been out of ignorance, he told us—youth and ignorance (he was only eighteen). He had been unaware that it was this bad time for her, when certain physical changes occur in women of her age. If he had known then, he said, what he knew now, of course he would have acted with far greater delicacy and care for her. Then it seemed Mother needed comforting, and I saw him sit up to rub her back. My pill had really begun to work by then, and I was more than half asleep, and after a while fully asleep.

The weather changed, and a wind sprang up from the sea and came blowing through my open windows, so that I woke up for a moment to cover myself. It was still night, and Mother and Hamid had gone from the other bed, and I was alone. Terry must have been alone, too, and I could hear him in the living room playing some of last year's records.

The next day, I spent a long time scrubbing out the pan in which the jam had burned. But the smell must have lingered around the house, because the first thing that Boy said when he came home was "What's that smell?" Unfortunately, Terry was there to overhear, and he said at once, "Well may you ask," in his very English accent, so I knew he was only waiting to get Boy alone to tell him all sorts of things. But it wasn't as easy as all that for him to get Boy alone. Hamid was not in when I brought Boy back from the airport, but shortly afterward I saw him making his way from the beach up to the house. Boy saw him first, and he didn't waste a second. He ran down the porch steps and straight as an arrow down to the beach toward Hamid. They met halfway. Terry wanted to join them, but I held him back. He was furious with me. He said, "Aren't you going to tell him?" and then, "If you don't, I certainly will." But, as I said, he didn't get the chance so easily, because Boy would not let Hamid out of his sight.

Mother had seen the meeting on the beach from her window. "It's disgusting," she told me. "He ran like a—like a—"

"Like a lover," I said.

"Disgusting," she said again.

And she really was disgusted. Mother has always liked to think of herself as a woman of the world, knowing all there is to know. I used to see her and her friends huddled close together with flushed cheeks and the tips of their tongues showing, as if tasting something nice, while the maid, pretending to be busy with the tea trolley she had rolled in, would cock her head in their direction and her cheeks would flush, too, at what she heard. When I was small, Mother would say, "Go away, Susie, go and watch your program," and when I was grown up, she said, "Oh, Susie wouldn't know anything about it. She's just stayed a great big baby."

Mother doesn't drink an awful lot, usually—only when she is upset, to make herself feel better, and then, because she isn't used to it, she gets high very quickly. That was what happened on the day of Boy's return. In the evening, when we were lying on the floor listening to records, she came and stood in the doorway and said to Boy, "You haven't told us about your crazy sister."

VICTORIA
BAR Sullivan's BAR
RESTAURANT
BAR MORAHAN'S GRILL
tom funk

Although she said this in a very loud voice, the record almost drowned her, so she stalked over and turned it down, and then she repeated what she had said.

Boy went white and bit his thin lips even thinner. He said, "I'm not going to discuss my family affairs."

"I thought we were all family here," said Mother, looking around at us all, but especially at Hamid and Terry.

I was afraid of what else she might say in her state, so I went toward her, hoping to take her away to her bedroom. But she pushed me aside.

"Susie is healthy," she informed Boy. "A healthy, normal human being like her mother and her father and everyone in our family."

"Why don't you ask her about last night?" Terry said to Boy in a cool, smiling way. "That should be interesting."

Hamid, who had continued to lie on the floor with his eyes shut, sat up and blinked like one awakened from deep sleep. "Who turned the music off?" he said.

"Or you can ask him," Terry said.

Hamid got up from the floor and went over to the record-player and turned it up again. Now he and Mother were the only ones standing; the rest of us were on the floor looking up at them. Hamid made sensuous movements to the music. "I wish I could dance," he said.

AN EVENING WALK

All the animals are looking over
their shoulders. They come toward us, but
they look away. We try to see what
is frightening them—nothing. Why?

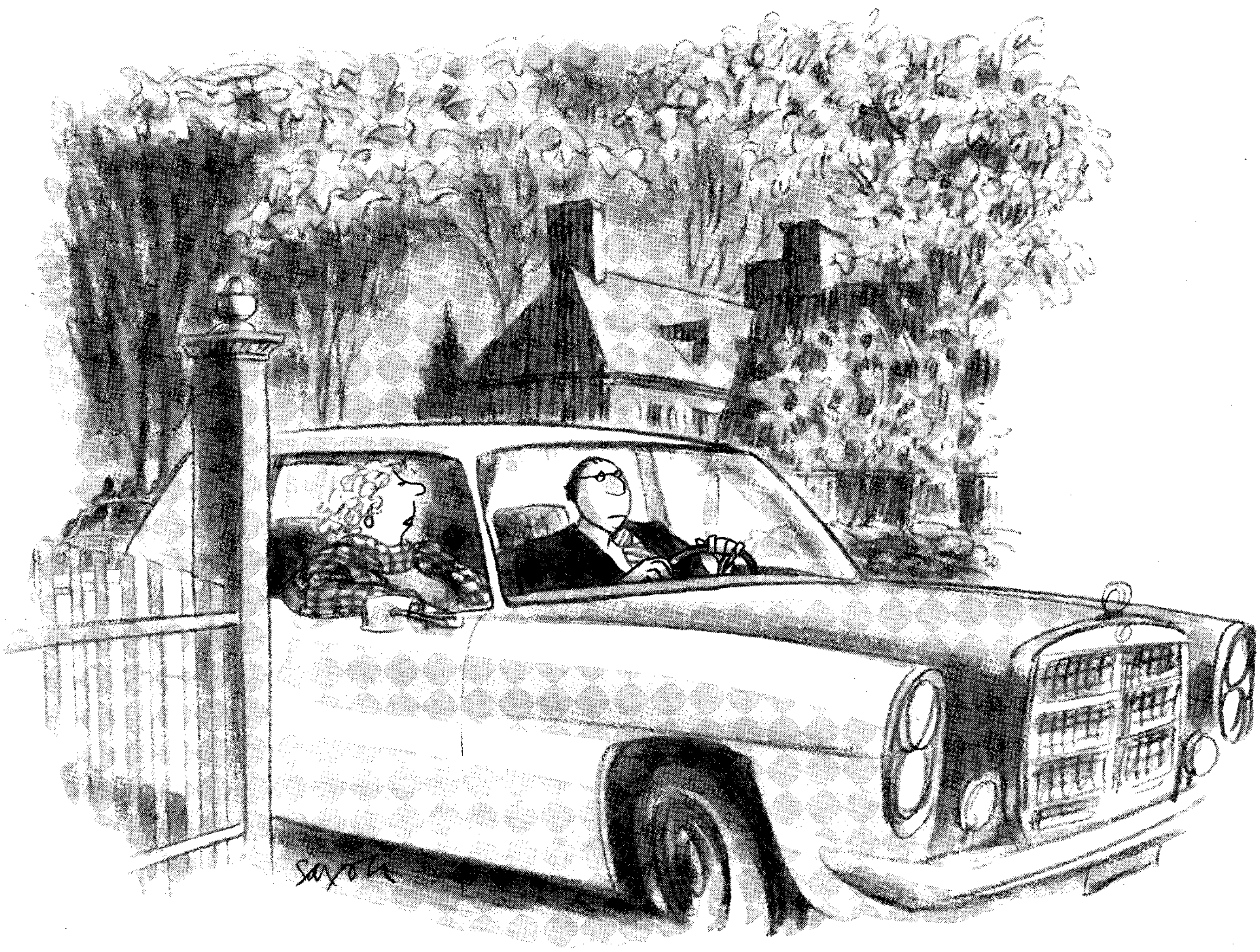
At the summit, a rock we had left
is gone. Our breath hangs in the air—
we see it after we start for home.
What happens to it, along about sundown?

Somebody calls us and calls us, "You there!"
But we can't make them hear our call
in return. Then we know we have
invented the world and are walking on it.

Animals, rocks, breath, people:
Listen to us! Listen! Like you, we are alone.

—William Stafford

• •



"I noticed you were showing Marsha Hornbeck your whimsical side."

• •

Mother, completely forgetting about Boy and her anger with him, said, "You can't? I'll teach you." She even had to show him how to hold her.

"What happened last night?" Boy asked Terry.

"I was making jam and it got burned," I said.

"Oh, really, Susie," Boy said impatiently. "Are you a fool or something?"

Mother was laughing loudly at Hamid, who was learning very badly, doing everything wrong—on purpose, I think, to amuse her and, if possible, the rest of us, too. "It's like teaching a bear to dance," she said. Then he pretended to be a bear and lurched around the room. Mother went after him, laughing her head off, trying to make him come back and hold her again, but he got away from her. However, the room wasn't big enough for him to escape her for long, and she soon had him cornered by the bookcase. Then he made quite a clever move. Still pretending to be a bear, he shook her off and lurched across to me and said, "*You* teach me."

Well, I'm not much of a dancer—not like Mother, who is fantastic—but I saw that this was the best solution, so I got up and let him lead me. He danced quite well, it turned out. I can't say I enjoyed it and I guess he didn't much, either, but the other three were staying quiet, watching us, so we just went on dancing.

Later, Mother let me take her away and help her undress and get into bed. While I was doing this, she kept moaning, as if she were in pain or as if someone had just died, but otherwise she was quiet and seemed only to want to be put to bed like a child. And like a child, lying there in her nightie, she let tears flow down her nose in a natural, unashamed way, and childishly she said, "He married you for your money. For Daddy's money."

This was a familiar accusation, which I no longer bothered to answer. And it is true that Boy is poor—so is Linda and so are the two sisters. Their father lost everything with terrible speculations, before drinking and drowning. It is also true that Boy has very refined tastes and needs money. But he likes me, too—and, yes, he needs me, just as much as he needs the money.

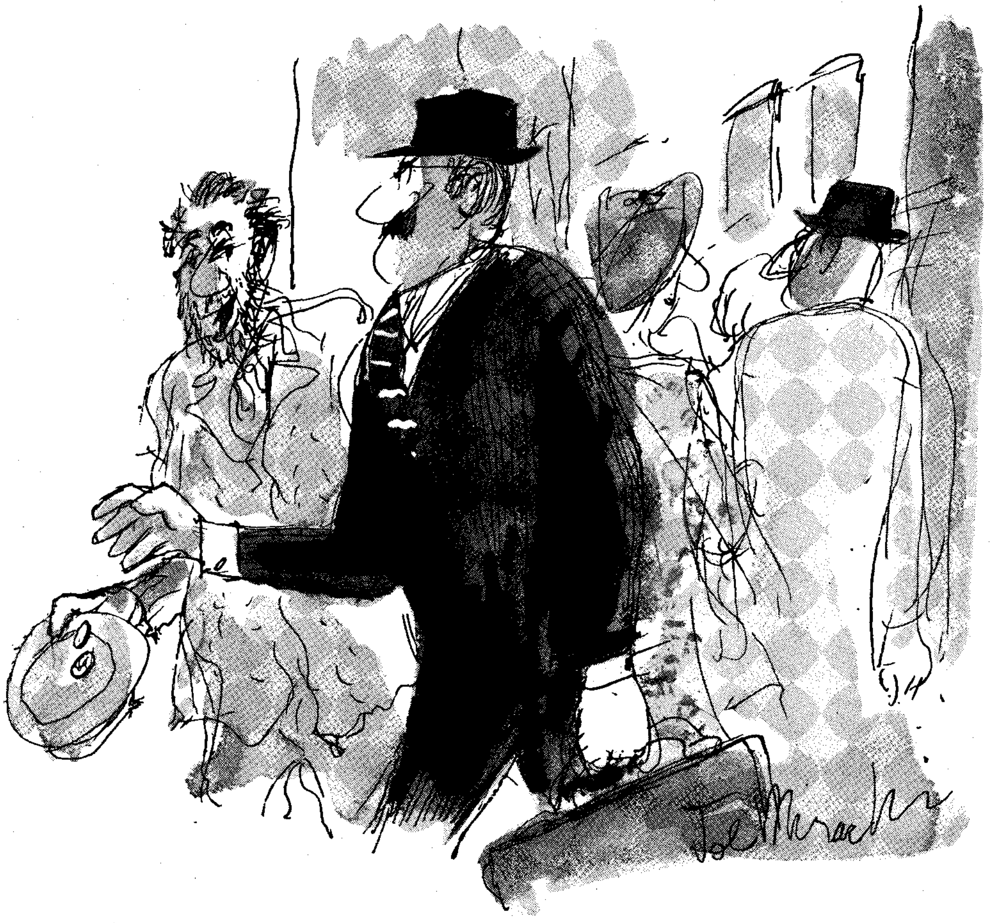
He came into the room now, and saw Mother in bed. "Is she all right?" he asked.

"What do you care?" said Mother, letting the tears flow.

"Of course I care," Boy said.

He sat near Mother's bed and told us about Evie. He spoke quite freely, in a quiet, restrained voice, about her terrible and unhuman behavior. He made it clear that he wanted to hide nothing from Mother and me and that he considered it our right to know.

Mother was horrified. I think that once he had told her all that, she would just as soon not have heard it. Boy went on to explain that at first they had tried to get Evie to go to the hospital voluntarily, but she had resisted so violently that it wasn't possible. So then they had to call the people from the hospital to take Evie away. I saw Boy clench inside himself as he said this—she had had to be taken away like that once before, and he had



"Thank you, sir, and may the dollar once again become almighty."

• •

been there that time, too, and he had told me that he never wanted to see that again.

Now Mother really had something to cry about. So many things! Boy and I sat on either side of her bed and she pressed both our hands and said, "Children, children." All that crying completely washed away her makeup, and she looked like a grandmother.

"Poor Linda," she said. "Oh, poor soul. What shall I do for her? Does she need money? Can I send a check?"

"I'll let you know," Boy said. He would, too. His mother always needs money. She is really hard up, and he couldn't afford to let such an opportunity go by.

"I wish I lived closer to her, so I could help. Or if she lived near me. Do you think she'd want me to? I have this goddam stupid apartment. My God, who *needs* all those rooms?" Now Mother was really getting carried away. The idea of those two, Mother and Linda, living together . . . Boy and I caught each other's eye and had to look away quickly. But Mother seemed to like her line of thought. "We wouldn't have to see each other every day. We wouldn't even have to cook or eat together, except maybe like Sunday brunch or something. And you two could come, too—it'd be fun. Just Sundays. And if you had—if there were some kids . . . Lots of people adopt kids. It doesn't make any difference, they say; you love them just the same. How would you like me as a grandma—what do you think? Grandma Bea?" She giggled.

Hamid could be heard calling outside the door. Mother let go of our hands. "Don't let him come in!" she said frantically. But he was in already. Mother quickly turned out the light by her bedside. Boy had stood up.

Hamid said, "What, all finished? Everyone gone bye-byes? Then I will go bye-byes, too. Good night."

Boy said, "We could go for a walk. On the beach? There's almost a full moon."

He was upset and entirely different from the way he had been only a moment before. Mother, too, was entirely different. She called out from the semidarkness of her bed, "Yes, let's go for a walk in the moonlight!" She tried to make her voice youthful, but it cracked on too high a note.

"Why are you in bed?" Hamid asked her. "Are you ill? And in the dark—" He leaned over to switch on her lamp, but she caught his hand and said, "It hurts my eyes."

"Come on!" Boy said urgently to Hamid.

"Wait for me!" Mother cried. "I'm getting my clothes on!"

As soon as they had gone, Mother jumped out of bed. She began to dress feverishly. Nothing I said could stop her, and her only answer to me, as usual, was "You don't understand." She quickly pulled on some white jeans and a candy-striped sailor blouse.

I went out and sat on the porch. I could see Boy and Hamid walking by the edge of the ocean, and then I watched Mother running in her high-heeled pumps to join them. Terry was still inside, playing records, but after a while he came to sit with me. I said, "Why don't you go with them?"

"Why don't *you*?" he said, and then he answered for both of us: "We're not wanted."

He spoke bitterly, and no wonder. Last summer, it had been different. Then it had been he and Boy walking on the seashore in the moonlight. But it hadn't been any different for me, because I had still sat here on the porch, watching them. Only, then it had been Mother who was sitting with me, and Mother had been angry, indignant. She said, "What the hell are you doing, staying with him?" She wanted me to go away with her. She offered to help me pack, and we would both leave and I would stay with her in my own old room in the apartment.

And now Terry was saying, "I don't know how you stand it, Susie."

And I said, as I always say to Mother, "Oh, it's O.K. I don't mind."

But I'm getting tired of people deciding for me what I can stand and what I can't. How do they know? Maybe I like things the way they are. No one ever tells me that it's wrong for me to love Mother for the way she is and not for how she is supposed to be. Then why not Boy—why can't I care for him the way he is?

—RUTH PRAWER JHABVALA

•

There's one major obstacle: Reagan will be 69 years old in 1980. But he looks younger and keeps physically fit. He might also declare at the outset that he will be a one-term president.

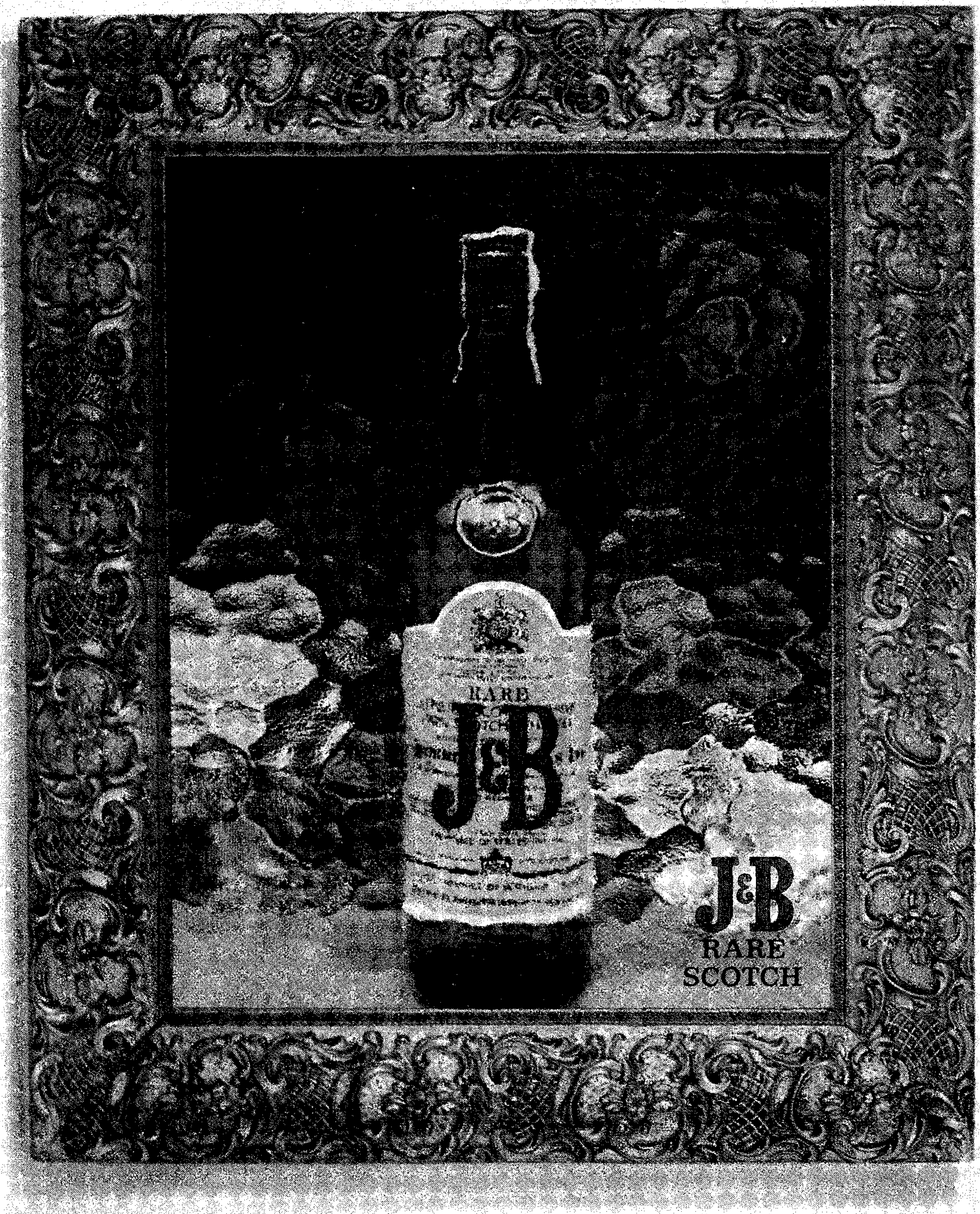
This is an idea he has discussed with advisers. But some of them fear it might be interpreted as a confession that he hasn't the stigma to last two terms.—*Jack Anderson in the Staten Island Advance.*

The last President with stigma lasted one and a half terms.

JUSTERINI & BROOKS Founded 1749

Many try, but none succeed.
You just can't copy a true original.

Because it's rare.



RARE
J&B
J&B
RARE
SCOTCH

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1978 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

The Rose's Gimlet.
Four parts vodka, one part elegance.

The elegance, of course, is Rose's Lime Juice. Which is the essential ingredient for turning any vodka into the most elegant of cocktails.

That's because Rose's Lime Juice has an uncanny way of stimulating the taste of vodka, gin or light rum without overasserting itself.

ROSE'S
WEST INDIA SWEETENED
LIME JUICE
L. Rose & Co. Ltd.

To make the Rose's Gimlet properly, simply stir 4 to 5 parts vodka, gin or light rum with one part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Tonight, try the Rose's Gimlet. *It's made with elegance.* To make you feel elegant whenever you have it.

Interior by Los Angeles designer, Charles Burke.

THE SPORTING SCENE

AR~GEN~TINA!

ALTHOUGH it is the eighth-largest country in the world, Argentina remains remote in most people's minds—a fact that its present military government must be thankful for, since the repressive brutalities it has practiced there have gone largely unnoticed except by organizations like Amnesty International. In June of this year, however, Argentina became the center of global attention, because the final rounds of the World Cup, which is competed for every four years by the soccer-playing countries of the world, took place there and were watched, according to estimations, by a billion people—something like one in four of the world's population—which is a lot more attention than General San Martín ever got when the standard of Argentine independence was first raised, at Tucumán in July, 1816. When, in 1966, Argentina was named as the venue for the World Cup of 1978, the occasion must have seemed too unimaginably distant in time to cause much concern to anyone. Nobody could have predicted that in those twelve years Argentina would go through eight Presidents, a runaway inflation, a brush with total anarchy, an economic collapse, and a condition close to civil war, and end up in a pervasive state of fear. It did. Yet sporting cycles move relentlessly, and as June loomed the country issued accreditation to more than five thousand journalists, spent more than five hundred million dollars in preparing airports, hotels, television and press facilities, and six stadiums—two in Buenos Aires, the others in Rosario, Mendoza, Córdoba, and Mar del Plata—and waited, a little nervously, to see what was going to happen.

The World Cup is the closest thing we have to a global event, attracting more attention than moon landings. This explains the nervousness of the present military regime, for the country was about to be exposed on a huge scale, and it had a lot to hide. Nevertheless, it took a deep breath and gambled on the occasion. Military security was pervasive but discreet, the forces of opposition did not make their presence felt, and the country itself became involved in the evolution of the matches to an unexpected degree. In spite of dire predictions about Argentina's unpreparedness for the games, the organization proved to be impressively efficient. True, the airport when I arrived seemed still in the process of being nailed together, but the stadiums were in good order, there was a ubiquitous army of *azafatas*, or hostesses, speaking handfuls of languages, and the whole country seemed to be wearing a set smile. "You must understand that we have nothing in our lives that we can say is Argentina," one friend explained to me. "We are intensely individual, like spoiled children—not wanting any responsibility ourselves, yet complaining bitterly about any government that tries to direct us. But for once, however unreal it may be, we have a team—an entity—that is called Argentina."

I arrived in Buenos Aires a few days before the competition began, to see those of my friends who were not in exile and to feel out that quintessential city, which stretches so far in all directions, and which I had known on earlier occasions—the last in 1972, when I lived there for six months. The six years since then were probably the most violent in Argentina's whole history. In 1972, Lieutenant General Alejandro Lanusse was President of a military government, and although he looks rather benign in retrospect, he did make one catastrophic blunder—allowing Perón to return to Argentina. Even today, it is impossible to speak of Argentina without coming up against the figure of Juan Domingo Perón. When he fled the country in 1955, after his first Presidency, he left Peronism behind him, and in his Madrid exile he behaved like an absentee president, receiving delegations of every political persuasion and extending the ambiguous umbrella of Peronism to cover them all. When first in authority, Perón changed Argentina forever by admitting the people to power, in an indefinable blend of populism and nationalism. His greatest asset was his wife, Eva, whose speeches had a mesmeric effect on the country. Evita Perón died into legend, but Perón, and Peronism, would not go away. Lanusse, as President, was constantly reminded of Perón's powerful presence by a series of assassinations of the military and a string of lucrative kidnappings, many of them the work of the Peronist left, the Montoneros; centered in the province of Tucumán, they attracted as followers many people from the middle class who were tired of the ineptness of both military and civilian governments. Some say that Lanusse was confident enough of his own Presi-

dency to believe he could defeat a returned Perón; it seems more likely that to have forbidden Perón's return would have led to something like civil war. In any case, Lanusse allowed Perón to make a riotous visit in November of 1972, and he kept his promise to hold elections the following year, hoping to lay the ghost of Peronism forever. He miscalculated, for the Peronist candidate, Héctor Cámpora, won the election of March, 1973, and Peronism was back in power—followed soon by Perón himself, who was elected President later in the same year, after Cámpora stepped down. He chose his third wife, Isabelita, as his running mate, hoping that she might pass as a reincarnation of Evita. He himself was sick and old, and had promised so much to so many divergent factions that he had no center and not much else but his name and the hopes grafted onto him by both the right and the left. He died in 1974 of a heart attack, but not before turning viciously against the left wing of his own party and throwing in his lot with the right. Isabelita succeeded him, and soon demonstrated that she was no Evita. Inflation reached a prodigious level, corruption was rife, and her disastrous Presidency became an open invitation to the Army to intervene again, which it did, in March, 1976.

These chaotic years, first under Perón, then under Isabelita, then under the military junta, with Jorge Rafael Videla as President, were the years of revenge, the years of the *desaparecidos*—people who simply disappeared into a sinister official silence. The right and left wings of the Peronist movement set upon each other, and, while the Montoneros continued their kidnappings and assassinations, the death squads of the right did their own police work. The disappearances continued, too, causing many people to flee the country. "Same old story," one chronicler told me. "We grow ashamed of the military, and press for elections, then we fall for that old deception that there is a magical father, a benevolent despot, who will cure all our ills. We embrace him, and things go from bad to worse, and the economy falls into pieces, until we find ourselves begging the military to come back and save us from chaos. So they come back. Then, inevitably, there are reprisals. They take away our future and make us promise to be good children, under pain of torture or death—and then the whole cycle begins again."

Even before the Army had seized power and put Isabelita Perón under house arrest, the picture had begun to change. The gloves were off, and the Montoneros were tagged as terrorists and subversives and were ruthlessly hunted down. In October of 1976, the Buenos Aires daily *La Opinión* quoted General Ibérico Saint Jean, governor of Buenos Aires Province, as saying, "One cannot be neutral or ambivalent. Some will succumb for being *indifferent*. Others will be shot as collaborators." It is impossible to estimate or guess how many so-called subversives have died or are still being held in prison; they are simply not around anymore. "Up until about a year ago, we were afraid to go out, to be on the streets," one friend in Córdoba told me. "We learned to stay home and not ask questions, not make inquiries when somebody disap-

When E.F. Hutton talks, people listen.

"Harvey, dear, it's seven o'clock. Time to get up and go through the motions."

peared. We dreaded the ringing of the doorbell. These fears have subsided now, but they have not gone away."

Conversation is not always easy in Argentina; the people do not like to be reminded of their political impotence. The country, after all, is immensely rich in natural resources, and its society is probably the most sophisticated on the whole continent, yet inflation has run so high over the last few years that for the bulk of the population life is a daily struggle to survive—a fact that caused considerable grumbling over the vast sum of money splurged on preparations for the World Cup. By the end of the competition, however, the money was considered well spent. "We forget easily," one friend said to me. "We don't want to have the past thrown in our faces, so we muffle our memories. When you ask us how we could have allowed Perón to return, you touch in us a deep shame. It humiliates us to remember, it hurts our pride. At least in the World Cup Argentina starts on the same footing as everybody else."

In the light of those terrible years, however, the World Cup seemed to me an irony—a global fiesta in a country that had much more than soccer on its mind. Yet the competition, once it began, became irresistible, not just to the worldwide audience but to the Argentines themselves. An understanding of the organization of World Cup play requires some geo-mathematical thought. Under the umbrella of the Fédération Internationale de Football Association, or FIFA, which has its headquarters in Zurich, the competing countries—a hundred and four on this occasion—are divided into groups, from which, after a period of two years, arise the sixteen final teams—fourteen qualifiers plus the reigning champions (in this case, West Germany) and the host country (in this case, Argentina). Once the sixteen have assembled at the site of the final matches, they are further divided and subdivided; altogether, it is a cumbersome business, producing thirty-eight games in twenty-five days, and requiring the passionate fan to rush from stadium to TV set in order to see replays of vital games. This curious ritual inevitably catches up the popular attention, and as the national teams, surrounded by their entourages and supporters, arrived in Argentina during the week preceding the opening game, they received the kind of coverage in the press that is usually reserved for delegations from foreign powers. Their training schedules were published like orders of battle, and I would find myself discussing their prospects with people at adjoining tables in restaurants, with strangers and taxi-drivers. Everyone had an opinion and an expectation about the *Mundial*, as the World Cup is called there. The whole population was held increasingly in thrall. For Argentina, it was a breathing space.

It was something of a relief when the inaugural ceremony came around, on June 1st, in the River Plate Stadium, in Buenos Aires. The great concrete saucer was full of attentive heads, and the President of Argentina, Lieutenant General Videla, was in attendance, in civilian clothes—perhaps an intimation of the fact that this August he will resign from the Army and rule as a civilian President. The proceedings were timed to the minute ("2:15: Flags waving in the wind"), and a myriad of gymnasts executed their moves, forming letters and legends, so efficiently that some German pressmen close to me began to talk of the 1936 Olympic Games, in Berlin. At one point, clusters of colored balloons were released to soar upward, but a skittish wind caused them to follow eccentric paths, so that the pigeons that were loosed in their wake looked as though they might attack the balloon clumps in unscheduled aerial combat. Speeches (mercifully brief) followed, and the President invoked peace and liberty, and the Eleventh World Football Championship as a sign of hope for all mankind. A few minutes later, after the playing of the appropriate national anthems, the inaugural game—between West Germany, the current champions, and Poland, which finished third in the 1974 World Cup, in Munich—lumbered into being. It proved so dull and lifeless that we wished the pigeons would come back. The game ended in a goalless draw, as has so often happened in the opening game of the World Cup competition—the champions cannot afford to lose, the challengers do not quite believe they can win; it was technically correct but without passion. The following day, however, promised much more action.

I attended the 1966 World Cup in England, when England won (the home advantage, as it is called), and the 1970 World Cup in Mexico, when a dazzling Brazilian team won the cup for the third time since the competition was launched, in 1930. Writ-

GENUINE
VODKA
WOLFSCHMIDT
GENUINE
VODKA
WOLFSCHMIDT

The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

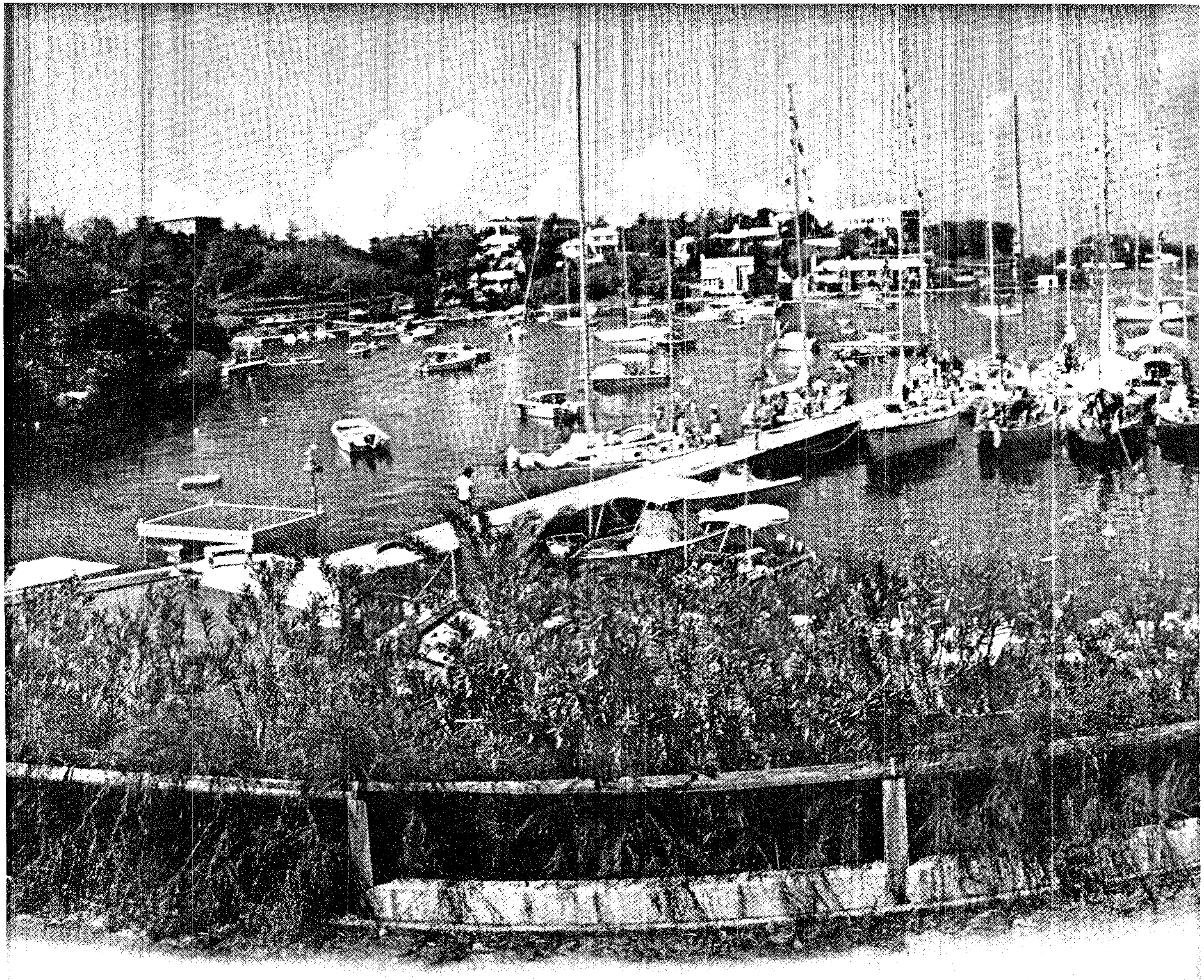
And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka

Wolfschmidt Vodka · Distilled from grain · 80 and 100 proof · Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.

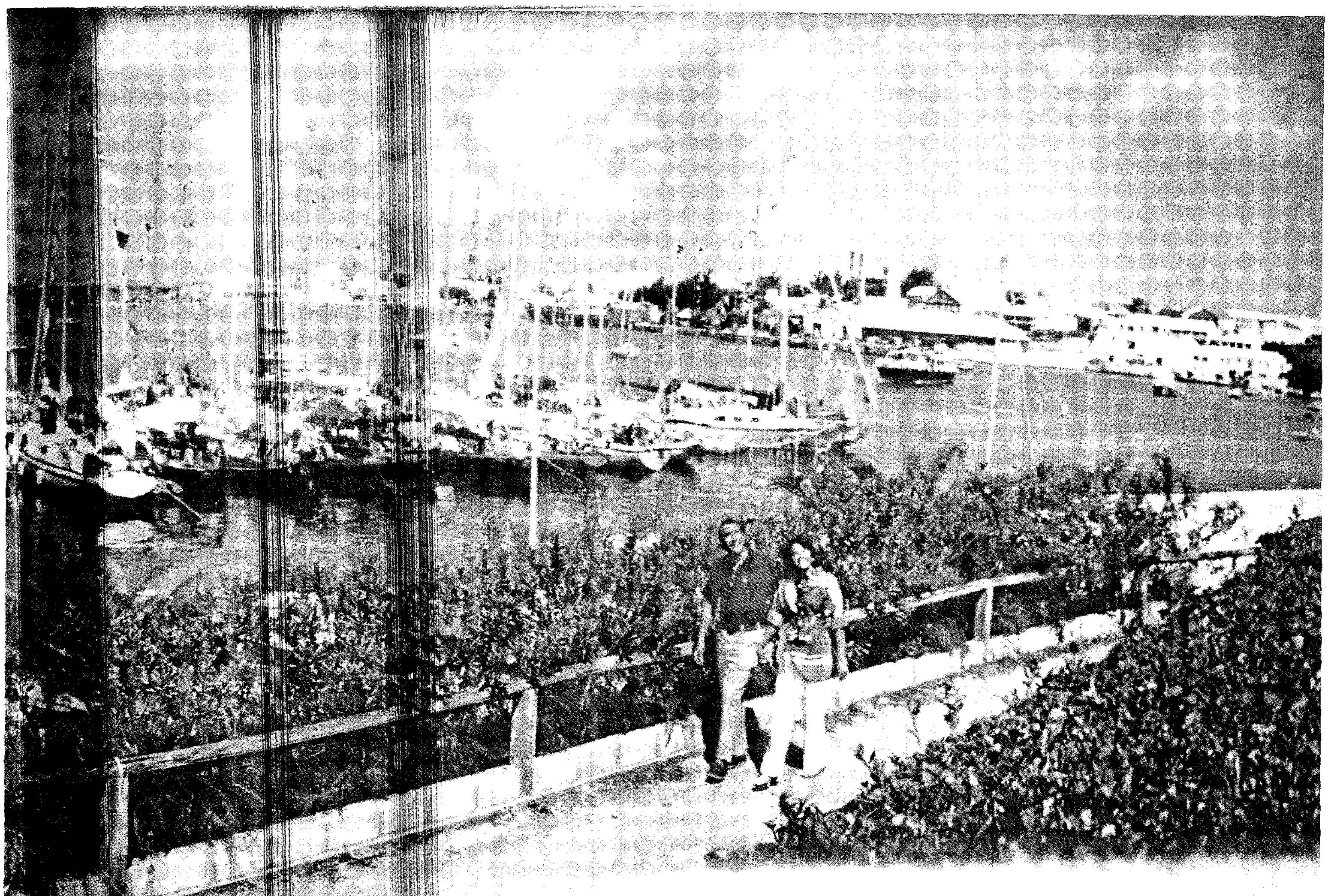


"Bermuda has a tremendous look and feel to it. The flavor of England and the tropics, together."

George and Sally Newi talk about the Newis' fourth visit to Bermuda.

"Golf is fantastic here. The greens with sea and sky and pastel houses behind them. Every hole has a different setting."

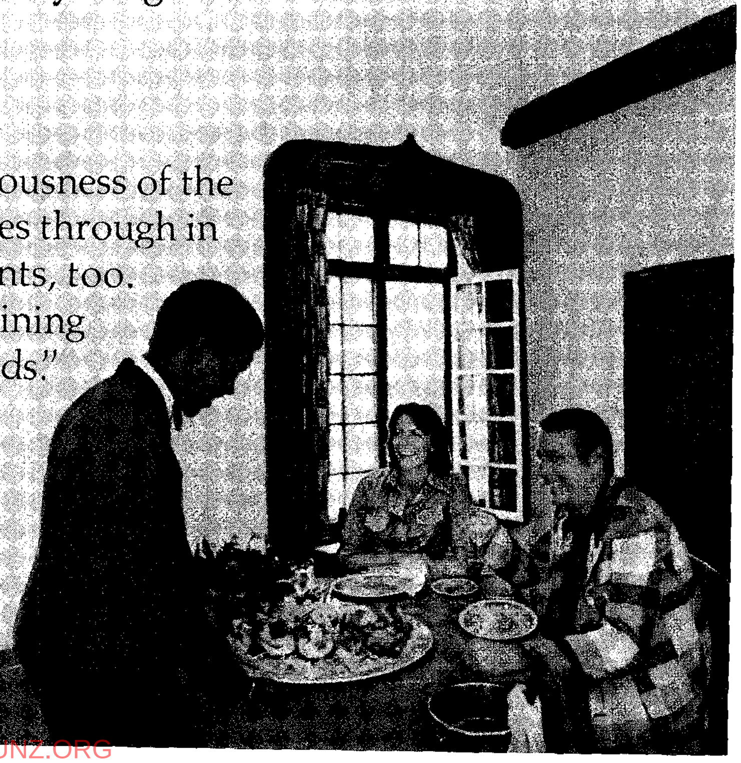
"You can come to this island tired and uptight. But you won't leave that way."



"Being at the Dinghy Club after a big race from the States was very exciting. The signal flags, the fantastic colors. If I were sailing, this is where I'd like to end up."

"We stopped by the home of the American Consul-General for a 4th of July picnic. It was absolutely delightful."

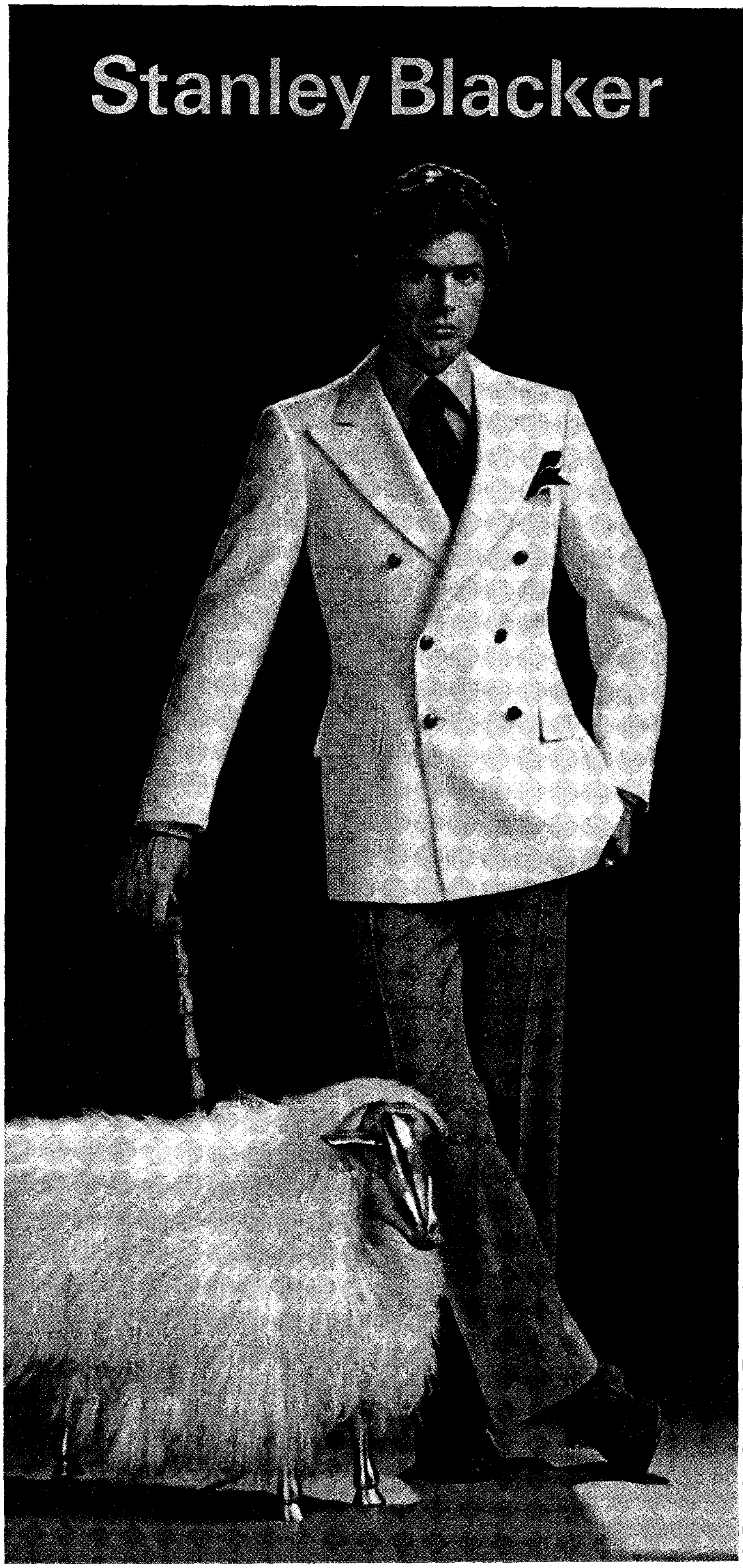
"The graciousness of the island comes through in the restaurants, too. There's dining for all moods."



Bermuda

Unspoiled. Unhurried. Uncommon.

See your travel agent or write Bermuda, Dept. 521
630 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10020 or Suite 1010, 44 School St., Boston, Mass. 02108
or Suite 1422, 401 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611

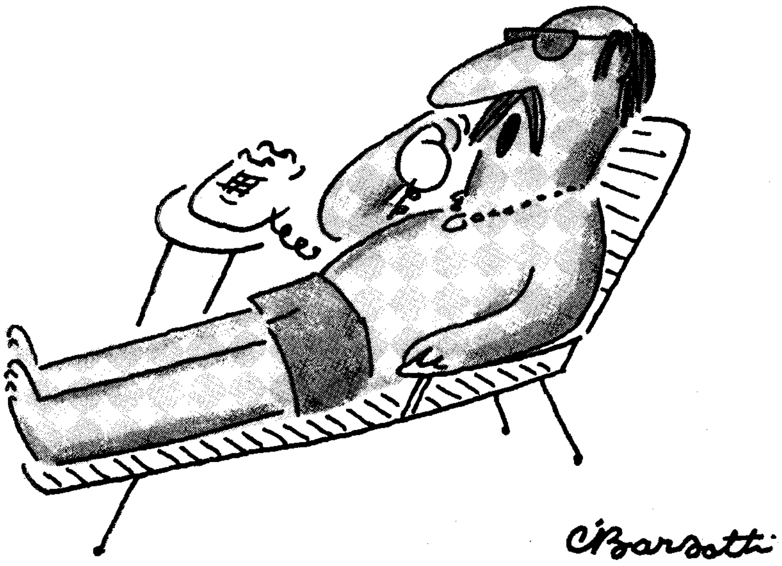


The best in tailored sportswear and suits at the world's finest stores.
Stanley Blacker, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York.

©1978 Stanley Blacker

ing about those matches, I felt it necessary to include some elementary exposition on how the game is played, since at that time soccer had not filtered into the North American consciousness. Now, thanks to the presence in the United States of Pelé—the most inspired missionary the game has ever had—and thanks to the dazzling progress of the Cosmos, who include in their ranks Franz Beckenbauer, former captain and motor of the champion West German team, the game needs no further explanation. Soccer in the United States, however, is founded on European and Latin-American players; the World Cup requires that team players be citizens of the country they represent. The feeling among many sportswriters is that eight years from now, when the World Cup competition will be held in Colombia, the United States not only will qualify for the finals but will distinguish itself. In the qualifying rounds for this year's finals, the United States team was knocked out in a triangular contest with Mexico and Canada. Since Mexico, which eventually qualified from that group, turned out to be the most stolid and unimaginative team in the whole competition, it is clear that the United States has a long way to go, but from the amount of attention that was paid to the World Cup this year by newspapers and magazines in the United States it seems equally clear that the United States has realized the importance of having a place at the feast.

The World Cup is a strange event: a kind of parody of global politics, with unlikely confrontations—like the one, say, between Scotland and Iran, which have nothing but soccer and oil in common. There are curious echoes of history and of settling old scores—when Austria defeated West Germany this year, the jubilation of the Austrian fans was over much more than what happened on the field. The competition also attracts attention on many levels. There are the soccer pundits who follow the game on the technical level alone, discussing tactics in prospect and retrospect; there are the pure fans, who hitch their fortunes to the fate of their national team; there are the dispassionate observers, who look on the event simply as a curious planetary rite. In the first days, speculation on all levels was rife; this World Cup differed from previous ones in that there were no clear favorites, no superstars like Pelé and Beckenbauer, nothing very calculable at all. West Germany? A mechanical team, said the papers, ruthlessly efficient but unnerved by having



"I'm talking blockbuster, Al. I don't know any other language."

• •

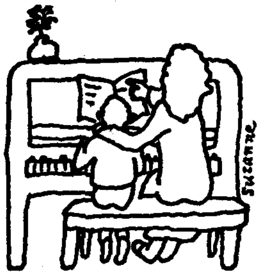
to defend its title as world champion. Italy? A team committed to defense, with not enough attacking flair to contain teams bent on winning. Brazil? Ah, everyone expected astonishment from Brazil, the most dedicated footballing country in the world, with a seemingly unlimited access to skillful individual players. The scientific analysts of the game spoke mostly of the Netherlands, for in the past few years the Dutch have been the most thrilling side to watch, playing a running game—"total football," it is called—with players interchanging positions and functions but always pressing forward on the attack. The only team to qualify from the British Isles, the cradle of the game, was Scotland, and it was spoken of with awe, as though it might surprise us all. The Scots confounded their attendant pressmen, however, by making it clear that they had come to Argentina to enjoy themselves; the games took second place. But the largest question mark lay over the home team, Argentina.

Argentina is nothing if not a sports-minded country, thanks mainly to the influence of the English commercial presence in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The English grafted their own sports—cricket and rugby and soccer and polo—onto the native population, and they are all played today with great zeal. Besides sport (and the habit of tea), the English established all the country's original technology—the railroads, the telephones, the telegraph, the meat-packing industry—and, not the least, they brought in the wire fence, which, after its introduction by Richard Newton in 1844, completely changed the raising of cattle on the pampas. They also left behind a curious race of Anglo-Argentines, who talk of a "home" that some of them have never seen, and preserve Englishness in an odd aspic of their own. But the city of Buenos Aires is something different. Dominated by its Italian immigrants, it is essentially Latin, and its sporting reputation is a hotheaded one.

As the games got under way, everyone was watching anxiously to see how Argentina would do against Hungary; it turned out to be a game brutal with fouls (which a sterner referee would have controlled), and although Argentina won, by two goals to one, it did not look like a very cohesive team. After the first games were played, and the teams turned into realities, speculation began to give way to calculation, for we knew more now. Scotland, which is famously perverse as a team, kept up that reputation by losing feebly to Peru—a team it had been expected to beat easily—and played so badly as to make even the small army of its fans groan. When it went on to draw a match with Iran in Córdoba a few days later—a game I attended with some increasingly dour Scottish journalists—its stock was even lower. But in its third and last game—against the Netherlands, the leading team in its group—Scotland won, by three goals to two, and gave some glimmer of how things might have been. But the Scots failed to qualify, and had nothing more to do except look for a slow boat home—via Rangoon, if possible, for they were fairly savaged by their own press. The other grievous disappointment was the form of the Brazilians, who plodded to a tie against Sweden in Mar del Plata, playing rough, playing as if they were strangers to one another. Italy, on the other hand, played with extreme intelligence to beat, first, an excellent French team, and then the Hungarians. The Italians were close and almost impenetrable in defense, and so quick on the sudden counterattack that they often caught the opposing defenses off guard. Argentina scraped through its second game, against France, by two goals to one—one of them a penalty unjustly awarded by the referee. To my eyes, France was the most attractive team in the whole tournament, and, by common consent, one of the best matches played was the match between Hungary and France after each had lost its chance to qualify—a game that was a formality but one that the French won with some dazzling and elegant football.

By the end of the first week, the situation began to untangle, and it was dawning on us which teams were going to qualify and which were going to pack. Among the eight teams that failed to qualify—Spain, Sweden, France, Hungary, Tunisia, Mexico, Iran, and Scotland—some went home with deserved dignity, like the French, and some, like the Scots, still wondering what could have happened. Two groups of semifinalists were now formed. The first group consisted of Austria, West Germany, Italy, and the Netherlands—all European teams—and the second of Brazil, Peru, Argentina, and Poland. A final between the two continents seemed inevitable, and, with a three-day hiatus, we settled back to wait. There was now a second wave of speculation. West Germany? Although it had beaten a weak Mexican team by six goals to nil, it had tied its two other games and looked like a team that had lost its nerve. Italy was much touted. It had beat the scampering Argentine team by a single goal, and there was an unwavering coolness about its play. The Netherlands, on the other hand, had not been playing well, and neither had Brazil. But form over such a short period is so variable that there were really no favorites—except, of course, the home team, which was looking better with every game.

JUNE is the beginning of winter in Argentina—not a grave winter, but one of occasional rain or an odd cold day. Buenos Aires takes on a silvery cast, and the plane trees look autumnal, but the pace of the place is as brisk as ever, the streets are as crowded into the late hours. It has always seemed to me the ultimate city—so vast, so much a world of its own, so unconnected to the rest of the country. *Gran* Buenos Aires, if its population is calculable at all, has about nine million inhabitants, or more than a third of the whole population of Argentina. Argentina has always been a country divided in two, and its history goes on reflecting this duality. There were two distinct immigrations: one from the Andean countries into the vast interior, and the other from Europe—the Mediterranean in particular—into the great port of Buenos Aires. Buenos Aires has always dominated the country, and the interior has a strong resentment of the capital, which has always looked toward Europe for its culture, its fashions, its sophistication. The conflict between the capital and the interior was first reflected in a famous essay written in 1845 by Domingo Sarmiento. Called "Civilization and Barbarism," it was a savage attack on the dictator Juan Manuel de Rosas, a nationalist from the interior, who despised and rejected European values. For Sarmiento, the city was the incarnation of all that was good in Argentina, while the interior remained primitive and barbaric. Sarmiento's division has remained, for something of the same antagonism exists today. The importance of Perón as a figure over the last thirty years lay in the fact that he did much to break up this dualism, but the resentment remains, for Buenos Aires must be the predominant example of a capital that has grown top-heavy for the rest of the country. The city is a separate way of life, less a melting pot than a stew whose ingredients have not yet blended together. "What exists here is a ludicrous form of nationalism," Jorge Luis Borges once wrote. "Our entire country is imported. Everyone here is really from somewhere else." The Mexican novelist Carlos Fuentes, who went to school in Buenos Aires in his teens, talked perceptively about it in an interview. "It is the true Babel, even more than New York," he said. "I had never lived in a city that was so demanding and so anxious for verbalization as Buenos Aires. I think it explains Argentine literature to a great degree. It explains Borges, Cortázar, many people. The city is so unsure of itself because it is a sort of port of entry for immigrants and a port of exportation for cereals, hides, and meats. It doesn't know what it is. I've always said that the great difference between Mexico and Argentina is that we Mexicans descend from the Aztecs, while the Argentines descend from boats. And Buenos Aires reflects this enormously. It is a city of such tremendous insecurity that it says, 'Well, then, since I am nothing, please give me being through words. Verbalize me.' "

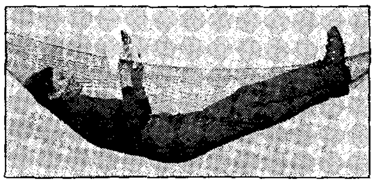


I first visited Buenos Aires in 1964, and have spent varying pieces of time there since, but the place was verbalized for me before I ever went there through reading Borges. He is the presiding genius of the city, and its streets and landmarks had already lodged themselves in my head long before I saw them. I once had the eerie experience of walking in Buenos Aires with Borges, when his blindness was well advanced, and having him explain to me what only I was seeing. He led me eventually, using my eyes, to a grille in the wall of a building with a bust behind it. "You remember that poem of mine about Colonel Suárez, my ancestor? Well, that is a bust of Colonel Suárez," he said. He was seeing the city for me, or through me.

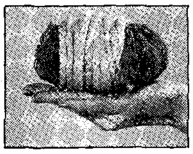
During my recent visit, Borges was predictably scathing about the World Cup. He had announced whimsically to the newspapers that he was leaving the city until it had passed over, but, like everyone else in Buenos Aires in June, he could not avoid it as a topic of conversation. He had found a line from "King Lear" that he took a certain malicious pleasure in quoting: "Nor tripped neither, you base football player." One of Borges' most celebrated stories, "The Babylonian Lottery," begins with a highly ordered society which, for reasons of diversion, invents a lottery, and continues to evolve, introducing losing as well as winning, until the rule of chance has been entirely substituted for the rule of law. Although the story is set in a mythical context, I have always felt it to be extremely Argentine, and one could almost say that the World Cup was serving as Argentina's lottery, for June was a month in which the Argentines' national destiny was interrupted. One morning, when Borges and I had been talking about the strange suspension of time involved in sporting events, he came back to the subject of the *Mundial*. "As you know," he said, "I have written many stories about my military ancestors and about the knife-fighters of this city. I still feel that, although killing was involved, there was a certain nobility about it, which I cannot find in men kicking a ball." Borges enjoys his own perverse opinions, and he

helga howie

Knit nouveau by Renée Helga Howie in two easy pieces.
Helga Howie, 733 Madison Avenue, New York (212) 861-5155. 140 Maiden Lane, San Francisco (415) 956-5450.

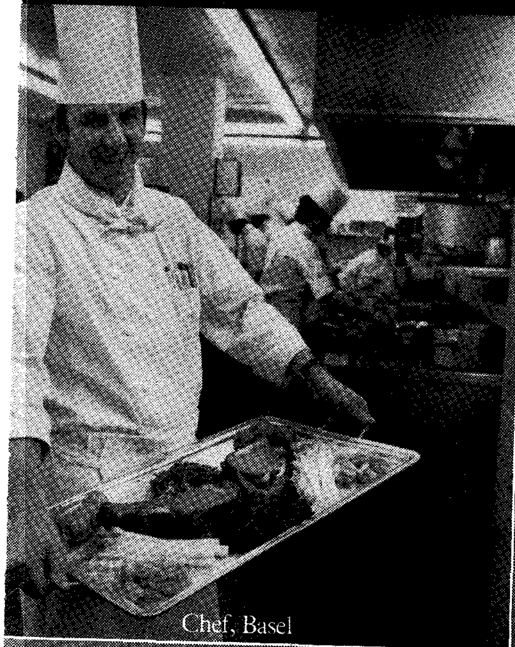


POCKET HAMMOCK
Weighs only 8 ozs., yet supports 500 lbs. Strong, tough nylon mesh netting with 6' of heavyduty braided nylon tie at each end. Great for taking a snooze at the end of the trail . . . or suspend it from an overhead branch to keep food and camp supplies safe from local varmints. Rolls into a tidy bundle for storage. Color: Forest Green. #0240 Pocket Hammock $7.95 ppd.

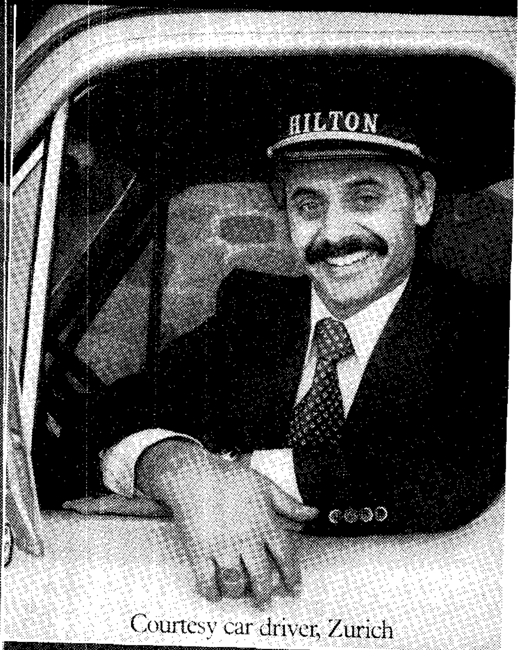


Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!
Enclosed is my check or money order for $ ______
(Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please RUSH my #0240 Pocket Hammock.
Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______
☐ Send me FREE your unique color catalog of quality outdoor apparel and equipment.
STORES IN: Seattle ▪ San Francisco ▪ Denver ▪ Detroit ▪ Minneapolis ▪ Chicago ▪ Washington D.C. ▪ Toronto
Eddie Bauer®
Dept. PN3, Third & Virginia, Seattle, WA 98124

The people of Hilton International have an announcement to make. It's called TELEPLAN and it saves you money.


Chef, Basel

Pool attendant, Zurich



Courtesy car driver, Zurich

Maid, Munich

MÜNCHEN
HILTON
General Manager, Munich

Wine steward, Zurich

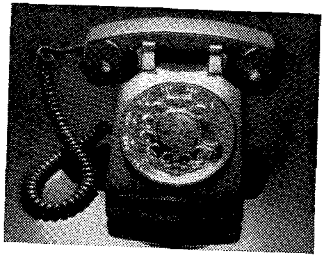
Teleplan

TELEPLAN reduces the cost of dialing home from your overseas hotel room.

Hilton International service ranks with the best, all around the world. Now they've done something special for guests who want to keep in touch with their homes and offices by dialing their own calls.

Americans are often shocked by exorbitant charges added by foreign hotels to the calls they make home. These surcharges, in some countries, run to 100% *and more* of the official rate.

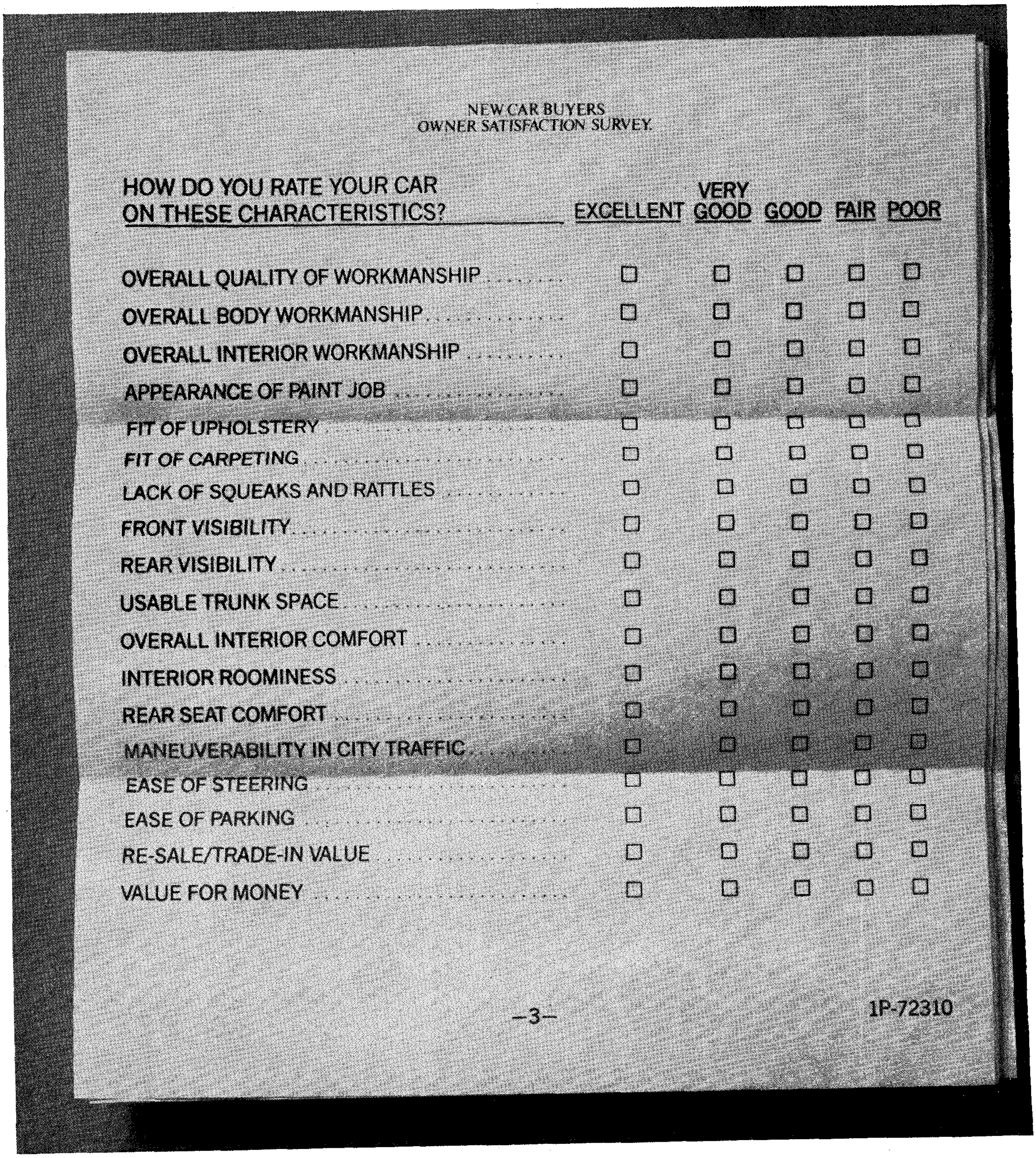
But not to Hilton International guests! Now added charges on self-dialed calls—the kind we're used to making—never exceed $4.00, no matter how long your call lasts. Credit card and collect calls will cost a bit more.



Hilton International is on your side when you want to call home. They've made it cheaper with TELEPLAN. That's service!

Bell System

DO YOU RATE Y
AS A VOLVO OWNE



NEW CAR BUYERS
OWNER SATISFACTION SURVEY.

HOW DO YOU RATE YOUR CAR ON THESE CHARACTERISTICS?	EXCELLENT	VERY GOOD	GOOD	FAIR	POOR
OVERALL QUALITY OF WORKMANSHIP	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
OVERALL BODY WORKMANSHIP	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
OVERALL INTERIOR WORKMANSHIP	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
APPEARANCE OF PAINT JOB	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
FIT OF UPHOLSTERY	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
FIT OF CARPETING	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
LACK OF SQUEAKS AND RATTLES	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
FRONT VISIBILITY	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
REAR VISIBILITY	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
USABLE TRUNK SPACE	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
OVERALL INTERIOR COMFORT	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
INTERIOR ROOMINESS	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
REAR SEAT COMFORT	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
MANEUVERABILITY IN CITY TRAFFIC	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
EASE OF STEERING	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
EASE OF PARKING	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
RE-SALE/TRADE-IN VALUE	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
VALUE FOR MONEY	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐

–3–

1P-72310

JR CAR AS HIGHLY
RATES HIS?

If you put your car to the test on the left and discover it rates a lot of "poors" and "fairs," maybe you should own a Volvo.

Recently, Volvo owners were sent a similar questionnaire as part of a nationwide survey among new car owners. They were asked to rate their new Volvos on these, and several other points.

The results were very enlightening.

They showed that Volvo owners overall were more satisfied than the owners of Impalas, LTDs, Cutlasses, Sevilles, Regals, Cordobas and 42 other cars from G.M., Ford, Chrysler and AMC.*

Volvo owners rated their cars higher on a whole range of things.

Quality of workmanship (something you may think has vanished from cars altogether).

Comfort and roominess (on that score, Volvo owners rated Volvos higher than Cadillac owners rated Cadillacs).

Safety, maneuverability, handling and value for the money.

So if you're interested in a car that's recommended by the experts—namely the people who have bought it and owned it—consider a Volvo.

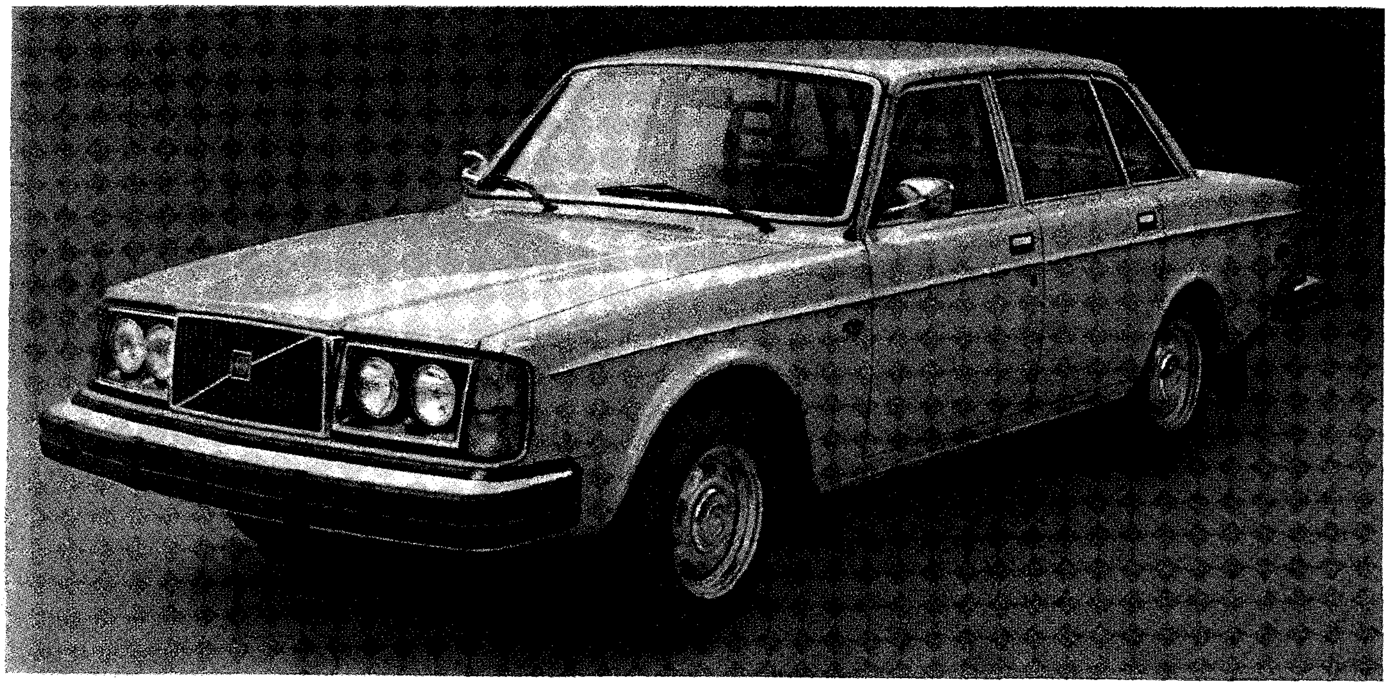
They start at $6,645.†

Which to some people may seem like a lot of money to pay for a car.

But to others, it's a small price to pay for satisfaction.

Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977.
Suggested retail price P.O.E. local taxes, dealer preparation, delivery charges and Lambda Sond™ units additional.

VOLVO © 1977 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION. LEASING AVAILABLE.



VOLVO. A CAR YOU CAN BELIEVE IN.

The Spalding look.

Featuring warm-ups. A lively new Fall collection for both men and women. Combines exciting styling with perfect fit. See our complete line at fine stores everywhere.

SPALDING

© Questor Corp. 1978

A DIVISION OF QUESTOR

"For 15 nights I have been with Florio. Never once was it the same."

FLORIO

Only Florio brings you the 15 great wines of Italy. Not just Verdicchio, but Soave, Valpolicella, Orvieto, Marsala, Lambrusco, Chianti Classico, Asti Spumante, Bardolino, Rosato, and all the other fine wines from Northern and Southern Italy. *Salute!*

Sole Importer Munson Shaw Co., N.Y., N.Y.

seized every opportunity to tease anyone who seemed to be taking the World Cup seriously. He had a point: the unreality of the competition was muffling—at least for a month—the reality of Argentina.

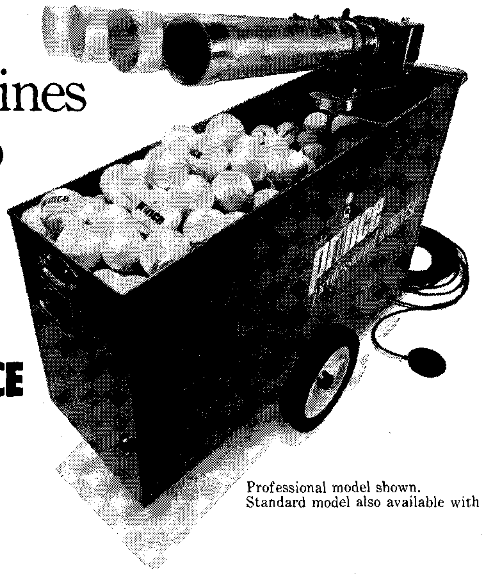
SPORTING events recede quickly in the mind, and since I am writing at a remove from the occasion I find it difficult to remember games other than for their highlights and their rhythms. Occasionally, some epiphany occurs—a sudden goal, the brilliant intervention of a goalkeeper—that is memorable enough to mark the game and imprint it on the memory. Unfortunately, the World Cup of 1978 did not serve up very many of these occasions, for the majority of the teams seemed more concerned with not losing than with winning. I watched West Germany play Italy in a game that should have been emphatic but turned out to be one of the drabbest in the whole tournament—a scoreless game between two teams reduced to caution. The Dutch, on the other hand, suddenly caught fire and began to show some of the sparkling form they had manifested in the last World Cup. They drew with West Germany, in a rematch of the final game of 1974; then they beat Austria soundly, by five goals to one; and when they faced Italy, on the last day of the semifinal round, they showed new signs of their mercurial energy. When they went a goal down early in the game, through a defensive error on the part of Brandts, who pushed the ball over his own line, the pundits around me predicted that the Dutch had lost their nerve again. To the contrary: they stepped up their game, and, with five minutes of the second half gone, Brandts made thunderous amends for his previous error by cracking in a goal for the Netherlands. The Dutch promptly took over the game, keeping possession of the ball and trying everything in their considerable repertoire to dent the famous Italian defense. They did, some fifteen minutes from the end, with another goal, this time by Haan, and instantly qualified themselves for the final, to everyone's pleasure.

On Wednesday, June 21st, as the tournament began to wind down, Brazil faced Poland in Mendoza and, playing like a team at last, won by three goals to one. According to the complicated World Cup scoring arrangements, which take into account the dimensions of a victory as well as the victory itself, the mathematical consequences of this were that Argentina, when it went on the field in Rosario some forty-five minutes later to face Peru, had to win by a margin of four clear goals in order to meet the Netherlands in the final. It was not a likely prospect; although the Argentines had been living dangerously—pushing forward on the attack, taking risks—they were more tentative than authoritative, and luck figured largely in their operation. I watched the game in a bar on the Avenida Callao, and after it began the waiters no longer bothered to serve anyone. Everyone was glued to the game, and although it did not look promising at the beginning, when Peru almost scored on two occasions, the home team eventually woke up and began to play. Its hero, Mario Kempes, who plays regularly with the Spanish club Valencia, had in every game so far shown himself to be the schemer, the initiator of attacks from midfield, and after twenty minutes of play he slipped a tackle and scored for Argentina. This was followed by a second goal before halftime. The second half of the game drove the inhabitants of the bar into a frenzy. When Kempes scored again, just after the half, the improbability began to disintegrate, and by the end of the game the Argentines had notched six goals—two of them by their striker, Leopoldo Luque, who was immediately installed, along with Kempes and Fillol, the goalkeeper, as a national hero. That evening, the whole population of Buenos Aires poured into the streets, waving something light-blue-and-white and chanting, along with the car horns, "AR-GEN-TINA! AR-GEN-TINA!"

I was having dinner that riotous evening with some Argentine friends, who seemed surprised at their own emotion. Outside, the car horns were keeping up the excitement and the streets were packed with vociferous human presences. "Not surprising," one of my friends said. "We have not been allowed to make noise in the streets for a long time—not since Perón returned. What is more, we have had nothing to make a noise about. Grant us this small public illusion." I did, of course. "What we are lacking," she went on, "what we have always lacked, is a *sentido de comunidad*—a feeling of belonging to the same thing, of being a society. You must remember that we have been living in constant fear—fear of disappearing, fear of being eliminated by one extremist organization or another. Fear is what has ruled our lives. The *Mundial* at least gives us a chance to express

Call free: 800-257-9480* and learn about the Prince VSP (variable shot pattern)...the remarkable combination of features that makes Prince ball machines outperform other machines costing two and three times as much.

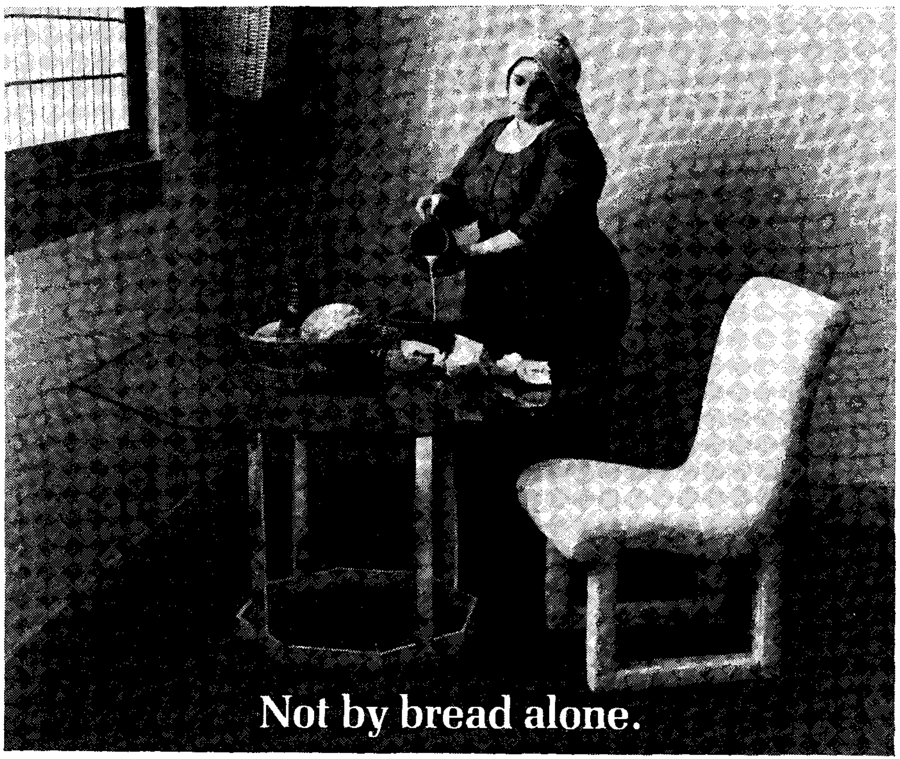
THE NEW PRINCE WITH VSP



Professional model shown.
Standard model also available with VSP.

*In New Jersey, 800-792-8697

*In Continental United States only.



Food. And drink. And fine design.
When you're ready to dine, begin with this octagonal dining table and upholstered chair.
The glass table can be yours in cocktail and lamp sizes with chrome, or antiqued bronze.
The chair can be covered in your choice of our superb prints and solids. Bon appétit.
Showrooms to the Trade: New York, D&D Building; Chicago, Merchandise Mart;
San Francisco, Ice House. And at leading furniture and department stores.
For Design Folio send $1.00 to Selig, Leominster, Mass. 01453.

SELIG

BLISSFULLY SOFT SWEATERING

by Marisa Christina in fluffy pure wool. Cut abundantly full with a lavish cowl neckline and deeply rib-cuffed sleeves. There's just a hint of a vertical rib to give it surface interest. In soft mossy green, marine blue, rust or white. S(6-8), M(10-12), L(14-16). $30.00.

Add $1.00 shipping. N.Y. State residents add sales tax. Check, M.O., American Express, Visa/BankAmericard or Master Charge.

"UPSTAIRS"
the Brownstone Boutique on the
22nd floor at 342 Madison Ave., Dept. 65
New York, N.Y. 10017

New York State residents call our Toll-Free number
800-522-2292
Out-of-state call our Toll-Free number
800-221-2468
New York City residents call
953-1170
If you prefer shopping from home write or call for our
FREE FALL BROCHURE

BROWNSTONE STUDIO

whatever feelings we have left for our country—to act as though Argentina were something that actually existed. This is not true, of course. We cannot assemble durable political parties. We keep looking for saviors. How can we go on like this? And how can we take the World Cup very seriously under these circumstances? Yet how can we *not* take it seriously, when it gives us a provisional identity as a country?"

I DID not stay in Buenos Aires for the final between the Netherlands and Argentina. Instead, I watched it in Madison Square Garden, which was as thick with fans—some of them probably political exiles but all of them united by sporting nationalism—as any street in Buenos Aires. Occasional Dutch voices in the crowd were drowned out by the tribal emotion of the other fans when we saw on the immense television screen the sky-blue-and-white banners flying in the River Plate Stadium. The Dutch players, first to take the field, looked like shipwrecked sailors in that sea of nationalism. The Argentine team delayed its arrival on the turf, and when it did emerge it immediately complained to the referee about a plaster cast worn on his hand by one of the Dutch players—a piece of psychological warfare that must have been thought up well ahead of time. The referee dithered, the start was delayed, but the crowd had already unleashed its emotion, and play started in hysteria. The game began badly, with a run of fouls and brutal body checking on both sides. Argentina's tactic had clearly made the Dutch mad, and they began the game on a roughhouse level, playing with more resentment than skill—not what they should have done against Argentina, which was ready to take any risk, to go for broke. Kempes was at his splendid best, setting off attacks from midfield and coming up to join in on them, and when he scored for Argentina in the thirty-eighth minute he set the stadium on a prolonged roar and made the inconceivable seem less impossible. In the second half of the game, however, the Netherlands began to play with all the fluidity for which it is famous, and looked like coming back. Nine minutes before time ran out, it tied the game with a swift goal by Nanninga. Then, with scarcely a minute left to play, Rensenbrink let go a ball that was destined to be a goal, and I felt that justice was about to be done. The ball, however, thundered back from the post, and the second half ended in an uproarious tie. By FIFA rules,

Brooks Brothers
Fall 1978
MEN'S, BOYS' AND WOMEN'S CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS

send today for our new
FALL CATALOGUE

In the 32 colorful pages you will find the men's, boys' and women's clothing and furnishings that set the standard for classic elegance. Mailed in August to all charge customers...to you upon request.

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
212 697-3131

Tonight
. . . take your cocktails casually in our oak-paneled lounge. And your food seriously, with New York's liveliest conversation.
◆ Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
◆ Supper: 9:30 on . . . and on.

HOTEL Algonquin
Maitre d': Robert
59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:30 p.m.-1 a.m.)

THE BELGIAN LOAFER

For Men
The LUI
$95

BELGIAN SHOES

60 EAST 56TH STREET, NEW YORK 10022
FREE BROCHURES AVAILABLE
Major Credit Cards Accepted

extra time had to be played—two fifteen-minute periods, gruelling for the teams, which had not spared themselves. The stadium swooned with anticipation, realizing how close Argentina had come to losing. As the first period came to an end, Kempes got clear and scrambled in a goal for Argentina. The Dutch players looked tired, tired. They had done everything right, but luck had not run their way. Then, when Bertoni scored a third goal for Argentina, in the second period of extra time, we knew that the Netherlands had lost—but not until then. The Dutch players were justifiably dejected at the end—losing finalists twice in succession, deprived of a championship they well deserved. Everyone was sorry to see them lose, because of the exuberant pleasure they have injected into the game. The coming true of the hardly breathed possibility that Argentina might win its own world championship turned Madison Square Garden into a miniature of the River Plate Stadium—sky-blue-and-white banners everywhere, a couple of decorated trucks cruising outside, a throng of supporters who did not want to return to the ordinariness of their lives.

On the way home, I thought of what must have been happening in Buenos Aires. I recalled the night that Argentina qualified for the final, when the streets became an exuberant blue-and-white maze. There has not been much reason for dancing in the streets of Buenos Aires in recent years, and I was glad that, for once, the people of Argentina could give their pride an airing. Even Borges must have been pleased. I think always of Buenos Aires as belonging to him, since in one way he has created it. On the street, people recognize him, smile, perhaps touch him lightly on the shoulder, murmuring a word of homage. They are proud of him. But, as he reminded me more than once, Argentina is not just a football team, and winning not just a matter of scoring goals.

—Alastair Reid

•

Due to circumstances beyond control of the Sauk County Fair Board, there will not be a rock concert at the Sauk County Fair on Friday, July 21.

Pentagram Productions of Wausau was unable to secure the rock groups for the date.

In the rock concert's place, there will be a four-wheel drive pull and an open class tractor pull with no speed limit—anything goes.—*Baraboo (Wis.) News Republic.*

Far out!

Saks Fifth Avenue Dressing

Night lights:
Rona's glorious sweep of shadow-striped chiffon...gently tied at the neck, self-sashed at the waist. Incandescent! And perfect for making any evening—more memorable. This, in gleaming aqua polyester for sizes 10 to 18, $190. Fifth Avenue Shop.

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

THE LUGENE POINT OF VIEW:

WHY THE BEST COSTS MORE.

In a world of declining values and inflated dollars, some things cost more than others.

And some things are worth more than others. You see to create your Lugene eyewear we don't bend our standards or compromise our quality.

In fact, we design our own truly exclusive fashion frames in Europe, where they are carefully assembled with painstaking attention to detail. And we create lenses that are optically right for your sight, because we grind them in our own labs with our own technicians. And we give you lots of personal service to make sure everything is as you would want it. And that's why the best costs more.

LUGENE
OPTICIANS
Where you get your glasses is as important as the glasses you get.

NEW YORK: 38 EAST 57TH STREET (BET. PARK AND MAD.) AND 987 MADISON AVENUE (AT 77TH ST.).
PALM BEACH (WORTH AVE.). ATLANTA (PHIPPS PLAZA).
HOUSTON (THE GALLERIA). DALLAS (NORTH PARK).
NEWPORT BEACH (FASHION ISLAND).

REFLECTIONS

THE EUROPEAN LEFT

PARIS

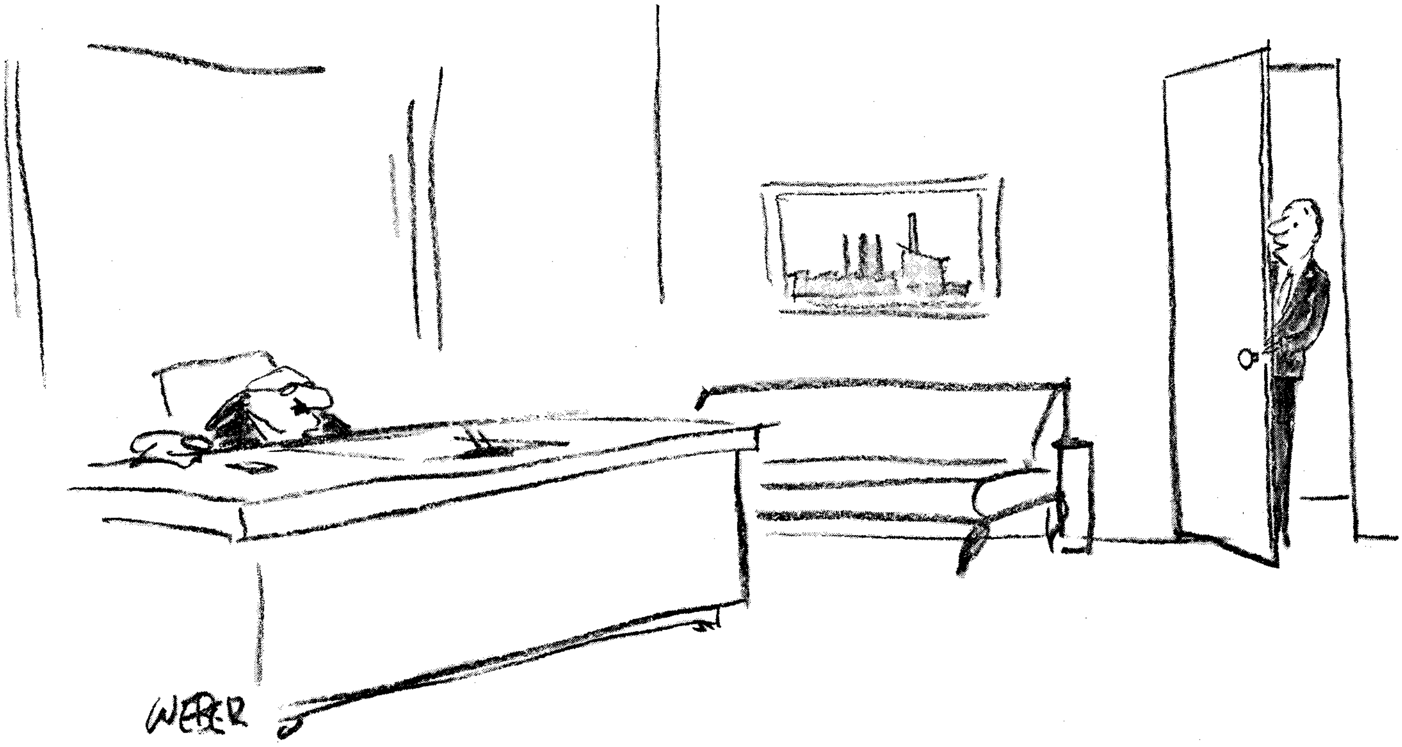
IT would be an exaggeration—and a provocation—to suggest that the left in Europe today has no future. But it certainly is in order to ask just what that future can be. It is in order to ask whether Europe has not passed a historical watershed, so that it is no longer useful even to think about the political future in the old terms. The Communist Party is in steady and probably irreversible decline everywhere except in Italy, and in Italy it seems to be turning itself into something that looks a good deal more like a Socialist Party than a Communist Party. Eurocommunism, so called, has predictably proved to be the penultimate stage in the disintegration of Western European Communism—implying the threat of ideological dissolution in Eastern Europe as well. The Italian Communists thus waver uneasily upon the brink of Menshevism as the French Communists, internally riven, harshly turn away from their collaboration with the Socialists. The Portuguese Communist Party's bid for power was easily crushed by Socialists and moderates led by Mário Soares, whom Henry Kissinger once contemptuously described as Portugal's prospective Kerenski. The Spanish Communists are far from monolithic despite their decades as wards of Moscow. In any case, when they emerged into the sunlight after forty years of proscription under Franco they proved a much diminished force from what the press and the foreign diplomats, swayed by recollections of the Spanish Civil War, had expected them to be.

FRANCE was the place where the left was still popularly supposed to be conquering new ground. The great interest of the French parliamentary elections in March lay in the assertion that the Popular Front had been recreated and that the new Union of the Left would sweep to victory and bring about radical change, even though it was not clear quite what that change would be. The American press expressed the fear that the outcome could jeopardize democracy itself in France. An article by Flora Lewis in the *Times* on the day of the first round of the elections declared that "the vote will be the last under the peculiar political system established by Charles de Gaulle." The prospect for France was "instability, intrigue . . . a rocky passage," if not chaos.

But the elections, which were won easily by President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's coalition of moderate and conservative parties, proved a fiasco for the left. It is important to understand why, because the experience of the French Socialists and of their moderate allies, the Radicals of the Left, illustrates the fundamental problem of the left in contemporary Europe, which is the problem of relevance. What does it mean to be of the left today? This is not so simply answered. The French Socialists, believing that they could make no compromises with the center or the right, concluded that alliance with the Communists was feasible, and even inevitable. But then they confronted the question of what they really stood for, as distinguished from what the Communists stood for. Clearly, they did represent something very different, but they found themselves unable to articulate that difference in a set of intellectually and politically serious proposals. The fundamental explanation of this seeming inability of the non-Communist left to define a relevant and urgent program of change is related to the strategic problem that the Socialists face in all of those countries where, in the early years of this century, the Communists established themselves as a major political force: how to maintain an independent Socialist identity. To the left of the Socialists are not only Leninists but Trotskyites, anarchists, Maoists, and other avowedly revolutionary organizations, all with more or less serious schemes for radical political and economic surgery upon society. But the Socialists, who are democrats, usually realists, and often middle-class propertied or professional people with a stake in established society—this certainly has been the case in France—are not revolutionaries at all. They are reformers, and generally quite modest reformers. They recoil from alliances that imply social upheaval. If they look to the right for allies, however, they risk all reform and may even find themselves simply another party of the status quo.

The Italian Socialist Party was virtually destroyed by this problem. That party split after the war into a Socialist Party, led by Pietro Nenni, which was willing to collaborate with the Communists for deep change in Italy, and a Social Democratic Party, which was hostile to the Communists. The two groups were later reconciled, and during the mid-sixties they entered into Christian Democratic coalition governments that were "opening to the left"—afterward doing very badly in elections, presumably because they no longer were seen as standing for anything distinct. The factions eventually split apart again, but to this day the Socialists remain a negligible factor in the Italian situation.

It is not difficult to see why the French Socialists resolved that they had to seek their alliances on the left. They had made them on the right in the nineteen-fifties, in response to the peculiar situation of moderate parties in the Fourth Republic. With a bloc of Communist deputies in the French Assembly, representing between a quarter and a fifth of the electorate, permanently in opposition (and deliberately ostracized by the democratic parties), and with a smaller bloc of irreconcilables on the extreme right, the moderate parties between were compelled to coöperate if there was to be government at all. That meant compromise, and also weakness—and this is the reason the Fourth Republic has such a bad historical reputation. The Socialists' coalitions in center governments during the nineteen-fifties so compromised them that they were virtually wiped out as a major political movement. By the time the Algerian war was over, the Socialists had become known as a party of colonial repression and war. Pierre Mendès-France, Radical Socialist Premier in the mid-fifties, had courageously and expeditiously ended the French Indo-China war. But then he presided over the launching of the Algerian war—with the full approval of his Minister of the Interior, who was directly responsible for Algeria, François Mitterrand. When the Algerian uprising broke out, on All Saints' Day, 1954, Mendès-France fatefully rejected any compromise, insisting that Al-



"R.G., may I bounce something off you?"

• •

geria—unlike Tunisia and Morocco, where France had also ruled but was withdrawing—was an integral part of France, and "irrevocably" so. Mitterrand added that "the only possible negotiation is war." This was the policy pursued by the succeeding Socialist government of Guy Mollet, in which Mitterrand was Minister of Justice; Mollet not only expanded the war inside Algeria but also attacked Egypt, in the Suez operation of 1956. By the time de Gaulle finally came to power, in 1958, and ended the war in Algeria, suppressing a mutiny within the French armed forces and a revolt of the *colons* in Algeria, the Socialists were a discredited and demoralized party.

Under the Fifth Republic, France had a President, independently elected, who possessed wide powers, and a governing party that by itself possessed a clear majority—the Gaullists. The Socialists, survivors of the old *"régime des partis,"* as de Gaulle contemptuously described the Fourth Republic, found themselves part of an opposition that had no chance of coming to power—unless it formed a union with the Communists. This was the genesis of the initiative taken by François Mitterrand in 1965. He presented himself as a candidate for the presidency against de Gaulle, soliciting—and receiving—the support of the Communists. The left then wished to maintain this electoral alliance after 1965, but it was necessary to define the terms of such an agreement. The Common Program of the Left, which was eventually adopted in 1972, not without considerable difficulties in the drafting, proved a compendium of imperfectly disguised disagreements and divergences. The Socialists themselves were divided on certain issues. But they said it would all be sorted out after the left came to power. Their assumption was that the Socialists would dominate a government of the left and would settle policy matters as they wished.

The Common Program contained a fundamental contradiction between the nationalizations sought by the Communists on orthodox Marxist-Leninist grounds and the industrial democracy and decentralization of governmental power that the Socialists said they wanted. There were big disagreements on foreign policy, nuclear weapons and nuclear energy, and how to run the economy. It was apparent to everyone that there was confusion and internal conflict in the Socialists' own position, which seemed at once idealistic and wholly expedient. The Socialists' basic program seemed simply an appeal to elect Socialists—indiscriminately—because they stood for good things. Mitterrand himself had said in 1965, "Believe in justice and believe in happiness: that is the message of the left." Such is not, perhaps, an uncommon platform for a modern political party; but in the French situation, where the Socialists had to withstand critical comparison with the structured, internally consistent, and ideologically sophisticated positions of the Communists, it was not enough.

After the left's failure in the parliamentary elections last March, the Socialists said bitterly that they had been betrayed by the Communists, who had broken the union and attacked the Socialists during the six months preceding the vote, despite a last-minute reconciliation. The Socialists say that the left could otherwise have won. There are troubled and self-critical Communists who agree. The Socialists were certainly made to seem fools by a Communist leadership that was ruthlessly determined to maintain Communist power on the left. But that the left would have won the elections if the Communists had not split the Union of the Left is almost certainly not true. The margin of loss and the pattern of the voting suggest otherwise; the deep currents of social change in France today imply moderation, as President Giscard d'Estaing understood. And the split between the two parties of the left was not, in any case, an accident. It was no tactical caprice on the part of the Communists. It arose from the nature of the situation. It was the practical outcome of the ultimate irreconcilability of beliefs between the Socialists and the Communists, and of the inability of the moderate left to put forward a comprehensive and independent critique of contemporary society, with a serious plan for change. And, ironically, the reason the moderate left had no effec-

James Kenrob
BY DALTON

You're wearing James Kenrob. Now you feel beautiful. Sizes 6 to 18. From about $34 to about $64.

Featured at fine stores everywhere. Prices slightly higher in the West. A division of Dalton. Also makers of Hadley Active sportswear. Dalton Industries, Willoughby, Ohio and New York City.

We recommend washing in Woolite®
For the clothes you care about

tive political program to offer is that contemporary European society represents the fulfillment in principle—and to a substantial degree in practice—of what the moderate European left has always sought.

THIS is the dilemma of the modern European left. The society around it, which it purports to reform, is largely its own creation. The left has won. For a century, from the rise of the workers' movement to the aftermath of the Second World War, the left was a movement of radical action and urgent challenge to society. It possessed, in Marxism, a highly sophisticated theory of the development of history toward a goal of justice and human fulfillment, which still—emptied of real content but not of its dialectical force—animates the Communists. The left stood for the social, the political, and, above all, the economic enfranchisement of a previously submerged, exploited, brutalized mass of industrial laborers. It pressed its political and moral claims against the selfishness of the possessors and the powerful—but also against the fear and ignorance of those who avoided admitting the costs of industrialism and poverty. Through those years, the left patiently organized the weak and supported the wretched in the face of violence and repression. It captured the conscience and imagination even of those it opposed. Its first victory was that moral victory.

Politically, the Bolshevik version was a failure. In Russia, the Socialism of Leninist vanguard parties, democratic centralism, and proletarian dictatorship proved worse than the most repressive of the czarist autocracies that preceded it. The form of Socialism which developed there in the nineteen-twenties and was radiated from Moscow to the outside world during the years that followed discredited itself, so that, while the Soviet Union today is taken seriously in the world as a military power, it is devoid of moral authority, of any serious claim upon the constructive political imagination of the contemporary world. Even long-faithful French Communists can today say that for them the Soviet Union "is neither a model nor an example, but, rather, it constitutes an anti-model."

But the democratic left of Western Europe met with success, so that by the end of the Second World War there was scarcely any resistance in Western Europe to the claims of social justice made by the Socialists, or to the general character of the remedies they proposed. Nearly all political parties agreed about the desirability of the mixed economy, nationalization of key economic sectors, national economic planning, and extensive welfare and social-insurance programs. Tories, Labourites, Social Democrats, Christian Democrats, Radicals, Radical Socialists, and even Liberals were in practical agreement, whatever their theoretical divergences. One result of all this agreement is that it has become difficult to know what it really means anymore to be a person of the left. To be on the left is surely to place oneself in a tradition of solidarity with the interests of the mass of ordinary people rather than with those of élites. But what else does it mean today? With its basic program taken over by the parties of the bourgeoisie (as the Marxists would say), with the Socialists themselves more and more part of the bourgeoisie, and with class distinctions, property, and income differentials increasingly blurred in modern society, the left risks obsolescence.

Throughout Western Europe today—in Germany, where the free market is held in quasi-religious awe but the government is Social Democratic; in France, where the government is liberal-capitalist but the economy for thirty years has had a huge and efficient nationalized sector (Renault, steel, coal, aerospace, oil, electricity, the biggest banks, the biggest insurance companies); in post-Franco Spain and post-Salazar Portugal; certainly in Sweden and Denmark—there is surprisingly little practical disagreement among the major parties. Governments are expected to be responsible for the economy and for public welfare. It is expected that health, employment, and retirement will be insured at levels that many Americans still find scarcely credible. In countries such as Spain, where not all of this can be done immediately, it is nonetheless the accepted aim. Businessmen in the big corporations of Continental Europe tend not to see themselves as enemies of this consensus or as its victims; they defend their profits simply as the necessary index of efficiency for organizations whose raison d'être is the production of goods and employment for the common good. The entrepreneur is defended as neither less nor more than the supplier of a necessary commodity—risk capital. Virtually nowhere in contemporary Western Europe is there a major political party, even a businessmen's party, whose views on the economy, distribution of income, social insurance and welfare, and planning are not to the left of the Democratic Party in the United States.

Great political movements do outlive their times, often surviving in the form of parties whose actual origins no one quite remembers. Thus, the Radicals in France, Liberal Parties elsewhere in Europe, and the Tories in Britain all originated in vital struggles for causes that have since lost force and relevance, or simply in battles that have been won and whose outcomes have now become part of the shared body of political and social assumptions. The parties themselves, though, go on, occupying a certain historically determined place in the contemporary political spectrum. This would appear to be the destiny of Western Europe's Socialists. It has already happened in most countries. The reason the French case has been so interesting is that the French left, not to mention part of the French right and most foreign commentators, insisted that France was different. Ideological conflict and class struggle were assumed to be the ineradicable portion of the French. It turns out that this assumption was wrong. Before the March elections, some two-thirds of the sampled electorate told pollsters that what they really wanted was for President Giscard d'Estaing and the Socialists to coöperate, and govern together. The parties and the press would not listen; they knew better about France.

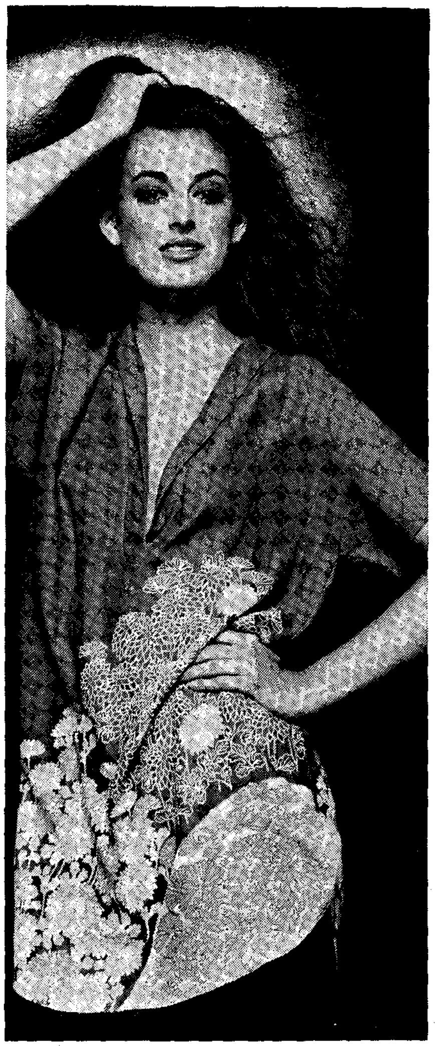
WESTERN EUROPE is in a curious situation today, and perhaps a very significant one. Passionate political controversy takes place over matters that usually amount to very little. Economics dominates the scene, and in the end the argument concerns how certain generally agreed-upon goals can best be achieved. It is really an argument for specialists. The nature of the society sought is not in serious question.

Until now, what has set Europe off from the United States has been that both the constitutional foundations of European states and the goals of European societies seemed provisional, always awaiting challenge, even violent overthrow. From the downfall of the monarchies two centuries ago to the present day, Continental Europe has seemed in flux, in recurrent upheaval. There has been repeated violence, revolutionary struggle, the reimposition of autocratic or dictatorial government. There were the nineteenth-century efforts of the middle classes

pace®
5500 DINING TABLE / DESIGNER LEON ROSEN THROUGH YOUR DESIGNER, DEALER OR ARCHITECT
THE PACE COLLECTION INC./321 EAST 62 ST. NEW YORK, NY 10021 / 838-0331
CHICAGO/LOS ANGELES/MIAMI/BOSTON/DALLAS/SAN FRANCISCO/SEATTLE/DENVER

.00 4
caramel laced bootie 165.00 3
night riding 195.00 2
malted ca
SHOE BIZ®
HENRI BENDEL, NEW YORK, LOU LATTIMORE, DALLAS, CHUCK JONES/JACK PARKER, BAL HARBOUR, PALM BEACH, HATTIE, BIRMINGHAM, CAPRICCIO, LA JOLLA/SCOTTSDALE, MACY'S, SAN FRANCISCO, HONG KONG

Tourist shirt at home:
new drop-shoulder shape
with shawl V-neckline,
tunic length shirt tails.
Island inspired floral,
hand-printed on airy
silken viscose. Royal
blue, red, lavender,
toast. P-S-M-L sizes
30.00. By Tori Richard.
Ours alone, At-Home Salon



I. Magnin By Mail, 2001
Broadway, Oakland, CA
94612. Add 1.25 postage.
Telephone your I. Magnin
Charge order toll-free
Monday through Saturday:
in California (800) 772-3933.
Elsewhere (800) 227-1125.
Photo: Skrebneski

I. Magnin

California Seattle Portland Phoenix Chicago
White Flint Opens August 11

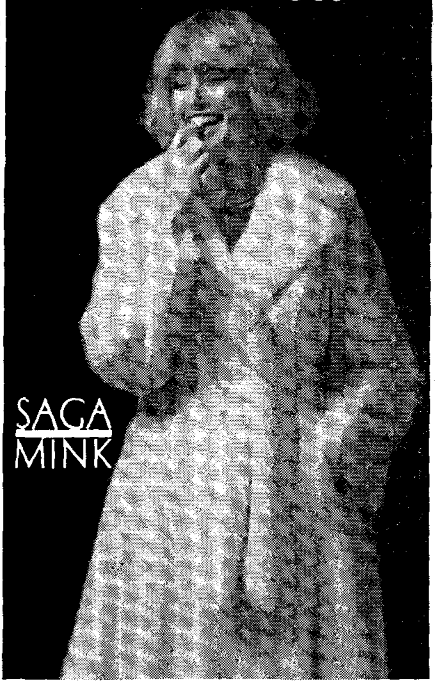
to establish themselves against aristocratic and oligarchic power, and then came a mounting working-class struggle, articulated and led by Socialists and Communists. Whatever social and economic turmoil we Americans went through, our political system never seemed in doubt. Even the South justified its attempt to secede on constitutional grounds, saying that the sovereign rights of the states contracting to the original Union had been usurped by the federal authority. This difference in our histories is at the heart of a largely unconsidered but absolutely basic American perception of Continental Europe as entirely different from us—and as insecure, unstable, and somehow dangerous. It is not just the fact that we were drawn by Europe into two world wars which lies behind this perception. The whole political evolution of Europe over the last two hundred years contrasts with our own national experience.

But, of course, the European experience during these two centuries has been immensely creative and fruitful, and not simply violent. We ourselves have been in debt to this experience in deeper ways than we may recognize. The internal struggles of Europe, animated by revolutionary politics, defined modern expectations about what a political society and an economy could and should become. We Americans created our own version of egalitarian prosperity and an open society in our own way, making use of the advantages provided by an open frontier, great natural wealth, and an immigrant population possessing a necessary commitment to optimism and the possibility of progress. Perhaps our way was also Canada's, but it has been unreproducible outside North America. Even Australia and New Zealand, which enjoy similar social and geographical conditions, and are perhaps the most egalitarian societies on earth—and in that sense are much more "American" than America—became what they are by means of labor movements and parties patterned fundamentally on Western European models. We North Americans really seem to be the only truly non-Socialist societies on earth.

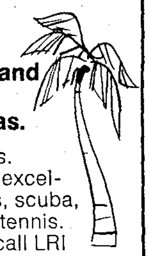
But now, in Western Europe, it would seem that the great adventure is over. No one resists Socialism. There is no moral opposition. Socialism has become banal, like democracy: it is possible to argue bitterly about how it should be organized or about the practical priorities of a given moment, but the principle itself is beyond dispute.

A.C. BANG
Furriers to the Royal Danish Court since 1817
27, Østergade - 1100 Copenhagen K - Phone 15 17 26
In Zürich: Bahnhofstrasse 1.

THE NAME THAT MADE
DANISH FURS
WORLD FAMOUS



Hide away... at Winding Bay.



The complete Out Island hideaway on Eleuthera, Bahamas.

Charming beach cottages. Courteous management, excellent cuisine. Water sports, scuba, nearby golf, nightlighted tennis. See your travel agent or call LRI in major cities; in New York City (212) 586-5099. Or 800-327-0787.

Virginia Woolf

Historical T-Shirts, etc.

Virginia Woolf, Joyce, Tolkien, Hemingway, Dickens, Proust, George Sand, Colette, Jane Austen, Poe, Dickinson, Thoreau, Nabokov, Anais Nin, Melville, Twain, G.B. Shaw, Brecht, Kafka, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Agatha Christie, Einstein, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Vivaldi, Handel, Brahms, Chopin, Wagner, Mahler, Ives, Wittgenstein, Nietzsche, Jung, Freud, Wilhelm Reich, Darwin, Mao, Marx, Russell, Plato, Earhart, Escoffier, Frank L. Wright, Van Gogh, Rembrandt, Nijinsky, Tutankhamun.

T-Shirts: white $6.50ea., 4/$22. red or blue: $8.ea., 4/$28.
Sweatshirts (gray): $12ea., 2/$21. All shirts cotton.
Sizes sm(34-36) med(38-40) lg(42-44) xlg(46-48)
Totes(nat. canvas): $9.50ea., 2/$18
Cook's Apron (white cotton): $8.ea., 2/$14.
Prices ppd. CANADIAN customers add $1.00 per piece.
HISTORICAL PRODUCTS Box 220X Cambridge, MA 02138

Why, then, does anyone need a Socialist Party?

The achievement of this modern consensus is not entirely a good thing. Something very imposing has been accomplished, bringing the mass of people into a common prosperity as well as into popular representative government, and thus Europe has arrived at a kind of point of rest. But this also means that Europe has reached a point where old and familiar intellectual categories are all but useless in dealing with new and urgent problems in the international economy, in reordering the international division of labor, or in meeting the new problems that develop within societies. The political consensus that has been achieved is on problems already solved.

In this situation, the expression of political anxiety which falls outside the current consensus can turn into an attack upon it. In some measure, the Red Brigades of Western Europe are a reaction against the very solidity of the popular political consensus. In Germany and Italy, the terrorists are attacking an overwhelming, and even stifling, popular agreement on what life should be. The existence of this solid consensus was produced by the grand success of the left in winning people over to an essential agreement on social justice. But the success leaves dissent without a language.

What has happened represents an astounding change. Europe has transformed itself over two hundred years by means of ideas and actions that altered the way civilized man views himself, the possibilities of society, and the demands of justice. It did this at a very heavy cost, to itself most of all. Our own national experience derived from European ideas but took place quite apart from what was happening in Europe. We were lucky. Ours was a privileged role, but perhaps also one outside the mainstream of the Western experience. (That has yet to be seen.) All that we can do now is to understand that the Europe of today is a Europe we have not clearly seen before. What was happening in the past seems now accomplished, and what is about to happen has not begun.

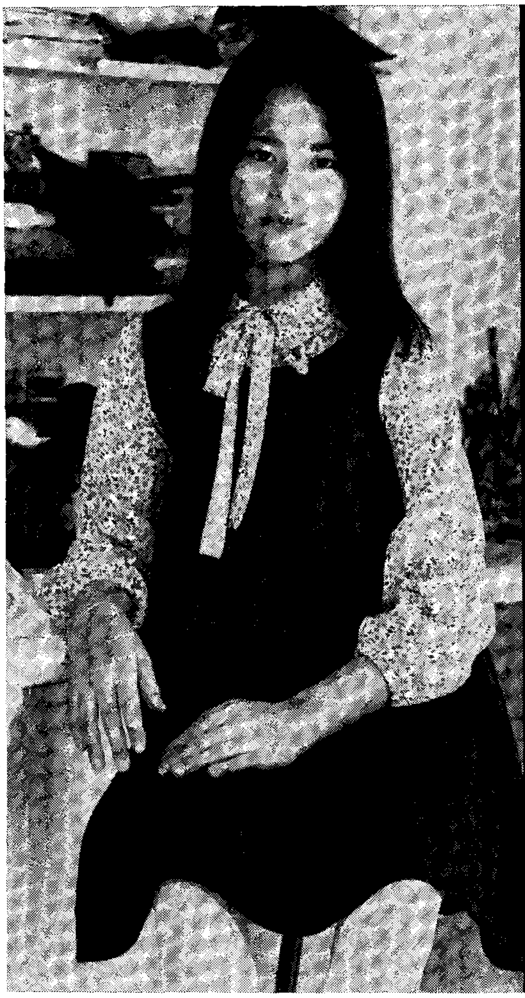
—William Pfaff

•

CORRECTION

In the July Home Front News Ms. Fix-it column, "Lighting Up," an unfortunate typographical error was made. Before you begin any electrical work in your home, circuit breakers should always be turned *off*, not on.—*American Home.*

Oh, we just roll with the punches.

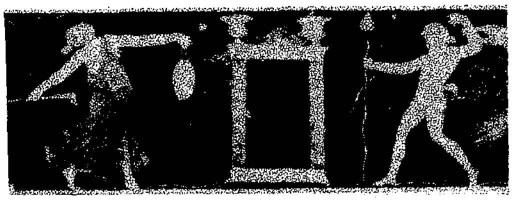


I want to be a designer who creates such beautiful clothes that everyone will want to buy them. I can see myself making personal appearances in all the best stores.

As a future designer, I appreciate Love™ dresses. The one I'm wearing is a dark green tiered jumper dress with a coral flower-sprigged blouse effect. It's made of Dacron® polyester knit, so I can put it in the washer dryer. After all, even famous designers have to be practical.

7-14, about $24.00.
B. Altman, N.Y.C./J.L. Hudson, Detroit/Woodward & Lothrop, Wash. D.C./Dayton's, Minneapolis
Jordan Marsh, Boston
Joseph Love, Inc.
1333 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10018

love®



DISCOVERY '78

American Museum of Natural History

Discovery Tours

Discovery Tour to Mediterranean and Aegean

September 17 to October 6, 1978

See Pompeii and discover for yourself why travelling with the American Museum of National History is truly a living university experience.

In the company of such distinguished scientists and scholars as Dr. Thomas D. Nicholson, the Museum's Director and Lord Wolfenden, former Director of the British Museum, you will sail in the wake of time to the ancient worlds of Greece and Rome. Your ship is the "Orpheus" operated for the Museum by the well known firm of WF & RK Swan of London. You'll visit Rome, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Palermo, Syracuse, Carthage, Thuburbo Maius, Olympia, Mycenae, Ephesus, Priene and the Islands of Crete, Malta and Rhodes. An optional extension in Athens is also available for those with extra time.

Double cabins begin at $1900 (price does not include air fare, which from New York can be as low as $501). In addition, each tour participant is requested to make a tax deductible donation of $350 to the American Museum. Call (212) 873-1440 for further information or use the coupon below:

Ron Valente Discovery Tours, American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West & 79th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10024
Please send an itinerary and other information about Mediterranean and Aegean Cruise.

Name______ Address______
City______ State______ Zip______ NY

AROUND CITY HALL

HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

SUMMER used to be thought of as the time when nothing much happened in this city, all the movers and shakers being out of town or preoccupied with beating the heat—or so the theory went—and estivation being definable (you could look it up) as a state of torpor. The summer of 1978 hasn't been like that. Because of an abrupt change of plans by Mary Anne Krupsak, New York's lieutenant governor, there has necessarily been a sharp increase in the political activity that Governor Hugh Carey had scheduled for this stage of his reelection campaign. And much of the added noise and turmoil on the steamy city streets lately was not caused by holiday firecrackers or baby parades. But, for that matter, in recent years the hot-weather season has often turned out to be an eventful, and even a portentous time here.

It was in the early summer of 1975, for example, that most New Yorkers first realized that the clamor out of City Hall predicting imminent financial ruin for the city unless extraordinary reductions in services were imposed was not just scenes in the annual budget-season libretto but the real thing. If many of the long-range implications of the threatened financial debacle were too arcane for the average citizen to grasp in June of 1975, some local municipal-union leaders, responding to the announcement that at the beginning of the new fiscal year there would be layoffs of their members for the first time since the Depression, were only too willing to offer dramatic lessons in what the new strictures might mean. The threat of dismissals led the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the policemen's union, to distribute leaflets bearing on their covers a hooded death's-head and the legend "Welcome to Fear City—A Survival Guide for Visitors to the City of New York," which suggested that the survival prospects were *not* large. The P.B.A. proposed to pass these out not only on street corners but at all airline, train, and bus terminals, in the apparent belief that persuading tourists and out-of-town businessmen that New York was no place to come to if you valued your life would somehow endow the city with more money to pay Police Department salaries. (Angry protests from the public and from some rank-and-file policemen caused the union to call off the "Fear City" campaign soon after it started, but not before three policemen standing in front of a Manhattan bank handed one of the pamphlets warning against criminals in the city to a woman who accepted it and disappeared into the crowd. A few seconds later, a bank guard rushed out to report that she had just held up the bank.) After some twenty-seven hundred policemen received pink slips, the area around City Hall was put under siege when several hundred of the laid-off bluecoats blocked traffic on Broadway and the nearby Brooklyn Bridge, rocking cars back and forth and threatening to turn them over, and occasionally puncturing tires with the staffs of American flags that some of them were waving, along with signs that read "Burn, City, Burn."

On the same day, garbage began piling up in the streets as the result of a wildcat strike by the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association protesting layoffs of their members which eventually came to fourteen hundred. That was the week when the Washington *Post*, apparently happy to oblige readers whose symptoms of *Schadenfreude* included not being able to get enough bad news about this city, ran pictures of local trash-clogged streets across several columns at the top of its front page on two successive days—certainly ample coverage in the District of Columbia for a strike here that lasted only two and a half days.

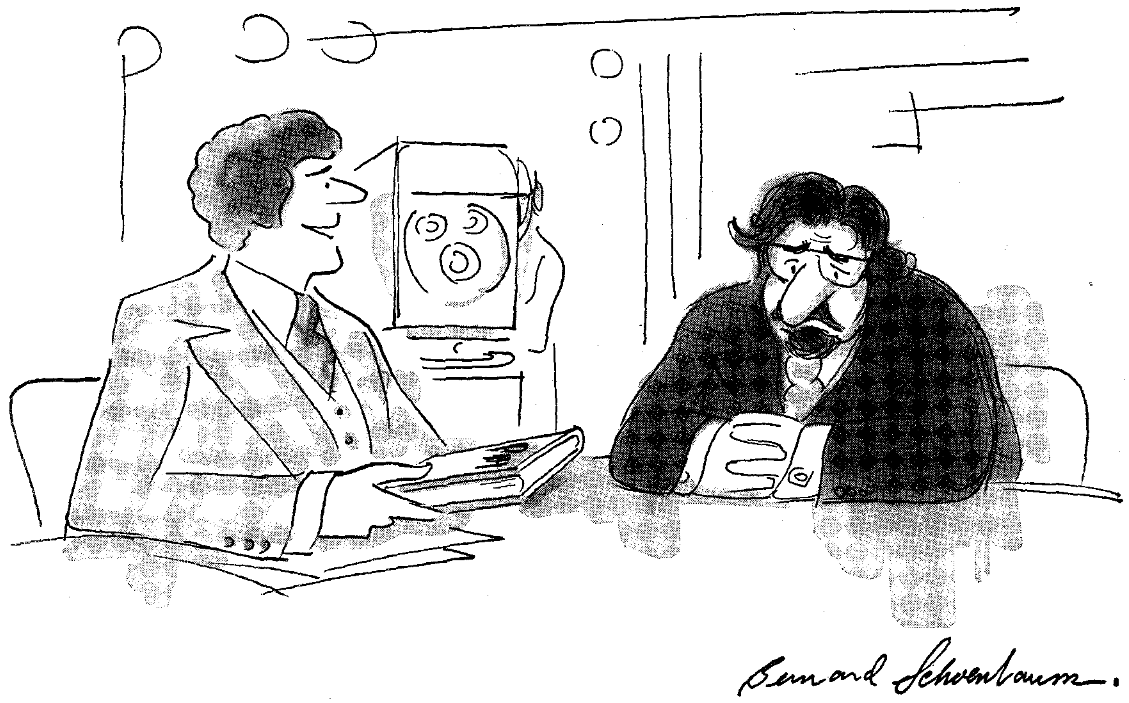
Yet the summer of 1975, which started out so dismally, came to be looked back on as a time when a great many things happened that improved the city's prospects for financial survival. The struggle to keep the city from defaulting on its debts continued on all fronts, and early that August it was announced that all but one of the city's labor unions had agreed to a partial deferral of wage increases previously won at the bargaining table—a concession that would save the strapped city at least a hundred and sixty million dollars. (The exception was the policemen's union. The city withheld the increase from police paychecks anyhow, and, three years later, the P.B.A. is still contesting the deferral in the courts.)

Judith Shahn

Engaged in the round-the-clock negotiations had been not only city officials and union leaders but representatives of the state government, prominent bankers, such as David Rockefeller, and the heads of large local corporations. From then on, the union leaders were an integral part of this informal city board of directors—a fortunate development, since late that summer it became clear that the only way for New York to make it would be for the municipal-employee pension funds to buy the city securities that private investors would no longer touch. As the investment banker Felix Rohatyn, who had been named head of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, the state agency set up to handle the city's securities problems, described it late in 1975, "the various constituencies of the city have been sitting around the table together with the banks, the private sector, the unions, city and state officials"—and, Rohatyn went on to say, "may be creating the first commune in the United States on such a large scale." It was a working coalition whose common efforts kept New York from going under financially for the next three years and, to a degree, continue to do so. There are prominent figures in both the labor and the financial worlds who now regard this cozy alliance, forged in the months when everybody was supposed to be out of town or too hot to think, as unwholesome, even against nature—confrontation being the American way. None of these critics, however, were especially active in trying to save the city when things were at their worst here three summers ago.

THE summer of 1976 was, of course, an even more visible turning point for New York. The immensely successful local Bicentennial show, with the Tall Ships sailing up the Hudson and the President of the United States launching the celebration from an aircraft carrier in New York Harbor, seemed to send the world the message that the nearly down-and-out city was reclaiming its former preëminence. (It was no doubt a recollection of that heady weekend which caused New York last month to make a few gestures toward replacing Los Angeles as the momentary center of the world in 1984—the site of that year's Olympic Games.) Also in July of 1976, the smooth course of the meeting of the Democrats here to nominate Jimmy Carter for President not only promised that this Democratic city might soon have a more understanding friend in the White House but also demonstrated that the city famous for muggings, disorder, and generally making a mess of things could do another thing right.

The message from New York in the summer of 1977 was of a different kind. When the lights went out in the city the night of July 13th, the stealing and burning that followed in many of the city's ghetto areas were taken, nationally and internationally, as proof that, although New York might be making progress in fiscal matters, everything was still rotten underneath. In June of 1978, Alexander Solzhenitsyn made this event a focal reference in his speech to the graduating students at Harvard. "The center of your democracy and of your culture is left without electric power for a few hours only, and all of a sudden crowds of American citizens start looting and creating havoc," he told them. "The smooth surface film must be very thin, then, the social system quite unstable and unhealthy." Solzhenitsyn used the events of the blackout as a symbol of the decline of American civilization, but in the summer of 1977 the shame was treated as New York's own.



"As I read this, you paint a picture of ugliness but you remain a man of hope."

• •

THE present summer began auspiciously from the point of view of the city's finances when, during June, both the House of Representatives and the United States Senate passed bills providing for programs of loan guarantees for the city over the next four years. The Washington *Post* explained its support for the bills by saying that they would give "the biggest financial sinner in the history of American government a full opportunity to repent." So weary are most New Yorkers of the word "fiscal" and of the long struggle to right the city financially that even before a compromise bill could pass the two houses of Congress the problem was treated here as having been solved, and late developments were usually covered on the inside pages of local newspapers. The crisis caused by two other June events of great concern to the city remains far from settlement, however. These events were the death of Arthur Miller, a black civic leader, while he was in the hands of the police in Brooklyn's Crown Heights section (one of the bad scenes in last year's blackout), and the savage beating of Victor Rhodes, a sixteen-year-old black student, allegedly by members of the Crown Heights community of ultra-orthodox Lubovitcher Chassidic Jews, which in recent months has set up a vigilante band to defend its members against harassment by their black neighbors. Complicating this tense situation for a time was a further crisis of the summer—the threat of a police strike, although strikes by municipal employees are forbidden by state law.

While most of the local municipal unions had eventually accommodated themselves to the city's need to reach a labor settlement before their contracts ran out, on June 30th, so that when the city made its early-June pitch to Congress for the loan-guarantee bill its next year's financial plan would be in place, the P.B.A. leaders were once again dissenters, insisting upon negotiating separately. Their determination to get a better financial deal than the other unions, which had agreed to a modest eight-per-cent increase over the two years of their contracts, led Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire to describe them as "a rogue group" and to predict from the comfortable distance of the nation's capital that in dealing with them New Yorkers "may have to take a strike—bring in the National Guard." He added, "They may have to go through some really tough times."

The P.B.A. delegates rejected two successive contracts negotiated by union leaders and the city. After the second rejection, they decided to go along with the eight-per-cent raise temporarily, relying on assurances from the P.B.A. lawyer, Richard Hartman, that a court challenge would overturn a new state law requiring arbitration panels to consider the ability of the city to pay any wage award. (Hartman was hired last winter at the extraordinary fee of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year after he won a twenty-four-and-a-half-per-cent increase for members of the Nassau County Police Department.) The New York police then took to the streets to demonstrate against two provisions of the latest contract proposal which they found especially objectionable. One of these gave the Police Department the right to impose penalties for abuse of the unlimited sick leave that the police enjoy, and the other allowed the department more flexibility in scheduling tours of duty. During the next six days and nights, off-duty policemen, stirring remembrances of summers past, besieged City Hall shouting "Strike! Strike! Strike!," blew their whistles in front of Gracie Mansion at one in the morning, and brought midtown traffic to a standstill. An announced traffic-ticket blitz was cancelled after P.B.A. leaders were persuaded that this was not a good way to win the public over to their side. On July 16th, the police held what P.B.A. President Sam DeMilia described as a combined contract protest and memorial service for eleven policemen killed in Brooklyn in the

Christmas by Mail

Do all your gift shopping at home the easy way. You'll find the best of everything on the pages of our holiday catalogues, from imaginative stocking stuffers to once in a lifetime luxuries.
For your FREE holiday catalogues, call TOLL-FREE 800-527-4535 (in Texas, call TOLL-FREE 800-492-5270; in Dallas, 233-1007) or mail this coupon to:
The Horchow Collection, P.O. Box 34257, Dept. 40920, Dallas, Texas 75234.

Name

Address

City State/Zip

THE HORCHOW COLLECTION

Paul Stuart

The best window-shopping in New York. Without the windows.

Next month, the Paul Stuart Collection of Fall and Winter clothing for men and women will be on display. In our store. And in our catalogue.

If you're in New York, do drop in. If you're not, do the next best thing. Write for our catalogue. We'll have it to you by early October. Just in time.

Please add my name to the Paul Stuart Catalogue mailing list at no charge.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Paul Stuart

MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

line of duty since 1962. The neighborhood they chose for the ceremony was Crown Heights.

Brooklyn blacks had for some time been planning to hold in Crown Heights on the same day a rally of what they called the Black United Front. Officially, the purpose of the rally was to protest the death of Arthur Miller and the beating of Victor Rhodes, but it was also meant to demonstrate the deep frustration of blacks all over town at being, as they see it, now largely shut out of New York's government. There is no elected black leader of any significant power in the city, and blacks have accused Mayor Edward Koch of dismantling black programs and of replacing black city employees with his friends, who tend to be Jewish, as Koch is. In Harlem's *Amsterdam News* last month, a black union leader described the Mayor as having "declared war on black people." A particular black complaint about Crown Heights is that more than twenty-five per cent of the patrol cars in the densely settled area have been devoted to around-the-clock protection of the Lubovitcher movement's world headquarters and the home of the Jewish sect's chief rabbi. The district's city councilman, Theodore Silverman, probably did not make things better when he defended this arrangement by saying that if New York were Rome the Lubovitcher headquarters "would be the Vatican." A visit by Koch to the still comatose Victor Rhodes in the hospital did not seem to help, either, nor did his denunciation of any resort to vigilantism. Instead, the blacks announced the formation of their own vigilante group—the Black Community Citizens' Patrol.

It was into this ugly and volatile scene that the P.B.A. members proposed to inject their combined contract protest and memorial service. Although they turned down a request by the Mayor that they demonstrate and mourn elsewhere, they did shift their meeting to a point about twelve blocks from the area in front of the Lubovitcher world headquarters, where the black rally was to be held. When some three hundred and fifty P.B.A. members (the union had predicted a turnout of five thousand) bowed their heads to commemorate the deaths of their comrades, a voice from among some black spectators suggested a moment of silence "for all the people the cops killed in Brooklyn." A few minutes later, about half of the P.B.A. members at the ceremony headed for the site of the black rally. As they got there, they were greeted with cheers from Chassidim standing, in their long black coats, at the windows and on the roof of the Lubovitcher headquarters. Fortunately, most of those who planned to attend the black rally had not yet arrived, and, before they did so, P.B.A. leaders and on-duty police brass persuaded the angry P.B.A. members to leave.

At the rally, which was attended by two thousand blacks, there were signs that read "All Fired Up—Won't Take No More" and chants of "What do we want? Respect! Respect now!" Order was kept by the new Black Community Citizens' Patrol, who wore green field jackets decorated with a picture of Arthur Miller. Pointing to the onlooking Chassidim, a black minister referred to them as "terrorists" and "our oppressors" "B'KLYN BLACKS WARN JEWS" was the banner headline in the next issue of the *Amsterdam News*, whose editors expressed the hope that the rally would be "only the beginning of a new spirit of protest against racism and oppression in our city." After the rally, Rabbi Yehuda Krinsky, a spokesman for the Lubovitcher group, said, referring to the recent threat of American Nazi groups to march in the heavily Jewish Chicago suburb of Skokie, "This was by far worse than Skokie. What the Nazis sought to accomplish there, the black rabble-rousers accomplished here by inciting other blacks to turn against Jews." He would almost certainly not have embraced the theory that it was the police who might have been said to be more like the Illinois outsiders (few, if any, New York policemen, who are mostly neither black nor Jewish, live in Crown Heights, and close to half of them don't live in the city at all) who proposed to march in Skokie, where their presence was most likely to provoke rage and perhaps violence. Some comfort could be taken from the fact that although the speeches at the black rally had included vows to "tear this community apart" if there should be further "terrorist" attacks, and advice from a black professor who teaches at a city community college that all his fellow-blacks ought to lay in some guns, the rally was in fact peaceful, and, as at the police demonstration that day, no one was hurt. Rabbi Krinsky asked a reporter later, "Tell me—if the Jews were eliminated from Crown Heights, would black problems be solved?"

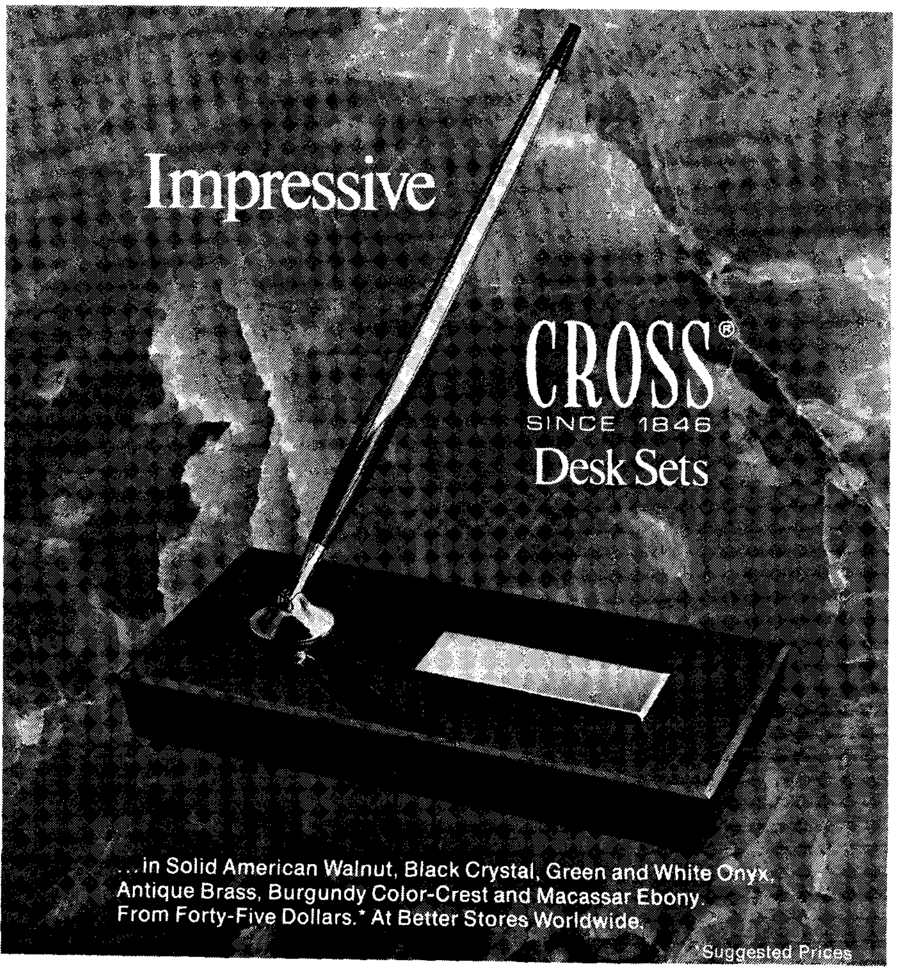
THE impression that in recent years there has been more politicking in the summer months than there used to be is not an illusion. Major-party candidates for office in New York used to be chosen in June. The nominees would then take much of the summer off, and after Labor Day, as the weather cooled down, the campaigns would heat up. Since 1974, however, the primaries have been in September—an arrangement guaranteeing long, noisy months of hot-weather campaigning. Even so, a comparatively relaxed political summer had seemed to be in the cards this year. State Assembly Minority Leader Perry Duryea was unopposed for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, and among the Democrats Governor Carey, planning to run for reëlection with Lieutenant Governor Krupsak, was opposed only by Brooklyn State Senator Jeremiah Bloom, who was not considered a serious threat. All that changed rapidly the morning of June 12th, when Carey formally announced his candidacy for reëlection at the State Capitol and, ninety minutes later, in the same building, Miss Krupsak—a former state senator of Polish descent from upstate Montgomery County, who had been elected in 1974 as New York's first woman lieutenant governor—formally announced that she "loved New York too much" to run on Carey's ticket. She explained that for the past three and a half years she had found him to be "inaccessible" and "unwilling to listen" to the problems of the citizens of the state, and not "willing to fulfill his obligations of office."

The controversial events of primary campaigns—or, at any rate, of those below the Presidential level—rarely linger much in the public mind after the general election, but some of the details of Miss Krupsak's sudden change of plans this summer may be remembered longer, since they bear to some extent on the rather sparse history of women in politics. In certain future political-science chapters, it may be recalled that at the end of May this year she taped campaign commercials praising Carey's achievements in Albany. (Last winter, she said, "I think the Governor has been absolutely superb in the big decisions that have had to be made. It's not hard for me, whether I'm on the ticket or not, to support Hugh Carey.") It may also be recalled that on the afternoon of June 6th she gave the same message to a gathering of upstate Democratic county chairmen, thus acting in every way like a candidate intending to run again with Carey. On the night of June 8th, however, she went to a Nassau County Democratic dinner that

Saks Fifth Avenue Dressing

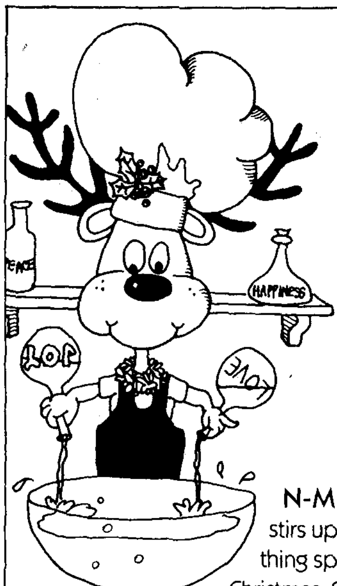
Lighter-than-air:
some beautifully breezy
work...all of it open.
A blithe little cardigan-
collared jacket—over a
slim swirl of umbrella
pleats. By Kimberly
in wine-colored
polyester knit for
sizes 8 to 18; $130.
Sportdress Collections.

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.



...in Solid American Walnut, Black Crystal, Green and White Onyx, Antique Brass, Burgundy Color-Crest and Macassar Ebony. From Forty-Five Dollars.* At Better Stores Worldwide.

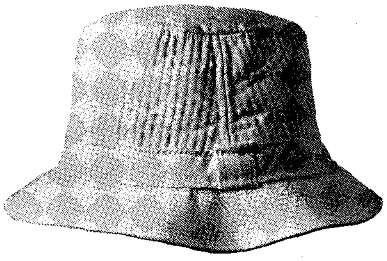
*Suggested Prices



N-M always stirs up something special at Christmas. Sample our formula for easy shopping by mail with the Neiman-Marcus Christmas Book of great gifts. For your 1978 copy, send 2.00 plus name and address for each book to: Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 10, P.O. Box 2968, Dallas, Texas 75221.

Neiman-Marcus

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



Our Crushable Poplin Country Pocket Hat $15

Our attractive country hat in durable, water-resistant Dacron/cotton poplin. Crushable quilted crown retains crisp shape through inclement weather and repeated washings. Brim may be worn up or down. Distinctive stitched brim detail. Easily packable for travel; ideally suited for all casual wear. Available in sailing blue, white or navy. Sizes 6¾ to 7⅞.

☐ *Please send catalogue.* A1H078

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Hat (71132): Size____ Colour(s)____ Qty.____
Check ☐ Chg: M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg. ☐
Card #________ Expir.____
Add $3 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name________
Address________
________ Zip____

Carey had decided not to attend, sending as a substitute State Commerce Commissioner John Dyson, with whom Miss Krupsak had been feuding. Shortly after one o'clock the next morning, Robert Morgado, the Governor's secretary, was awakened by a phone call from her threatening not to run with Carey. At intervals during that day and the next, a Friday and a Saturday, various Carey staff members and Democratic political leaders called her. Sometimes she came to the phone and sometimes she did not, but the message was that her mind was made up. Apparently, her callers felt that they were dealing with someone who had just got very mad about something but would soon come around—a mistake they might not have made with a male politician.

Miss Krupsak never telephoned the Governor, and it was not until Sunday, June 11th, that Carey concluded, from his staff's account of things, that the problem was a serious one. At 5 P.M., about sixteen hours before their scheduled reëlection announcement, he called her from his summer home on Shelter Island. The Lieutenant Governor reported that he had described her abrupt withdrawal as "an unstable act." Three weeks later, she told a political meeting that "the moment he called me unstable, I knew I couldn't run with him"—although she had said beforehand that her mind was made up. According to her account, Carey told her that he wanted her on the ticket, and asked her if she would "be my lieutenant governor." She then said, "No, thank you, sir," and Carey's response was "So be it." Asked at a press conference the next day whether he had said "So be it," Carey agreed that he had. "I didn't *think* I should say 'Amen,' " he told the reporters, quickly adding that "So be it" is the translation of the Latin "amen."

The next morning in Albany, Carey's carefully prepared announcement speech attacking the Republicans, who he had thought were his principal opposition, was almost entirely upstaged by Miss Krupsak's appearance—"her chin quivering," as it was described in the press—to announce her withdrawal. She explained that she had felt shut out of Carey's inner circle, although one of the complaints about Carey has been that he is an unfriendly sort who makes his own decisions and doesn't have an inner circle. It appeared that she had heard little or nothing about the frustrations of Vice-Presidents down through history, or those, presumably, of former New York lieutenant governors, if anyone could remember their names. Asked to comment on her accusations, Carey said that they were "maybe somewhat emotional."

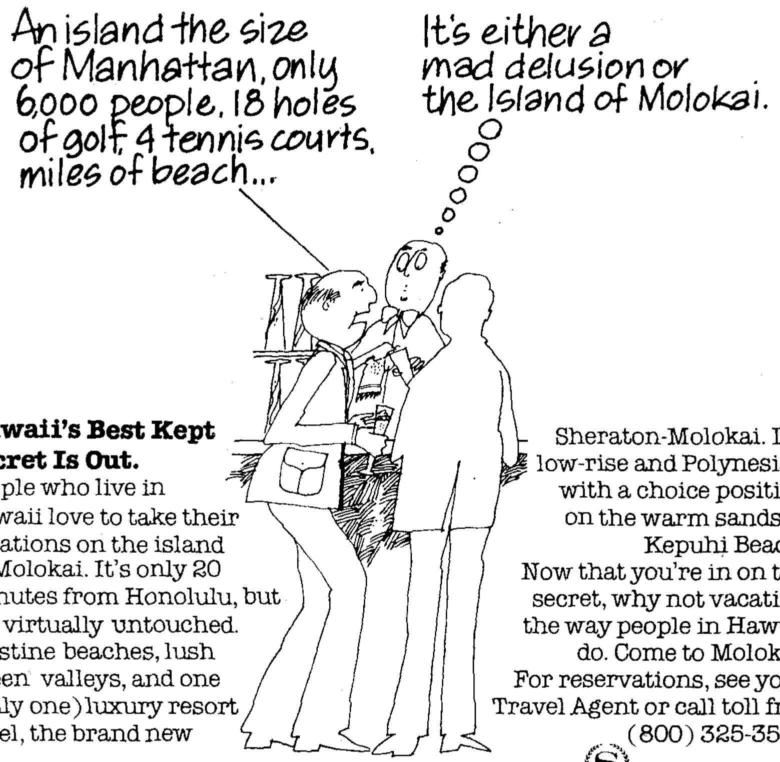
Working fast, by midnight that night the Governor had persuaded his Secretary of State, Mario Cuomo, to go on the ticket with him as lieutenant governor. Cuomo had obviously decided not to bear a permanent grudge against Carey for having persuaded him to enter the race for mayor of New York City last year and then having switched his support to Koch after Cuomo failed to come in first in the Democratic primary. A bright spot in the picture for the Governor was that he had been hoping to have an Italian-American somewhere on his ticket, since in a general election that ethnic group may account for as much as a quarter of the vote. (Polish-Americans account for perhaps five per cent.) And although Cuomo, running as the Liberal Party candidate, only came in second in last year's mayoral race, he got 587,257 votes.

The immediate question was whether Miss Krupsak planned to run for governor against Carey. He has been doing poorly in the polls, and she reported that a private poll she had seen showed that she could defeat him. According to the *Times*, on the day of her withdrawal she was "generally considered a stronger candidate" than the Governor. It was charges of "distant government" similar to those she had levelled against Carey which had helped put over Proposition 13 in California. And many of the clubhouse politicians who would have to deliver the votes for Carey had complained that his great sense of accomplishment in having prevented the bankruptcy of New York City, and perhaps New York State, during his years in office had caused him to see himself as the properly aloof statesman, forgetting to keep in touch with voters on the precinct level. "We thought the people were electing Pat O'Brien but we ended up with Charles de Gaulle," one critic said recently of the Irish-American Carey. The defecting Miss Krupsak was known to have great political strength not only with fellow-upstaters but also with liberal Democrats, and especially with women, who had seen her election as lieutenant governor as a major breakthrough for their sex. Of the effect on Carey's prospects if Miss

Krupsak were to enter the race, Dominic Baranello, the New York State Democratic Chairman, said, "It's going to make it very, very difficult to win."

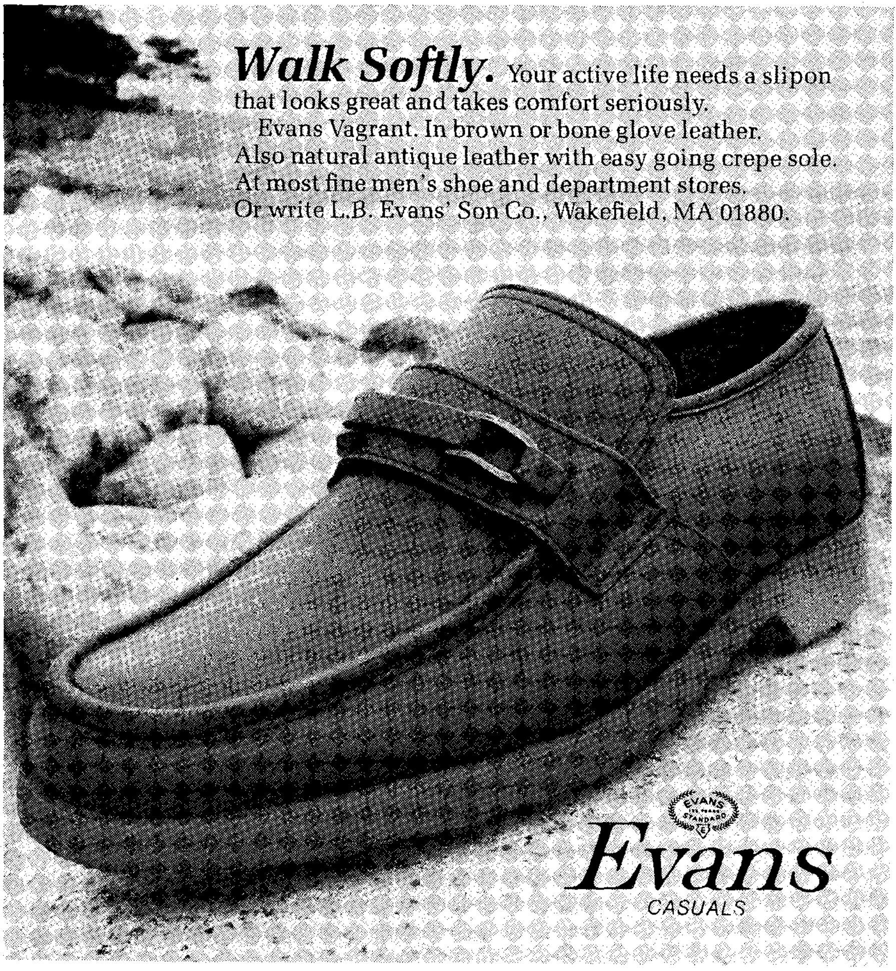
At the Democratic State Convention that began two days after her withdrawal, however, the Lieutenant Governor said she was not going to run for anything in state government this year. "It's best not to muddy the waters," she explained. She called the Carey-Cuomo combination "a good ticket," and went on, "I'm perfectly capable of not only endorsing this ticket but campaigning for it." A few days later, she said that her only complaint about the Governor was that he hadn't stuck to his campaign schedule. Then, on June 24th, she announced that she would, after all, run against Carey for the Democratic nomination for governor.

Miss Krupsak has undoubtedly been disappointed since then by a lack of support from some of the political factions she had been counting on. Inadvertently, by the manner of her withdrawal from the ticket, she had converted the lofty Carey into a sympathetic character. "What a dirty trick! To do it on the very day he was announcing!" commented one officially anti-Carey politician. Asked whether there would be a groundswell of support for her from upstate county chairmen, one of them said, "Not after what she did to him." It began to seem possible that Carey would end up with the votes of a number of males of both parties who could remember having been unfairly given a hard time by some woman. Moreover, her public demonstration of emotionalism and changeability had obviously been more than welcome to those men who, though often emotional and changeable themselves, consider women in politics a nuisance. It seemed that Miss Krupsak, so recently a symbol of how a qualified woman could make it after all, had become a feminine symbol of another kind. "I'm concerned that as a result of some of her decisions recently people will perceive that women really don't belong in government," said State Senator Linda Winikow, of Rockland County, who vigorously supported Miss Krupsak in 1974. Indeed, in the first few weeks of her campaign she did not receive the endorsement of a single woman in the Legislature or of any other prominent woman politician in the state. The two such politicians who are perhaps the most prominent—New York City Council President Carol Bellamy, who served


An island the size of Manhattan, only 6,000 people, 18 holes of golf, 4 tennis courts, miles of beach...
It's either a mad delusion or the Island of Molokai.

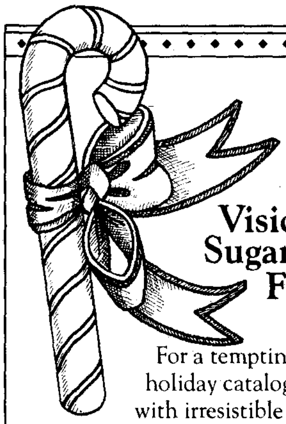
Hawaii's Best Kept Secret Is Out. People who live in Hawaii love to take their vacations on the island of Molokai. It's only 20 minutes from Honolulu, but it's virtually untouched. Pristine beaches, lush green valleys, and one (only one) luxury resort hotel, the brand new Sheraton-Molokai. It's low-rise and Polynesian with a choice position on the warm sands of Kepuhi Beach. Now that you're in on the secret, why not vacation the way people in Hawaii do. Come to Molokai. For reservations, see your Travel Agent or call toll free (800) 325-3535

Sheraton-Molokai Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS & INNS, WORLDWIDE
KEPUHI BEACH, ISLAND OF MOLOKAI, HAWAII 96770


Walk Softly. Your active life needs a slipon that looks great and takes comfort seriously.
Evans Vagrant. In brown or bone glove leather.
Also natural antique leather with easy going crepe sole.
At most fine men's shoe and department stores.
Or write L.B. Evans' Son Co., Wakefield, MA 01880.

Evans
CASUALS

TRIFLES



Visions of Sugarplums FREE

For a tempting free holiday catalogue filled with irresistible gifts, plus fashions and things for the home, call TOLL-FREE 800-527-3476 (in Texas, call TOLL-FREE 800-492-4159; in Dallas, call 233-0643) or mail this coupon to: Trifles, P.O. Box 44432, Dept. 40921, Dallas, Texas 75234.

Name
Address
City
State/Zip

Grow Enchanted with Park's New and Unusual Spring Flowering Bulbs!

EVERY BULB GUARANTEED

Colorful 48-page book. Spring flowering bulbs from Holland, perennial flower seed. Exotic houseplants are clearly described and illustrated along with the latest accessories.

48 PAGES IN FULL COLOR

FREE CATALOG!

Geo. W. PARK SEED Co., Inc.
287 Cokesbury Rd.
Greenwood, S.C. 29647

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP

with the Lieutenant Governor in the State Senate, and Brooklyn Representative Elizabeth Holtzman—had both been Krupsak supporters in 1974, but they gave the two strongest speeches in favor of Carey at the July 8th meeting of the New Democratic Coalition—an alliance of liberal Democrats with whom Miss Krupsak has been associated in the past. The speeches were widely credited for the fact that, by a very narrow margin, the N.D.C. voted not to react to the Lieutenant Governor's entry into the race by withdrawing the endorsement that it had given earlier to Carey—a development that would have been viewed as a major coup for Miss Krupsak and an omen for the future.

The Bellamy and Holtzman speeches not only dwelt on the theme that Carey's record of achievement deserved to be supported but also mentioned the cries of delight with which—as the New Democrats must surely have noticed—the Republicans had greeted the Krupsak break with Carey and her attacks on him. "Sweet Mary Anne!" State Senator John Calandra, the Bronx County Republican Chairman called her. "Now that's what vendetta means. Mary Anne should be Italian. . . . She had to know she was helping us," he commented happily. At the Republican State Convention, Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz advised the delegates, "Carry with you at all times the statement made by our Lieutenant Governor. Carry it in your pockets. Keep it in your purses. Put it under your pillow at night. Remind people of what she said." Duryea, the Republican gubernatorial candidate, replied, "I have it with me." He then read the Krupsak charges aloud, and added, "That is the campaign."

In Miss Krupsak's first month or so as a gubernatorial candidate, the word that has been most commonly used by politicians (male and female) to describe her campaign is "disorganized." Just in case the impression that her chances might be on the decline was a case of wishful thinking, however, the formerly aloof Carey has been setting a strenuous pace around the state, smiling a Pat O'Brien smile, cutting ribbons, patting babies, kissing the new Miss New York State, making sport of the Lieutenant Governor's view of him by introducing himself at political gatherings with "Here I am—sweet, accessible Hugh Carey," getting his picture taken chewing on ethnic foods (especially Polish sausages), and being careful to be out of town when hundreds of protesting New York City policemen, charging him with responsibility for the new state law that requires arbitration panels to consider the city's ability to pay in awarding wage increases, picketed his office here, chanting "Strike! Strike! Strike!" and "Goodbye, Carey! Goodbye, Carey! We're glad to see you go."

NO other state was suffering this summer from the embarrassment of a gubernatorial campaign in which its governor was running for renomination against its first woman lieutenant governor (although in neighboring Connecticut the first woman governor is being opposed by the incumbent lieutenant governor). On another front, however, New Yorkers were in a position to indulge in a little *Schadenfreude* of their own. As it became clear last month that this city would not, after all, have to endure a police strike, New Yorkers could listen to the latest news rolling in about the police strike in Cleveland, the firemen's strike in Louisville, the garbagemen's strike in New Orleans, the strike of all nonuniformed municipal workers in Philadelphia, and the six-day strike of transit workers in Washington, D.C., which the *Times* reported deep in its inside pages. It was evident that the threats of "long, hot summers" and their implication of possible property damage and violence were now coming not from the poor in urban ghettos (who are still very much there and will perhaps be heard from the next time the lights go out) but from the relatively affluent municipal employees. David Denholm, president of the Public Service Research Council, a conservative lobbying group, suggested recently that the new militancy around the country was in large part a response to anti-union feeling aroused by Proposition 13 and to the stories of the way generous benefits to municipal employees brought New York City to the verge of bankruptcy. Although the eight-per-cent increase won by the local police was considerably less than the percentage increase won by most of the summer's other urban protesters, it is costly enough. It will give the average police officer twenty-two thousand three hundred and fifty-eight dollars a year plus an estimated ten thousand dollars' worth of fringe benefits.

The break in the negotiations came after the sixth day of protests. The night before, about a hundred and fifty P.B.A. members had blocked the entrance to the *News* garage and delayed deliveries of the paper's first edition for over an hour, because, they said, the *News* had been running editorials hostile to the union. P.B.A. President DeMilia declared that he would lead some men around the next night and close the *News* down. The next afternoon, Mayor Koch called a press conference at which he first denounced the demonstrators at the *News* as "a few thugs," and then said that the two contract provisions the P.B.A. had been demonstrating against—which he had previously described as crucial—had been removed from the bargaining table. Partly as a concession to the P.B.A. for getting the provisions in the contract, the city had given the police six extra days off a year; although the contested items providing penalties for abuse of sick leave and giving the department more flexibility in police assignments were now out of the contract, the provision for the extra days off would remain. Unfortunately, according to the Police Department, one effect of the new contract (which the union delegates immediately voted to accept, and sent on by mail ballot to the rank and file) was that there would be the equivalent of seventy-five fewer policemen available for duty each day.

The following morning, a *Times* editorial included the policemen's blocking of the distribution of the *News* because they didn't like its editorial policy as one of the series of major blows, judicial and otherwise, that had posed dangerous threats to the freedom of the press in recent weeks. In another editorial, noting that Koch had campaigned on the promise that he would show the municipal unions what a tough negotiator he was, the *Times* accused him of yielding to "unacceptable conduct and outrageous threats," and called the surrender an "experience that will haunt the community for many years." The same morning, in an editorial headed "The Rogue Cops," the *News* predicted that "the irresponsible element in the P.B.A. certainly will regard it as a victory for their own lawlessness—a vindication of violence as a way to intimidate a city." Tempers are short and voices rise when the weather's hot, but, whatever the word is for the state of the city this summer, it is not "torpor." —ANDY LOGAN

•

WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Mexico City News*]

WASHINGTON (UPI)—Another 25.1 pounds of weapons-grade uranium—enough to build an atomic bomb—is hissing at a Pennsylvania plant that has lost more than 400 pounds of uranium since 1968, federal officials said Wednesday.

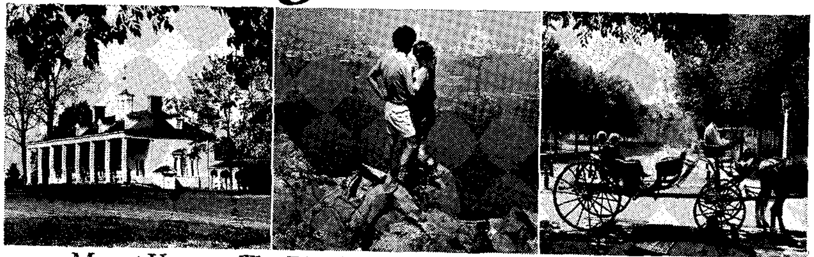
Eternalized: The genius of Raphael.

The artist Raphael at work. A magnificently sculptured statement by the universally acclaimed Milanese artist Guiseppe Vasari. A true work of art executed in the time-honored method of fusing precious silver and 24 karat gold onto hand-cast Italian art bronze. A Limited Edition of 250 figures, individually numbered and signed by the artist. A majestic 16½" tall, $1,300.* For the store nearest you, write The Gift World of Gorham, P.O. Box 2823C Providence, R. I. 02907.

*Suggested retail price.

GORHAM TEXTRON
Gorham Division of Textron Inc.

Turn famous Virginia names into unforgettable memories.



Mount Vernon. The Blue Ridge Mountains. Colonial Williamsburg.

Remember reading about Jefferson at Monticello? Lee at Appomattox? The settlers at Jamestown? Unless you come to Virginia this fall, all these famous names will have to remain just words for another year.

But if you do come, if you do stroll our beaches, still summer warm, or travel our Skyline Drive, those names will become indelible memories.

So come. And come now. Because there's no time like fall, and no place anywhere in America like Virginia.

For our free, 36-page color vacation guide and brochures on your special travel interests, visit, write or call your nearest Virginia travel office.

Name ____ Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____

Virginia State Travel Service, Dept. 2207.
New York, 11 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 10020, phone (212) 245-3080,
Richmond, 6 North Sixth St., Va. 23219, phone (804) 786-4484;
Washington, 906 17th St., N.W., D.C. 20006, phone (202) 293-5350.

Virginia is for lovers.♥

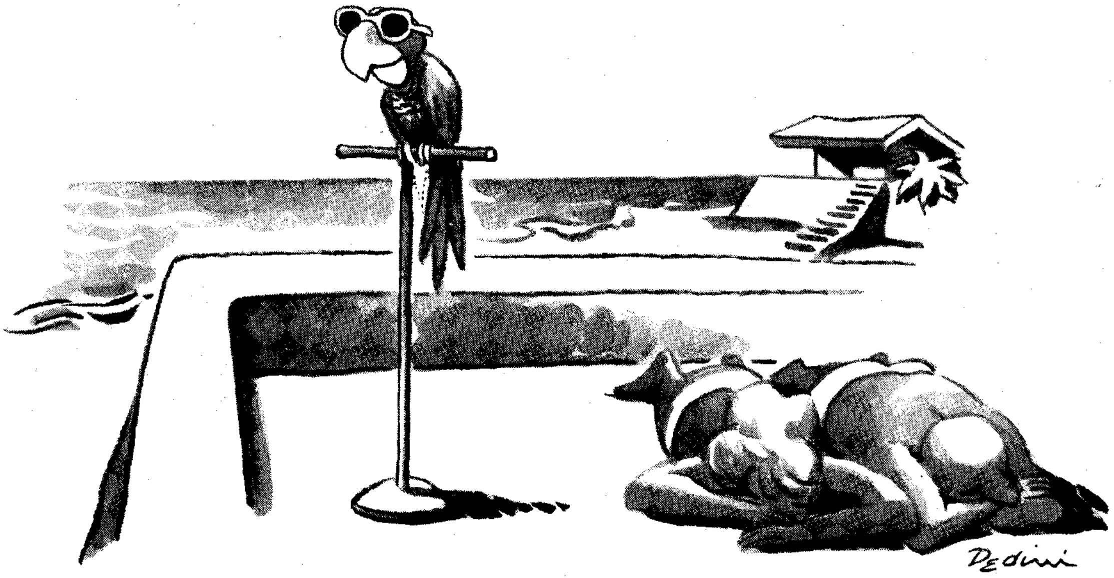
U.S. JOURNAL: KANSAS

THOUGHTS OF AN OCCASIONALLY THIRSTY TRAVELLING PERSON

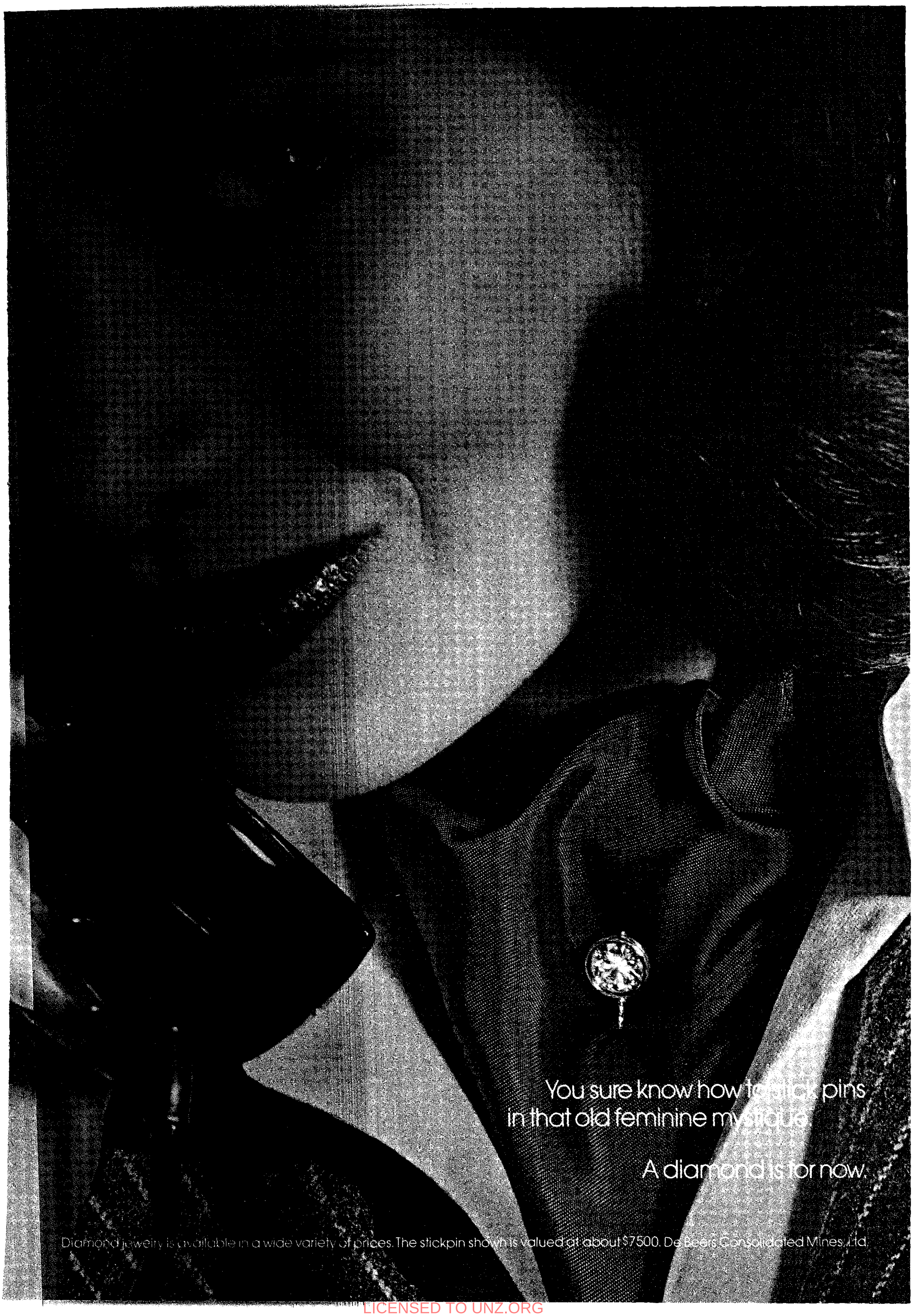
Kansas is a very clubby state. A club is the only place you can buy a drink. I'm a member of Le Flambeau Club myself. Le Flambeau is the bar of the Ramada Inn in Topeka. I was once a member of a club in Junction City called the Torchlight Lounge. In Wichita, my club is the Penthouse, the bar on the top of the Holiday Inn. To my regret, none of my clubs have club ties. Now that the speed limit has been reduced to fifty-five miles an hour by federal law, it sometimes seems a long way between towns in Kansas, and I have occasionally passed the time trying to visualize what the club tie of Le Flambeau Club of the Topeka Ramada Inn might look like. I should admit that compared to some travelling people who have Kansas as their regular territory I am only marginally clubby. In Kansas, it is not unusual for someone to carry around the cards of fifteen or twenty clubs. Each card may represent a small investment in a club's "liquor pool." Since a bar in Kansas is not allowed to profit from the liquor it provides, each new member must buy a share—a two-dollar share, say—in the commonly held liquor supply, and have the retail price of a shot of liquor deducted from his holdings every time he has a drink. The cash he seems to be paying the bartender for each drink is actually for the club soda or the water or the ice; even in Kansas, bars are allowed to profit from the sale of club soda or water or ice. A chemical-supplies salesman who has a couple of drinks at his motel bar after a hard day in Wichita may pay three dollars for the olives in his Martinis, and then drive off toward Hutchinson the next morning still owning a dollar twenty-four cents' worth of booze in his Wichita club's liquor pool. A man I know in Junction City who travels a lot around the state told me recently that in those moments when he pauses to take stock of himself and his assets it occurs to him that the major portion of his estate may consist of unused shares of liquor pools.

On my last visit to Wichita, I had an opportunity to join the Improved Order of Red Men. It would have been my first lodge. Red Men tribes are ordinarily similar to Moose lodges or Elks clubs, but a couple of years ago just about all of the tribes in Kansas were apparently captured by bar owners—the way certain union locals were captured in the thirties by the Communists. What appealed to bar owners about the Improved Order of Red Men was not its patriotic creed or its ancient rituals but its status as a nonprofit organization: Although a guest at a Kansas motel can become a member of the motel's club instantly by presenting his key, the only other clubs that are legally permitted to accept members without a ten-day waiting period are nonprofit organizations. Someone finally figured out that the legal difference between an ordinary restaurant's bar and a club permitted to accept members instantly could be dissolved by a Red Men's charter and some creative bookkeeping. As a result, my stay in Wichita qualified an impression I was beginning to have—an impression common among travelling people these days—that the current American restaurant clichés are repeated absolutely unvaryingly in every city in the country. What appeared to be the local version of the steak house with an Irish theme, Pat O'Brien's Steak & Pub, was actually Irish Tribe No. 9, Improved Order of Red Men. What appeared to be the requisite singles bar with a relentlessly cute name, Lettuce, was also doing business as Kahish Tribe No. 20.

Since my visit, Pat O'Brien's and Lettuce have reverted to unqualified American restaurant clichés, their Red Men charters having been revoked. If the Kansas Alcoholic Beverage Control agency has its way, they may soon be American restaurant clichés with no liquor on the premises at all. While the Red Men dodge seemed to be working, though, people in Kansas who had long argued for liberalization of the state's liquor laws—the Wets—said that it revealed a hypocritical club system for what it was. An alternative interpretation, of course, is that it reveals fraternal organizations for what they are. In a lot of small towns, after all, loyalty to the Elks club is based on wanting access to a place that serves nearly decent food and maybe even a drink beforehand. The predilection of Kansans for joining the American Legion has not ordinarily been interpreted to mean that they enjoy exchanging anecdotes about furloughs in Pusan more than veterans from Missouri do but that they are lacking in alternative places to buy a drink. When the Wichita *Eagle* got in touch with the national secretary of the Red Men, after ascertaining that the Red Men lore offered by the local tribes did not extend past a fine-print affiliation on the membership cards, he said the problem was national. "Our field officer is in Georgia right now," he told the *Eagle* reporter. "The first question asked (of him) is 'When can we have a bar?' and we tell him specifically, 'You're not here to organize a bar, you're here to organize a tribe.' "



Kansas was a symbol of dryness even before Carry A. Nation began attracting attention around the turn of the century by harassing saloonkeepers. ("This is a joint," she is reputed to have said when she entered Matt Strong's place in Medicine Lodge,


You sure know how to stick pins
in that old feminine mystique.
A diamond is for now.
Diamond jewelry is available in a wide variety of prices. The stickpin shown is valued at about $7500. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

The Old King Cole Room at the St. Regis-Sheraton in New York.

Sheraton. Where you can go out to dinner without going out.

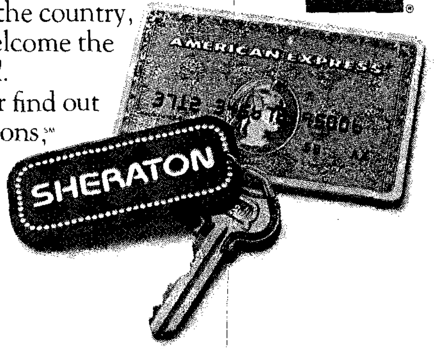
When you stay at Sheraton, a night on the town is as near as the lobby. Because they have award-winning restaurants all over the world, from the gold medal winning Montparnasse '25 in the Paris-Sheraton to the Holiday Award winning Hanohano Room at the Sheraton-Waikiki.

And Sheraton has set out to make sure that every hotel has a restaurant that meets your standards of service, decor and cuisine. So that when you go to a strange city you never have to worry about finding an excellent restaurant—all you have to do is stay at a Sheraton.

Sheraton is creating a world of showplace restaurants across the country. Not just at the St. Regis, New York, The Universal, Los Angeles, and the Carlton, Washington. But everywhere the Sheraton name is found. And all across the country, Sheraton showplaces welcome the American Express® Card.

To reserve a room or find out about Assured Reservations,℠ call 800-325-3535.

AMERICAN EXPRESS®



The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.℠

Kansas. "Let us pray.") The Free Staters who organized the territory tended to be Drys. Prohibition was made a part of the Kansas constitution in 1880. Matt Strong and the other saloonkeepers who found themselves ducking behind the bar as Mrs. Nation and her rock-slinging followers approached were, in addition to their other sins, operating in open violation of the law. During the national debate on whether to impose Prohibition, Kansas was often visited by big-city writers from the East who wanted to demonstrate how Prohibition worked or how easy liquor was to come by in the homes of the most respectable citizens of a dry state. In 1927, William Allen White, the renowned editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, who was himself a Dry until shortly after Repeal, said, "The South takes Prohibition to keep liquor from the Negro. Certain other states take Prohibition to keep the saloonkeeper, generally a first-generation American, out of political power. Still other states accept Prohibition to keep labor at work on a 6-day week without a bust-head Monday. But Kansas takes Prohibition because Kansas in forty-five years has lost the habit and the taste and the social flair for liquor."

Kansas remained bone-dry—no package stores, no liquor by the drink, no brown-bagging—until the late forties, but then the Wets began to make some headway. The Wets, of course, did not call themselves Wets. They went under names like Kansans for Modern Alcoholic Beverage Control. Wets always like to sound very sober. When I first saw a headline last spring mentioning an organization in Wichita called Concerned Citizens for Community Standards—an organization, it turned out, that had been formed to lobby for the repeal of a homosexual-rights ordinance—I assumed it to be the local pro-booze outfit. In Kansas, even the Drys prefer not to be called the Drys these days; it leaves the impression of hot-eyed zealots willing to take the hatchet to the local tavern. Although the official name of the Drys' principal organization in the state is the Kansas United Dry Forces, it tends to operate under names like Kansans for Freedom from Drug Suffering or Kansans for Life at Its Best.

The Wets managed to legalize package liquor stores in 1948 and clubs with liquor pools in the middle sixties, but they failed in 1970 to pass a referendum that would have legalized liquor by the drink. The 1970 campaign was organized by Chamber of Commerce executives as well as restaurant interests. In dry states, business leaders have traditionally looked on liquor by the drink as a sort of economic deus ex machina—the way leaders of small South Pacific islands with any attraction for tourists once looked on the development of the jumbo jet. Anyone who listens to the arguments on the subject made by business leaders could get the impression that liquor by the drink in Kansas would seriously deplete the convention business of cities like Las Vegas and New Orleans as the national associations of periodontists and realtors and Shriners began streaming into Wichita and downtown Kansas City, Kansas.

If there is one impression of Kansans that Chamber types do not want the rest of the country to have, it is the impression of people who have lost the social flair for liquor. These days, it is assumed that no city can afford to be thought of as the sort of unsophisticated place that might not even have a steak house with an Irish theme or a singles bar with a relentlessly cute name. Kansas, it is often pointed out, has had package liquor stores and clubs that look pretty much like bars for years. The reputation of Kansas as a bulwark of the Drys did seem to be fading in recent years—until July 18, 1972, when Vern Miller, then the attorney general of the state, raided an Amtrak train in Newton. Miller arrested the conductor and a bartender and a waiter for crimes that included maintaining an open saloon and allowing the consumption of liquor in an unauthorized place.

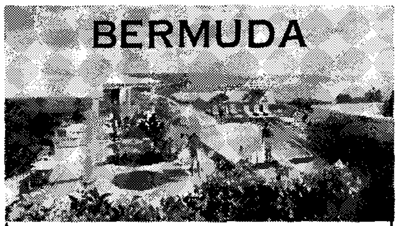
As attorney general, Vern Miller was a literalist—a man who seemed to make little distinction between enforcing the law against armed robbery and enforcing the law against church bingo. In the Amtrak case, a federal court decided Miller was literally right; Amtrak was forced to close its bar cars at the Kansas state line. While the case was working its way toward the Supreme Court, a man who worked for Miller told me recently, someone walked into the attorney general's office and said, "Vern, what are you going to do about airplanes? They're serving drinks up there." What Miller did about airplanes was to order them to quit serving drinks over Kansas. An agreement was reached by which airliners no longer served drinks in Kansas airspace on flights that landed or took off at Kansas airports. To the

Flattery will get you everywhere when it's this becoming tie-neck cardigan from Marisa Christina. Wear it for sport, for shopping, even for dinner in town. Heather grey or oatmeal in soft wool. Sizes: S(6-8), M(10-12), L(14-16). $50.
Add $2.25 for postage. Order by mail, or phone 617-749-7830. Master Charge, Visa or American Express accepted.

Send for our free catalog of classic women's and men's fashions

The Talbots
Dept. AB, Hingham, Massachusetts 02043

Stores in Hingham, Acton, Duxbury, Lenox, Osterville, So. Hamilton, Massachusetts; Avon and Hamden, Connecticut



One of Bermuda's finest cottage colonies on 18 acres in fashionable Tucker's Town. 1800' oceanfront with natural pink sand beaches. Breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our clubhouse with its superb seascape; Luncheon and Weekly Barbecues on the Pool Terrace.
See your travel agent or
David B. Mitchell,
777 Third Ave.
N.Y.C. 10017.
(212) 371-1323.

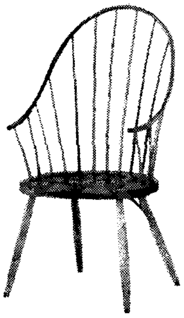
PINK BEACH
CLUB AND COTTAGES
TUCKER'S TOWN
BERMUDA

Thos. Moser
Cabinet Maker

Our furniture is inspired by the simplicity of Shaker design, with a delicate insinuation of contemporary; constructed with pride and executed by hand, individually, restoring a relationship between man and his practical art.

Catalog $2.00

One Cobbs Bridge Road
New Gloucester, ME 04260



Looking for
The Best
Oxford Cloth Shirt?
See Ours!

It's just one of the fine traditional clothes and accessories for men and women in our new fall/holiday catalogue. Let us send you our catalogue, free. Call TOLL-FREE 800-527-4535 in the continental U.S. (in Texas, call TOLL-FREE 800-492-5270; in Dallas, call 233-1007). Or, clip this coupon and mail to: Chas. Pfeifer & Co., P.O. Box 34257, Dept. 40926, Dallas, Texas 75234.

Name

Address

City State/Zip

Chas. Pfeifer & Co.
A division of The Horchow Collection

DANISH SOUPERBAG

The most talked about bag in the world. A veritable labyrinth of roomy pockets and hidden compartments that contains and organizes an amazing amount of things and looks good on everybody. Called "the best device for carrying things ever invented"—*New West*, this sturdy classic features a wonderous zipper that allows the 15" x 11" bag to expand to double its normal width—to a full 8"—so there's always a place to stuff one more thing. Perfect carry-on flight bag, practical gift. In squashy grey, cinammon brown, smokey black or bright Danish blue waterproof canvas that wears like iron. Adjustable shoulder strap. $32.50 (plus $2 shipping; Canada add $5).

THE CHOCOLATE SOUP
249 East 77th, New York 10021

Luxurious Virgin Islands Sailing Cruises
● Superb Cuisine ● Fully Crewed

FLYAWAY CHARTERS

P.O. BOX 2713 NY
ST. THOMAS,
U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS 00801

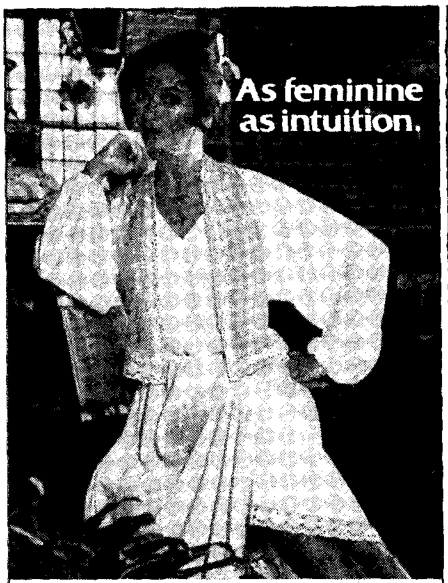
great embarrassment of the Chamber types, the controversy inspired jokes around the country about the Kansas Air Force, but the agreement is still in effect. Just last summer, in fact, the Reverend Richard E. Taylor, Jr., president of the Kansas United Dry Forces, complained to the president of Continental Airlines that pilots were making smart-aleck remarks as they called in the liquor at the Kansas line. A memo banning sarcasm was sent by the company to its pilots. If the pilots wanted something appropriate to say when announcing the suspension of drinking, Taylor suggested in his letter, they might say, "Worldwide research indicates control laws reduce alcoholism and other alcohol-related problems by reducing total social consumption. Concerned Kansans are proud of laws that encourage persons to avoid alcoholism by drinking less often. That is why alcoholic liquor is not served on this flight." That might be a worthwhile sentiment, an editorial in the Wichita *Beacon* said, but "by the time the lengthy sermon is finished, a fast jet will have crossed Kansas borders and the bar can be reopened."

This spring, to the astonishment of just about everybody, the Kansas legislature passed a law enabling counties to vote in liquor by the drink at this November's election. It all happened suddenly—with the rules of the House suspended and the Reverend Richard Taylor away in Omaha making a temperance speech. The traditional Wets were not even fully responsible: The representative who introduced the measure in the House is from the university town of Lawrence and is best known in the capital as an advocate of decriminalizing marijuana. Most of the populous counties are expected to vote in favor of liquor by the drink in November, although in Wichita the Concerned Citizens for Community Standards, who turn out to be anti-booze despite their suspiciously respectable name, will be campaigning against it. After November, a travelling salesman who happens to light in any one of a half-dozen Kansas cities will presumably be able to order a drink before dinner in any properly licensed restaurant that derives at least half of its income from the sale of food—unless the Kansas Supreme Court decides, as the current attorney general predicts it will, that the new law is in violation of a passage in the state's constitution that says, "The open saloon shall be and is hereby forever prohibited." That may sound like something written by Carry A. Nation—its presence in the constitution has been taken as still another example of Kansas' nineteenth-century fundamentalism on the issue of strong drink—but it was in fact written in 1947, as part of the constitutional amendment that made package liquor stores legal. The Wets always like to sound very sober.

ALTHOUGH I would naturally be reluctant to give up my membership in Le Flambeau, I would not find it difficult to adjust to Kansas as a liquor-by-the-drink state. For travelling people who are occasionally thirsty, the presence of complicated and varying liquor laws around the country amounts to just one more irritant in a life already made trying by the necessity of remembering which states allow a right turn on red and which states do not. I do worry about the American Legion. When I was in Kansas in the late sixties, I realized that the Legion, which is limited to veterans who have served during a period of armed conflict, had been given what I suppose it might allow itself to call a shot in the arm by the Vietnam war. The Legion is strong in Kansas now, but competition from something approaching open saloons could presumably wreak as much damage to its membership rolls as a prolonged period of peace.

As someone who grew up only two or three blocks into Missouri from the Kansas state line, I would naturally be pleased to see Kansas lose whatever reputation it still has as the sort of place where a lot of zealous hayseeds might train their squirrel rifles on any DC-10 they suspect of dispensing pre-mixed Manhattans. It happens that I am among a small group of Americans who associated Kansas with boozing in the first place. When I was in high school, the legal beer-drinking age was eighteen in Kansas and twenty-one in Missouri—although a drinker of any age in Kansas could drink nothing stronger than three-two beer—and, being closer to eighteen than we were to twenty-one, we were steady customers of Kansas taverns. It might be of some small comfort to the Chamber types to know that what comes to the mind of at least one resident of a large Eastern city when Kansas is mentioned in connection with drinking is not Carry A. Nation but bravura acts of teen-age beer guzzling.

It also happens that any reputation Kansas has for hot-eyed zeal in the matter of Prohibition is undeserved. Compared with some other states where occasionally thirsty travelling people


As feminine as intuition.

When it comes to good looks plus easy-care, soft and gentle Qiana® jersey is the natural choice for this sensational three piece ensemble by Carol Robbins. Elegant for glamourous evenings, yet practical for daytime too. And it's wrinkle free, completely washable. The ecru blouse and skirt trimmed with lace come with elasticized waistband. Peach vest has side ties and ecru lace trim. Sizes 8 to 16. The price. $65.

Add $2 for postage. Order by mail or phone 617-536-5099. Charge to Master Charge, Visa or American Express. **Send for free brochure.**

CAROL ROBBINS DESIGNS

The Copley Plaza Hotel,
Dept. 28, Copley Square,
Boston, MA 02116

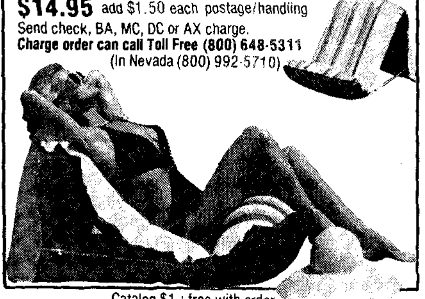
To Seek Tranquility

The Saint Louis
730 Rue Bienville, New Orleans
(504) 581-7300 · Cable: LOUISIX
TELEX 58-4314

Versatile SIT-UP INFLATABLE MATTRESS

It's a chair with the side ropes attached; release them and it's a roomy 32x76"L. sun mat. Superlative French import in heavy Neopryl vinyl. White/yellow/orange stripe top; solid reverse.

$14.95 add $1.50 each postage/handling
Send check, BA, MC, DC or AX charge.
Charge order can call Toll Free (800) 648-5311
(In Nevada (800) 992-5710)



Catalog $1.; free with order
THE PATIO
550 Powell
Dept. Y87
San Francisco
California 94108

have traditionally armed themselves with a bottle in the suitcase—Mississippi, say, or North Carolina—the Drys of Kansas carry on in the style associated with Midwestern Methodists rather than Southern Baptists. The Reverend Richard Taylor, a friendly and reasonable Methodist minister, is hardly the sort of person to pound the table and rail about sin. For all I know, he may believe that boozers are doomed to burn in Hell everlasting, but nobody has ever heard him say so. Like the Free Stater Drys of the nineteenth century, who associated liquor not only with alcoholism but with pro-slavery violence, Taylor's approach is that liquor is a substance that causes human suffering and should therefore be discouraged. The road signs erected by Kansans for Freedom from Drug Suffering say "Reduce Cancer—Stop Smoking. Wipe Out Alcoholism—Stop Drinking." Realizing that complete Prohibition is not a realistic goal, Taylor concentrates on cutting down consumption. If someone suggests to him that the present liquor laws in Kansas really amount to simply a hypocritical and inconvenient way to run bars, Taylor just smiles. When it comes to drinking, he favors inconvenience.

The Wets, who tend to be friendly and reasonable Kansans themselves, often acknowledge that Taylor makes a good case. People in Kansas have always been willing to listen to the other side. In Topeka, Taylor is regarded as a first-rate lobbyist—so good that some people believe liquor by the drink would not have passed if he hadn't been out of the state. "He used to come in to talk to me and I almost couldn't drink for two days after that," the former head of the state Alcoholic Beverage Control agency told me recently. "From a strictly scientific viewpoint, there is no reason to gulp alcohol." —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

A few lines were garbled in the last item of a publishing Reporter's Notebook column yesterday about the booksellers' meeting. It should have read: And visitors here, while trying to discover the meaning of the New South in the glittering open-air lobbies of huge holes, were a bit shocked to hear about a new novel, 'The Scourge,' by Tom Dunne. He is an editor at St. Martin's Press, whose book is published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. 'The Scourge' is a futuristic story that includes the second burning of Atlanta.
—*The Times.*

They still haven't filled in the holes from the first burning.

Sea Island's unspoiled wonders

Untamed surf at daybreak, forest idylls along Retreat Plantation fairways, ancient oaks lit by dancing torches at supper. Brilliant sun and stars over miles of quiet beaches. Joined with the wondrous amenities of The Cloister for your perfect summer holidays. Call or write Cloister Hotel, Sea Island, GA 31561 (912-638-3611. Toll-free out-state 800-841-3223.) Sea Island

Luxurious rental homes available for fall visits.

The Lion Pendant

Sterling Silver or Gold on Sterling $30
14K Gold $135

18" Chain
Sterling or Gold on Sterling $5
14K Gold $30

Post Paid
3 Week Delivery.
Master Charge and VISA accepted.

Shown Approx. Actual Size.

Write for Free brochure.

Shaw-Leibowitz Dept. N279
Rt. 1, Box 421 • New Cumberland, W. Va. 26047 • 304-564-3108
Design © Shaw-Leibowitz 1977

order the THINNER dinner

Think thinner next time you eat out. Order Cod, Haddock, Flounder, Sole or Ocean Perch from the icy clear waters of the North Atlantic. Save calories and cholesterol, enjoy white, flaky, tender fish. It's always good eating.

North Atlantic Fish
good reason to go out to eat

L.L.Bean
Fall 1978

L.L.Bean™
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

FREE Fall Catalog

136 fully illustrated pages featuring quality outdoor apparel and footwear for men and women. Winter sports equipment, hunting and camping gear. Many items of our own manufacture. All guaranteed to be 100% satisfactory or your money back. Our 66th year of providing dependable high-grade sporting specialties.

SEND FREE CATALOG

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______

L. L. Bean, Inc.
841 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

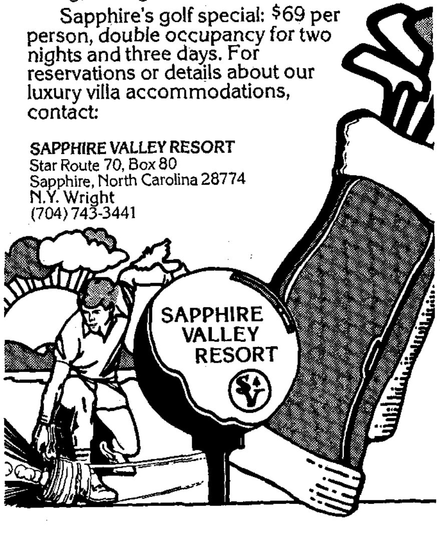
Sapphire Valley.
Nature calls it home.

And you will too.

Especially when you walk the level fairways of our mountain valley golf course. A championship layout criss-crossed by rushing streams in the cool mountains of Western Carolina. Enjoy tennis, horseback riding, fishing, and a world of other activities.

Sapphire's golf special: $69 per person, double occupancy for two nights and three days. For reservations or details about our luxury villa accommodations, contact:

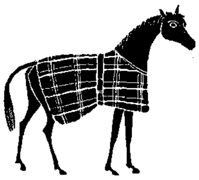
SAPPHIRE VALLEY RESORT
Star Route 70, Box 80
Sapphire, North Carolina 28774
N.Y. Wright
(704) 743-3441



The Red Apple Inn and Country Club
Eden Isle
Quiet elegance on beautiful Eden Isle.
RED APPLE INN / RED APPLE PROPERTIES
Dept. NY, Heber Springs, Ar. 72543 (501) 362-3111

THE RACE TRACK

Million-Dollar Yearling



WHEN one considers the purses that racecourses are putting up these days and the prices that bloodstock is bringing at the sales, it should come as no surprise that a yearling was sold for more than a million dollars at the Keeneland sales last week. It happened at the Tuesday-night session, when Joss Collins, of the London branch of the British Bloodstock Agency, acting for a group of unidentified English horsemen, gave $1,300,000 for a bay colt by Northern Dancer out of Special, by Forli, the sire of Forego. The colt was from the consignment sent to the sales by Claiborne Farm. He will race in England, and will be trained by Peter Walwyn. This is the second-highest price ever paid for a yearling thoroughbred at a public auction; the record is the $1,500,000 paid for a colt by Secretariat out of Charming Alibi, at Keeneland two years ago. (Named Canadian Bound, he has been racing in Europe.) Most of the bidding on Tuesday night was between Collins and a representative of the Irish branch of the B.B.A.

THE late John E. Madden's favorite saying was "A big horse will always beat a little one." That's the way it happened in the Tremont Stakes, for two-year-olds, at Belmont Park last Wednesday, when Calumet Farm's Tim the Tiger, a Monmouth colt by Nashua, beat Jose Binn, a colt half his size, after a furious drive down the stretch. The margin was a nose. The Greentree Stable's Fuzzbuster, the favorite, was third. The Tremont Stakes was at six furlongs, and it was the first time this season that two-year-olds have been asked to go that distance. This was Tim the Tiger's third victory in as many starts. John Veitch, his trainer, thinks he will go well at Saratoga this month.

SPEAKING of two-year-olds, California seems to have something extra in Terlingua, a filly by Secretariat out of Crimson Saint who has been impressing racegoers at Hollywood Park. She won the Hollywood Lassie Stakes on July 15th, and followed up with a victory in the Hollywood Juvenile Championship on July 22nd. In her

IN NEW YORK...

Complimentary Continental breakfast served in your room.

Each room and suite has a serving pantry.

Gracious dining in the Restaurant Laurent.

The super place to stay in the fashionable heart of the city, just off Park Avenue.

Elegant
Quiet
Secure

The Lombardy HOTEL

Single, $55 to $60; Double, $65 to $70;
Two-Room Suite, $90 to $110.
Also by the week or month.

DO YOU WISH OUR BROCHURE?

Kathleen Brick, Reservations
111 East 56th Street, New York 10022
212 PLaza 3-8600

INDIA
Patson Travel, Inc.
36 South Wabash Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60603
(312) 641-5646
Toll Free: 800-621-0329

Giambelli 50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
American Express Card

On St. Croix A WORLD ALL YOUR OWN for golf, tennis, swimming, snorkeling, fishing and relaxing. Call Ralph Locke (212-586-3070).
The Buccaneer
Box 218-Y St. Croix, U.S.V.I. 00820

first start, on June 14th, she won the Nursery Stakes, at five and a half furlongs, in 1:03⅗. Though she seems to be a speedster, her stable is confident she is a stayer. Another California racer, George A. Pope, Jr.,'s J.O. Tobin, gave the crowd of 29,350 at Belmont Park on July 23rd a performance it could cheer about when he won the Tom Fool Handicap by six and a half lengths.

STEVE CAUTHEN is in form again. He rode winners in the third, fourth, sixth, and seventh races at Belmont last Thursday. On Saturday, however, when the fifty-eight-day meeting ended, he had no rides at all, much to the disappointment of the 49,286 horseplayers who came out to Belmont for Saratoga money. Cruguet rode Jerome Torsney's Mac Diarmida home ahead of John Henry after the runners battled down the stretch in the $56,850 Lexington Handicap, over grass, at a mile and a sixteenth. Ashikaga was third. It was Mac Diarmida's eighth win in a row on grass tracks.

THE Saratoga meeting opened at the Spa on Monday, and will run for twenty-four days before racing comes back to Long Island. The progress of the meeting will be followed with keen interest by other track managements, who want to see what effect a reduction of the state's slice of the mutuel take will have upon the action. Just last week, Governor Carey signed the bill reducing the state's share from seventeen to fourteen per cent.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

"If density is anywhere, it should be here," said John Spillman, manager of station area design and development for the Metro Office of Transportation Administration.

"That's not to say there should be density at all stations," he emphasized. "The cities will have the final say. We don't want to come up with pie in the sky just to have it blown out of the water later," he said.—*Miami Herald.*

Especially during rush hour.

•

The Publicity Dept. of the Niteroi Rest Home Ball Committee announces there will be no publicity today concerning their June 9 ball at the Hotel Inter-Continental, as the chairperson is out of town for the weekend.

Those unable to wait for next Sunday are invited to contact Sandy Wilson (267-6813), who is also out of town with the chairperson.—*Brazil Herald.*

Let's just forget the whole thing.

The ultimate in woodstoves is made in Norway...

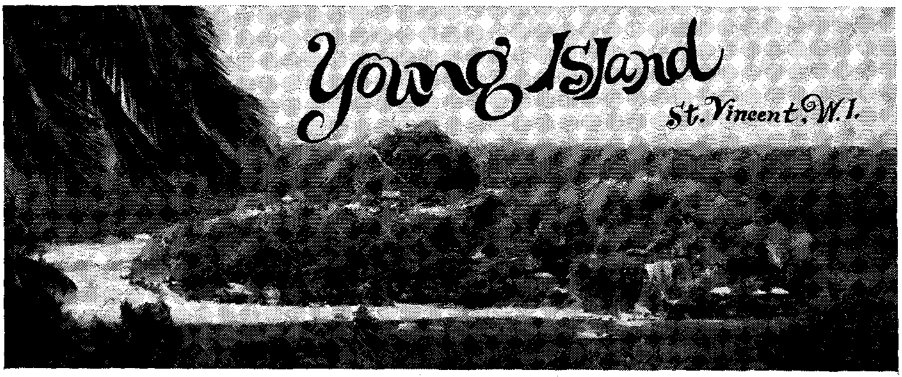
Jøtul.

Jotul's No. 380 "Lumberjack" is particularly suited for any setting where a single unit is needed for both heating and cooking. Features include:

- Rugged cast-iron construction
- Adjustable vents
- Traditional Norwegian Bas-relief
- Double side wall construction
- Front end combustion system

Woodburner's Resource Guide available at $1 each. Homeowner's Resource Book on the Art of Sweeping Chimneys at $2 each. Dealer inquiries invited for Kindle-All and Eva's Chimney Brush.

KRISTIA ASSOCIATES
Home Office: 343 Forest Avenue, P.O. Box 1118 (NY 8), Portland, Maine 04104
Western Office: 213 S.W. Ash Street (NY 8), Suite 209, Portland, Oregon 97204



Young Island is impossibly romantic ...and suddenly (or again?) you'll be too: playing tennis 'til 3AM...snorkeling in the moonlight...disappearing into your breeze-swept cottage for a cinq à sept...sipping drinks on Sunset Point...sailing to Mustique or Bequia for the day aboard our luxury 50' sailing yacht. Or, you might take off on our launch to St. Vincent for a day of golf. Nights? Put on your shoes (for the first time) and try your luck at the casino. Step lively to a steel band or count the stars from your own terrace, blissfully unaware of any other world or time. **YOUNG ISLAND offers everything a large resort has...except the crowds.** Warm sunny days, cool romantic nights...it's the dream of an unspoiled island come true.

Contact RALPH LOCKE for brochure, information. (212) 628-8149 • 315 E. 72 St., N.Y.C. 10021
Then see your travel agent about making reservations for YOUNG ISLAND.

Boehm

Accent your collection with Wendelighting—the unique system for dramatizing color, texture and form with maximum concealment of the light source. Individual designs utilizing optical projectors, wall washes, spots, and cabinet and landscape lighting. For more information, write or call, Wendelighting, Dept. 4NY, 9068 Culver Blvd., Culver City, CA. 90230, (213) 559-4310. In New York City, (212) 682-8775.

Do you dream . . .
of sailing on a tall ship?
of studying whales
of making a significant
scientific contribution?

Join us. That's what we do.
Two ways you can participate:

Be a student
Do your own discovering; sail and work with us

Be a member
Hear our news first hand, before publication

For details on changing the face of your world,
Contact:
Ocean Research and Education Society
51 Commercial Wharf, 6R, Boston, MA 02110 (617) 523-3455

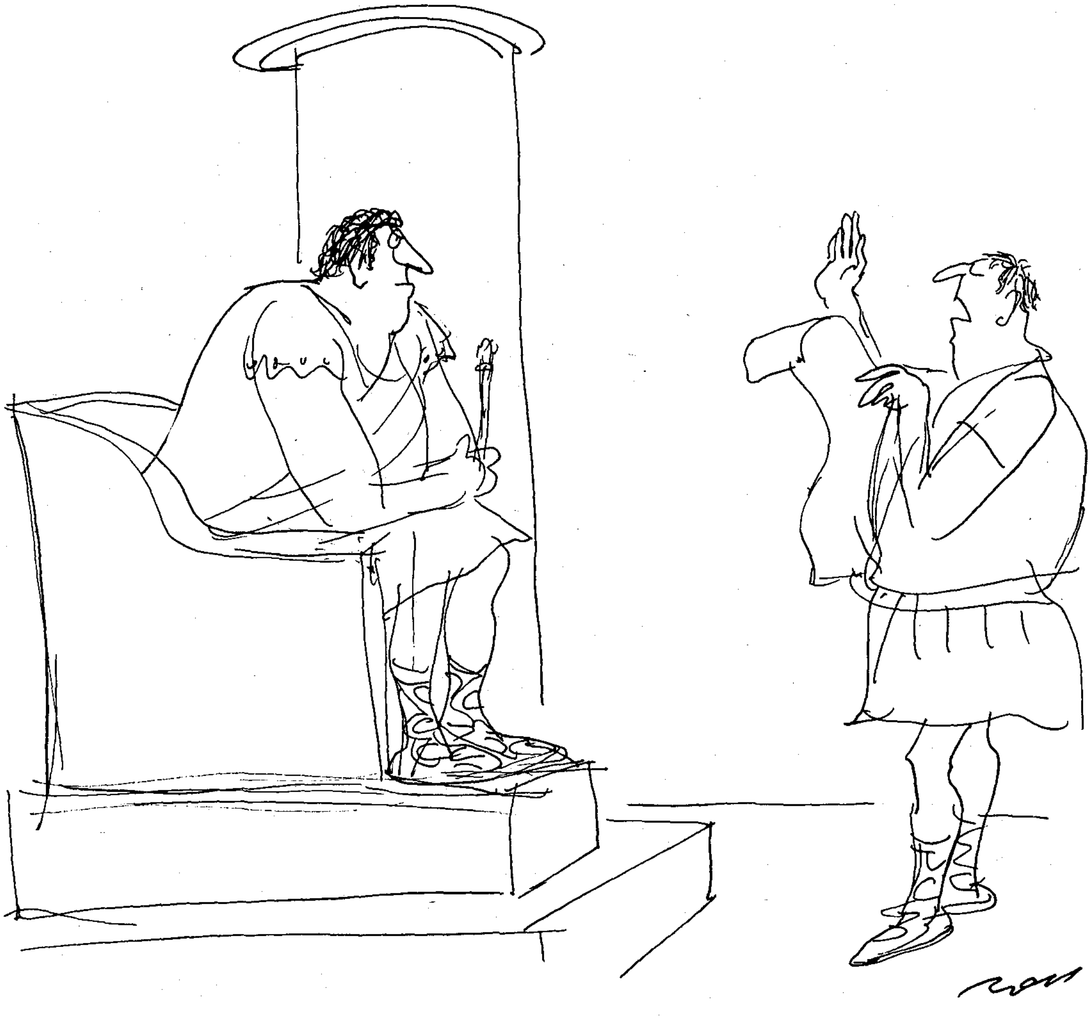
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Woody Reverberant

LET us now praise famous men. Woody Allen, whom I have seen cause small boys to fall down in mock faints in his honor, has turned from making people laugh to making people assess their lives. He has always been someone who made people think. His has never been the sort of dragonfly comedy that hovers on the surface of things. It has been a sort of comedy rooted in the temperament of someone serious. His new film, "Interiors," is a serious film rooted in the temperament of someone funny. And it echoes.

Near the beginning, there is a close-up of Diane Keaton's profile and her hand on a windowpane, the fingers stretching for a freedom that her life has not afforded her. She plays one of three daughters of Arthur (E. G. Marshall) and Eve (Geraldine Page). Near the beginning, too, there is a held shot of the back of E. G. Marshall's head as he stares out of a window. All the characters in this film look at the world as if it were partitioned off from them, as if it were separated from them by something as transparent as glass, and as unbreakable by people in control of themselves. But the control these characters exercise is shaky. It is a control that has been learned, not one that is native to them: we are inside the skulls of people who have had restraint drilled into them by the specifically middle-class discipline of psychoanalysis. The discipline would not work for anyone with a less educated vocabulary. It depends on a degree of articulacy. The characters in "Interiors" all express themselves very well, but this prevailing discipline has put a leading rein on them. The figure in the film who is on the tightest rein is Eve, the mother, played by Geraldine Page with particular splendor. She is an interior decorator and is obviously near a crackup. She cherishes her convent-white schemes without knowledge of what they might impose on nonmonastic inhabitants. She moves lamps and ornaments as if they were chessmen that had to be precisely in the middle of their squares if the player were to be able to think clearly. While she is positioning things, her thoughts visibly wander: to the past, which she ennobles with more happiness than it probably held, and to a future that she speaks of with a hope that bears no relation to reality. Her husband, a stolid man, dreams of a world of fun, a release from this tightness, a change from the careful aesthetic spaces that she so compliments herself on, communicating by her very emphasis on isolation in them the suspicion that she is never going to be helped by others. She thinks that she has to stand erect, on her own, even if her back is breaking; she doesn't know the strength of being able to lean on friendship.

Arthur announces to Eve at a family meal, where she is flanked by two of their three grown daughters—Joey (Marybeth Hurt) and Renata (Diane Keaton)—that he wants to leave her. She clings to the words "trial separation" as if they were a promise that nothing actual was happening. She is a woman who lives by the sound of words, and not their meaning. It is hardly bearable to her—or to us, because this is a consuming film about family life—to contemplate that the words stand for an actual state that is going to lead to actual divorce, actual remarriage by her husband. Easier to fix her mind on ornaments, on how she sees herself: in her chosen ice gray, with her hair done up on the top of her head in a tight bun. She is the victim of a society that places an unreasonable premium on being "creative." She has to be a "creative" person, endlessly having floors rescraped and changed, just as Renata has to characterize herself as a poet, just as Renata's husband, Frederick (Richard Jordan), has to try to be a novelist and drinks himself into the ground for lack of any deep-seated wish to do the work that his society finds so admirably "self-expressive." What a harsh trick, this film silently says, for a land to put so high a price on "self-expression," when more lenient expectations would let many of these



"Hail, Caesar! And now the news."

Luxurious Ct. Seclusion
Easy contemporary on 4 A., on Greenwich lakefront 10 rm., 5 brms., lots of space, 2 fp. fam. rm., vaulted beamed ceiling in lr., att. 3 car garage. GREAT WOODED LOCATION FOR ARTISTS-WRITERS. 15 min. to town. Adjacent to riding trails, sm. paddock. Good for $312,000.

100 A. Colonial Farm, N.J.
Restored 1875 4 brm. farmhouse. Cherry pegged floors, stone fp. and country kitchen. 4000' rd. frontage. 2 lg. barns, tack rm., box stalls, beef-cattle operation. Other out buildings. Streams, springhouse & pond. Everything in top condition. Easy commute, in Lafayette township. $325,000.

Development Land, Ct.
122 ACRES ROLLING SURVEYED LAND; HIGH ELEVATION, LOVELY VIEWS. 2000' rd. frontage. Pine, laurel, birch. Proximity to Hartford, Springfield, 4 mi. Wilbur Cross hwy. $68,000.

Breathtaking
Knockout contemporary. 10 rms. filled with light on 9 acres PARTLY WOODED LOT, WITH POND. Solidly built—expertly designed. Elegant, easy living in this Hunterdon County, N.J. home. The best of everything. $149,500.

Our subscribers are the leading Brokers in the areas they serve. Contact us for any type of Real Estate.

The Settlers Corporation
100 Constitution Place
Hartford, Conn. 06103

(800) 243-8998
In. Conn. Call:
(800) 842-4326

the settlers CORPORATION

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
World-Famous Jewelers

Purchasers
of
Rare Gems and
Fine Jewelry
From
Individuals & Estates

NEW YORK (212) 644-9500
744 FIFTH AVENUE 10019
BEVERLY HILLS (213) 276-1161
PALM BEACH (305) 655-6767
PARIS • MONTE CARLO • CANNES
DEAUVILLE • GENEVA • TOKYO

1776
The Griswold Inn
ESSEX, CONNECTICUT 06426
203-767-1812

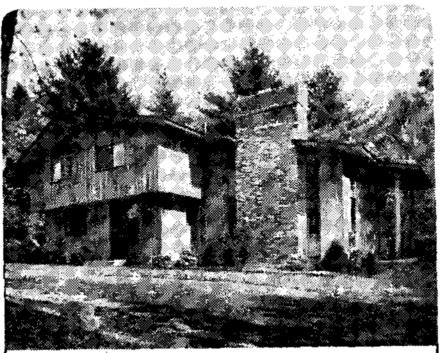
FINE FOOD • SPIRITS

NUMBER SIXTEEN
An unique, luxury "pension". Central, private and informal. It's for those who prefer not to pay "Grand Hotel" prices.
16 SUMNER PLACE LONDON SW7 3EG ENGLAND
Telephone 01-589-5232

self-enforced creators be content as housepainters or dog walkers.

One of the best performances in the impeccably cast film is by Maureen Stapleton as Pearl, Arthur's new love. The time that Arthur chooses to break the news to Eve of his wish to be free to remarry is when he and Eve are sitting together in a New York church, of all places, and sightseeing, of all things. Eve has been looking at the treasures in the church as if beauty and antiquity were mementos to be collected, objects to be carefully set on the mantelpiece of her mind and pointed up with cushions in coördinated colors. She suddenly goes berserk when her thought permits the invasion of the truth that Arthur is presenting her with. This trial separation isn't something leading to a reconciliation; it is a sharp separation leading to what she sees as the end of her life. In one of the very few violent scenes in this stilled, attentive film, she sweeps her arms across a row of burning votive candles in the church and runs shouting up the aisle.

Eve's three daughters have reacted differently to the sorrow she has otherwise so strictly buried. Flyn (Kristin Griffith) has said the hell with it and become boisterously social. Renata—a role in which Diane Keaton gives the performance of her career—is an observer, hardly able to bear the bitter asides she hears between people who really wish each other well, and trying to nullify the sulks of Joey, a model daughter in spectacles who refuses to adapt or forgive. Joey is furious with Pearl, the woman whose spirit and sense of fun have so attracted her father that, at sixty-three, he has derailed his life. Pearl is someone who would probably have been—tenderly—called a vulgarian in a Chekhov play. At her wedding, where Joey is purse-lipped in angrily dull clothes, Pearl wears a cheerfully ill-bred flowered satin dress rather too tight for her. She does card tricks, like Charlotta in "The Cherry Orchard." She lifts the fog of sobriety in which the family are wrapped, looks puzzled when they talk with such depression of intellectualized things, dispels their subtle glooms with her showgirl gaiety. She seems exempt from guilt, and this exemption is one of the innocences celebrated by the film. The activity and play that are natural to her are beyond the reach of characters like Frederick and Joey, and most of all beyond the reach of Eve, who lives on the cliff edge of a rage that she has subdued or redirected at a cost to the whole family. In a crisis about something quite other, she turns on Joey



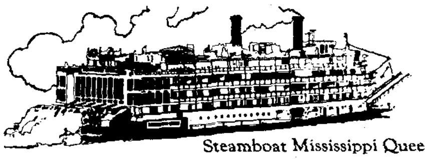
Wherever you intend to build

Deck House offers a unique approach to architecture, a careful blend of custom design, precision engineering and on-site construction. The result is an impressive contemporary classic, designed for energy efficiency and built on your site anywhere in the country.

For a brochure containing over 50 plans, send $5 to Deck House, Dept. M-8, 930 Main Street, Acton, MA 01720. For locations of Model House/Sales Offices call (617) 259-9450.

DECK HOUSE

CRUISE
A PLACE CALLED
AMERICA



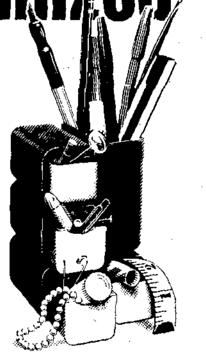
Steamboat Mississippi Queen

Sleepy little river towns. Bustling cosmopolitan cities. Magnolia-filled gardens. Historic landmarks. Discover the enjoyment and smooth sailing of steamboatin' aboard America's only overnight passenger steamboats—the luxurious Mississippi Queen and the legendary Delta Queen.

See your travel agent. Or write Delta Queen, Dept. NY, 511 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

CRUISE THE RIVERS OF AMERICA
DELTA QUEEN
STEAMBOAT CO. DELTA QUEEN MISSISSIPPI QUEEN
The Delta Queen Steamboat Company

MAXIM'S de PARIS
Luncheon • Dinner • Dancing
1300 N. Astor St. • Chicago, Il. 60610 • WH3-1111



HOW TO GET

Organized

JUST ~~$3.85~~ absolutely free

M284

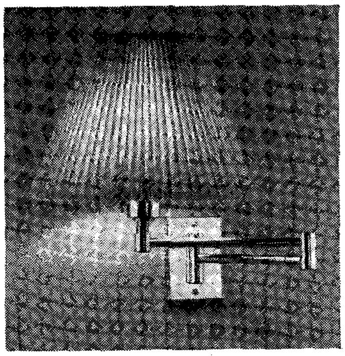
End mess and clutter with nifty **Henni/ Organizer**. It lets you stow your knick-knacks, worry beads, and paper clips in its four handy drawers — pens, pencils and whatnots in its open well. **H/O** is 4½" high and lovably handsome in navy/white cyrolac. Best of all, it's absolutely free. Why do we give things away? Are we bereft of business sense? Not really — we are trying to get new friends and customers, and this seems to be good way to do it. To get your **H/O** please assist us with part of our postage and insurance costs by sending us your $1 bill (no checks please — our bankers are very uptight about getting avalanches of tiny checks). And to get you acquainted with our "organization" we'll include a **$2 Gift Certificate**, with our compliments. Send for your **Henni/Organizer** today! You will be delighted.

771 Bush Street, **henniker's**
Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120

Henniker's, 771 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120

yes, I want to get organized. Please send me one **Henni/Organizer** (sorry, only one per customer, please). My $1 bill for part post./insur. is enclosed. YN0807

My name is ____
I live at ____
In ____ St. ____ Zip ____



The Swinger from Hilo Steiner is made by Alsy, comes to you brass-finish or chrome, and you get to choose your own shade: pleated or plain, white or beige. It's got a 3-way socket, swings out from the wall to 24", whole thing costs you just $50, prepaid UPS. Call us! In New Jersey, 800-822-8932. Elsewhere (201) 741-5862. Or write Hilo Steiner S-45, Rte. 35, Shrewsbury, N.J. 07701. Yes, Master Charge, Visa, or American Express. Your wall will thank you kindly.

Trident
VILLAS and HOTEL
Port Antonio, Jamaica, W.I.
The Indescribable Hideaway
Call Robert Reid Assoc., Rep. 212-757-2444,
J.R.S. 800-327-2054
or see your travel agent.

and says furiously, "Will you please not breathe in so hard?," making the repressed girl stoop more than ever. The sisters, tied to their mother, are also bound up in vying with each other in talent; it is a puny game, and the emotional profile they present is cadaverous. Only the gay woman who purveys such ease among constricted people, who seems to them a vulgarian, has the key to abundance.

Apparently about local frailties, this film—which Allen wrote himself—is universally recognizable. It's as true a tragedy as any that has come out of America in my memory. The end of the story speaks about parenthood as clearly as "King Lear." There is an inspired nighttime moment at the peak of events in a beach house when the real mother has been in hiding in the shadows and Joey calls "Mother!" and her stepmother—this figure whom she hates, this figure of prodigality who loves her—answers "Yes?"

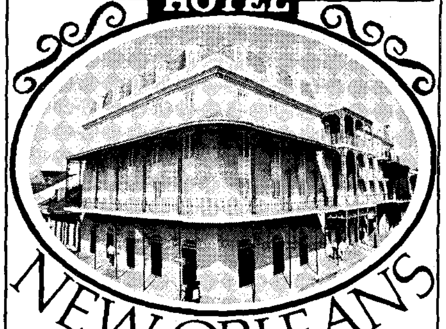
The director of photography, Gordon Willis, has made the film look as simple and concentrated as the script. There are many compositions that remind one of Bergman, many quick cuts in scenes without dialogue which say something about the varied thoughts of this family and which are entirely original. Most of all, one should salute Woody Allen. Straight after "Annie Hall" and this giant stride away from what people expect from him, he is now shooting his next picture. So much for the bystanders and foot-draggers of the industry, who make such a grandiose fuss about what to do in 1979 or 1980, hovering between an adaptation of a Broadway hit and an adaptation of a best-seller. Woody Allen simply goes from one job to the next, taking risks that he has won the right to take, because he speaks to a great many people. This droll piece of work is his most majestic so far. The theme its characters express is very Chekhovian. It is pinned to the idea that the simplest, hardest, and most admirable thing to do is to act properly through a whole life.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

They're the functional, punctual, fuss-free *and seats-guaranteed way to fly between London and Glasgow, Edinburgh and Belfast—British Airways Shuttle services: just turn up and take off.* Pioneered by British Airways in Europe, Shuttle services operate to a simplified time-table with much-reduced check-in times. You can buy your tickets at the airport, in advance from travel agents, or board the aircraft during the flight. —*High Life, the magazine of British Airways.*

Fuss-free, hell!



MARIE ANTOINETTE
HOTEL

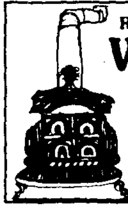
NEW ORLEANS

IN THE HEART
OF THE FRENCH QUARTER
Luxurious accommodations laced with Old World charm . . . . One block off Bourbon Street, this fine hotel offers discerning guests private balconies overlooking the courtyard pool, and features the famous Louis XVI French Restaurant.
FOR RESERVATIONS AND INFORMATION CALL
TOLL FREE 800-535-9111
Marie Antoinette Hotel, Suite D
827 Rue Toulouse at Rue Dauphine
New Orleans, LA 70112
Telephone (504) 525-2300

LA JOLLA

Traditionally, we host most of
La Jolla's Distinguished Visitors!
We would be pleased to accommodate you.
hotel La Valencia
P.O. Box 1089, La Jolla, California 92038
"The Pacific Ocean Is Your Back Yard"

DEXTER'S INN & TENNIS CLUB
Box N, Sunapee, N.H. 03782
A very small and unusual resort in this place of sun, sky and mountain lake. 200 acres, 15 inn rooms, pool, 3 plexicushion courts, tennis pro. 10 min. to lake, golf courses, stable, theater. Fine food, drink, company, hiking, antiquing, bird-watching or hammock star-gazing. Vacation suites/apts with kitchens are avail. Open mid-June thru fall color. 603-763-5571.



Rte. 37, Sherman, CT (203) 355-1170
WOODSTOVES
RESTAURANT
Chef Robert Ausbury — formerly of Laurent — presents a truly remarkable cuisine in a captivating rural setting.
Luncheon & Dinner daily except Mon.

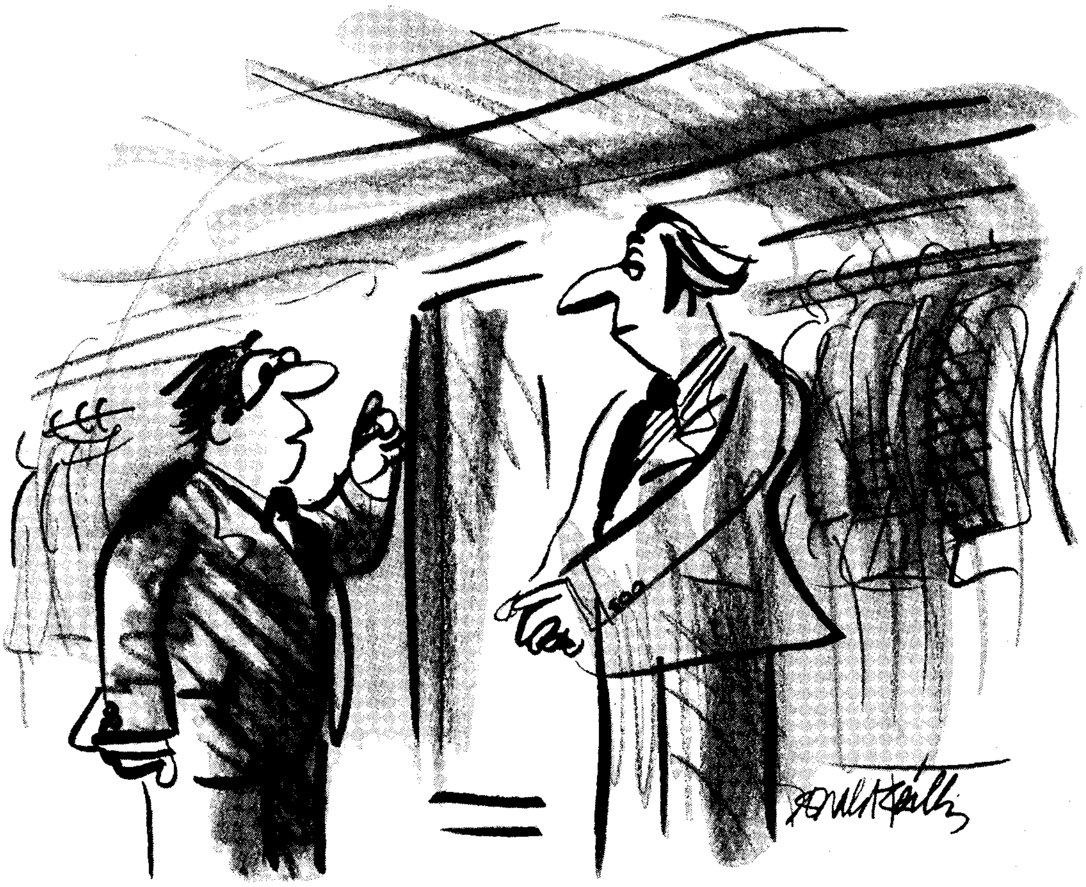
BOOKS

O Pioneers!

PIONEER epochs should probably not be expected to engender extraordinary works of fiction. In America, for example, what invented world could possibly have vied with the real one described in the "Travels" of John Smith or William Bartram, in the journals of Lewis and Clark, in the correspondence of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson? I have sometimes wondered whether Israel, with its violent history, its sophisticated and diverse literary traditions, and its high-voltage culture, might not prove to be the exception to this rule. But so far, to judge from the admittedly scant number of translated works that I have seen, it has not. S. Y. Agnon, the Nobel Prize winner who died in 1970, was a kind of epic genius, but the biblical rhythms and pious talmudic homilies that marked his work often made it laborious to read. Amos Oz, a thirty-nine-year-old native of Jerusalem, who is usually described as his country's foremost young writer, is Agnon's polar opposite: his books are bright, dispassionate, and as easily read as the morning paper. Oz lives on a kibbutz, and his work shows it—mainly in the way it demonstrates how hard it is to rebuild the Temple with Socialist bricks and an overeducated work force, and in the way it mirrors the fluidity and complexity of the society he lives in. His novels ("My Michael," "Touch the Water, Touch the Wind," "Elsewhere, Perhaps") and novellas ("Unto Death") are studded with interesting details about Jewish life in general and Israeli immigrant life in particular, but they share a peculiar emotional flatness and shed a curiously dim light on lives that on the surface are all excitement. His recently published "The Hill of Evil Counsel," translated from the Hebrew by Nicholas de Lange (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95), a collection of three long stories with interwoven themes and characters, is of a piece with the rest of his work, though the last story, "Longing," gets a bit deeper below the skin of the main character than the others do.

All three stories take place during the last days of the British Mandate, in a ragged, sun-bleached, lower-middle-class neighborhood on the outskirts of Jerusalem. In the first (and title) story, it is May, 1946. The full-scale war that will erupt two years later is a shadowy threat that the neighborhood's mostly Polish and Russian immigrants (who want at all costs to avoid more disruption in their lives) prefer not to contemplate. The British military barracks are within walking distance, and the Arabs occupy approximately the same place in the refugee imagination as the jackals in the wadi, but the terrorist activities of the Stern gang and the Irgun Zvai Leumi are still subjects for debate over lemonade and cookies. Among the debaters are Dr. Kipnis, a diffident, middle-aged veterinarian; his bitter, bleakly hysterical wife, Ruth, who constantly taunts her husband with idealized memories of her haute-bourgeoise Warsaw childhood; and their sensitive, dreamy son, Hillel (who turns up under another name in the other stories). One evening, at a celebration in an old cinema of the anniversary of the Allied victory in Europe, the veterinarian responds to a cry for a doctor, and revives an elderly woman. The ailing woman turns out to be the sister-in-law of the British High Commissioner, who a few days later sends the vet a pair of tickets to a May Ball as a reward. Their somewhat awed, somewhat disapproving neighbors see the vet and his wife off with much fanfare on the evening of the great event, and, in a totally unconvincing dénouement, the wife abandons her husband at the Commissioner's palace and roars off into the night with the guest of honor, England's Deputy First Sea Lord, the Hero of Malta—a well-known roué. Typically, Oz drops the wife just when she starts to get interesting. Plot development seems to bore him, and it is not unusual for him simply to abandon his characters when their lives threaten to become too complicated.

In the second story, "Mr. Levi," which appears to take place some months after the first, the tension of a prewar national state of mind is palpable. Oz keeps the violence offstage, but we know that the Jewish underground has recently been successful, because the British have imposed a curfew and conduct a grimly polite house-to-house search for underground lead-



"I want something assertive but yet not strident, please."

The English Wine Table

$19.

Our English wine table (c. 1784) is an authentic reproduction of a fine old English antique, hand crafted of mahogany with soft, detailed leathery top. A traditional favorite in England for over 200 years. Priced directly from our factory at an astonishing $19. $38 for two. Please add $3 each for shipping and handling. Dimensions: 20" high, 13" diameter. Naturally your satisfaction is guaranteed. To expedite your order, telephone us or send check or money order or charge MC/BA-VISA. Please incl. your exp. date. Send $2 for our full color product publication.

The Bombay Company
P.O. Box 53323 — Dept. NYW6
5256 Magazine Street
New Orleans, La. 70153
Telephone: 504/891-4405

CAMBRIDGE BEACHES

(The Original Cottage Colony)

IS BERMUDA

See Your Travel Agent or
Robert Reid Associates, Inc.
1270 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, N.Y. 10020
(212) 757-2444

BOSTON BOUND?

Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.

Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

ers and manifestos. Mr. Levi is an *unpleasant but believably authoritative* middle-aged resistance fighter (about whom we learn almost nothing), who is smuggled into the house of what seems to be the family that we have just read about in the previous story, now miraculously reunited. No mention whatever is made of the mother's *nocturnal* escapade. I gather from a one-year difference in the dates at the end of the stories (the first is dated 1974, the second 1975) that the two stories were written independently, with similar characters, and just happened to end up in tandem in this collection. It is a bit disconcerting, nonetheless, to see the mother calmly setting the family tea cart and passing bowls of oranges when just a few pages earlier we have witnessed her doppelgänger "racing deep into the desert, across mountains and valleys, and onward, to Baghdad, Bombay, Calcutta" with the belching admiral in his silver Rolls-Royce. Like the two other stories, "Mr. Levi" ends with a cliché: "What has been has been, and a new day is beginning."

The last, and best, story, "Longing," is about a middle-aged Viennese-born doctor named Emanuel Nussbaum, who is dying of cancer. Nussbaum lives next door to the (or a) veterinarian. The story is written as a series of confessional letters that Nussbaum sends to his former mistress, a doggedly unsentimental, blunt psychologist (from Nussbaum's descriptions of her, she seems rather heartless, but I'm not sure Oz intends that) who has emigrated recently to New York. In the first two stories, Oz captures a strong sense of place and mood but conveys little of what anyone is feeling, except for the not particularly riveting yearnings of the young boy. In this one, the main character is at least given the chance to recall the strong currents of his life, although in a kind of epistolatory-résumé style. I had the feeling as I read poor Nussbaum's description of the unease of his life that Israel must abound with people like him: displaced European cosmopolites who have never really recovered from finding themselves in what Oz refers to as "Western Asia," surrounded by "dusty shrubs that are dying . . . in the *drought*" and ground-down neighbors whose fondest hope is that the blazing sun will help their children metamorphose into "a new, tough race, no longer timid and persecuted, no longer sparkling with gold and silver teeth, no longer with sweaty palms and eyes blinking through thick lenses." Nuss-

gershwin
garbo
and poe
to go

at your library
American Library Association

COMPLETE BOOK-BINDING SERVICES. Your favorite books, magazines, periodicals, journals, playbills and correspondence can be hand-bound in either leather or cloth in your choice of styles. Also repair work.
Brochure 25¢.

THE CLASSIC BINDERY

P.O. Box 572-0 Mendham, N.J. 07945

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN WORKSHOP
LEARN TO WEAVE A SHEEPSKIN RUG FOR $20
Incl. loom rental.

Madison Ave. & 72 St. NYC; Greenwich, Conn.; New Lebanon, N.Y.; Minneapolis; Boston; San Francisco; Birmingham, Mi.

A Broadway hit for 40 years
Gallaghers
Naturally Aged
STEAK HOUSE
Open 7 Days for Lunch and Dinner
52d Street just west of Broadway • CI 5-5336

baum is not ungrateful for the decade he gained by fleeing Vienna just before the war, but Israel has not proved to be *his* promised land. It may be that, as Oz says in an earlier book, "the only safe place for a Jew is in his own state in his own promised land." But for Nussbaum that has never ceased to be an alien place. The woman to whom the letters are addressed, the great love of his life, appears never to have taken him as seriously as he did her, and doesn't even bother to answer them. And though he has had his friends and small pleasures, his description of the little corner of the world he knows he will die in crackles with disappointment and contempt:

> Petty intrigues among neighbors motivated by repressed greed. . . . Here and there a partially blocked drain. Their underwear, drying everywhere on clotheslines, especially the women's underwear, has a sanctimonious air. I am tempted to use the word "puritanical.". . . Is this also a place that in years to come someone will remember with longing? Can it be that when the time comes, someone will dream nostalgically of the rusty washtubs, the broken-down railings, the rough, cracked concrete, the peeling plaster, the coils of barbed wire, the thistles, the immigrant smells? Indeed, will we survive the war that is coming?

The last question, of course, supersedes all others, and must surely prey on even the quietest Israeli spirits. Surprisingly, Oz always manages to skirt it. He seems unwilling or unable to come to grips with his characters' feelings about the fragility of either their past lives or their present ones. It is as if he were writing a war play in which no one exhibited fear or terror or ever mentioned guns, blood, or death. Perhaps, being a Sabra, he simply takes those things for granted. But when the closest he can come to describing fear is to anthropomorphize nature, as he does in "Mr. Levi"—"The whole city was surrounded by mountains, and as night fell they tightened their grip on us. They could discern no difference between man and man, man and woman, woman and child. Perhaps they had already discovered the death ray and were preparing to surge up and merge with the sunset clouds"—it trivializes both the depth and the magnitude of the collective national recovery that all his work strains to convey. —LIS HARRIS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

AND NEVER SAID A WORD, by Heinrich Böll; translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (Mc-

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ One year: $24 ☐ New subscriber
☐ Two years: $40 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)
Additional Postage: Canada & Mexico $4.00 per year; other foreign $8.00 per year.

☐ My check for $ ______ is enclosed.
Please bill my: ☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express ☐ Visa
Account # ______
Signature ______
4328

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.
☐ One year: $24 ☐ Two years: $40

To ______

Address

City State Zip
Gift card to read "From ______"

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here;** print your **new** address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW YORKER

Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036
Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)

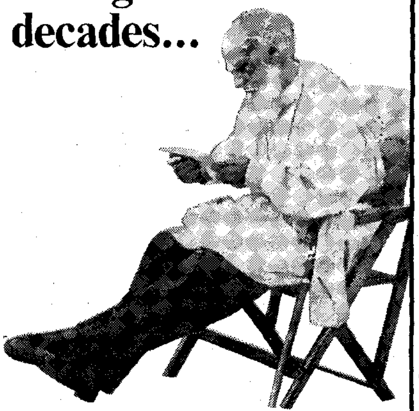
Graw-Hill; $8.95). A day and a half in the lives of a poverty-stricken German couple in the early nineteen-fifties. Parents of three, they lost everything in a bombing raid on their city (unnamed), and now rent a shabby room too small for them all. The husband has moved out, to salvage his sanity and spare the children his rages; the wife spends her days trying to scrub the apartment free of moldering plaster. Once in a while—as on this occasion—they spend the night together in a cheap hotel. The couple are beyond remedies; they have considered and rejected them all. There is no self-pity in their hopelessness, however, and their mutual tenderness endows them with the unearthly grace of Beckett's tragicomic figures. The story, recorded by each of them in alternating chapters, begins at dusk and ends at midday, as if in defiance of the a-day-in-the-life convention and its suggestion of a meaningful structure. The translation is exceptional.

Foreigner, by Nahid Rachlin (Norton; $8.95). An Iranian-born woman named Feri tells the story of her first visit home since she left, fourteen years before, for an American college education, a career, and marriage. What promises to be an awkward and difficult two-week ordeal changes its aspect when Feri learns that her mother, who deserted the family when Feri was eight, was compelled by a romantic passion—not a religious one, as her father has led her to believe. Feri finds her mother living in a distant and crumbling village. As they trade and share memories, Feri recovers peace of mind, and realizes that she has been without it for too long. When her husband arrives to escort her home (quite by surprise, and ten days after she was supposed to leave), the routines and pressures that his presence recalls—and which have given her a stomach ulcer—no longer seem necessary or comforting, and she refuses to go. This is not a happy ending to a story of paradise regained but a perilous turning point in a damaged life, and it gently raises new as well as timeless questions about an unhappy woman's faith and freedom.

GENERAL

The Tell-Tale Heart: The Life and Works of Edgar Allan Poe, by Julian Symons (Harper & Row; $10.95). The existing literature on Poe's wretched life and his singular work would seem to be more than ample, but Mr. Symons' contribution is warmly welcome. It differs from the usual studies, especially those of recent years, in two interesting respects. One is that it separately considers, as much as possible, the events of Poe's life (his complicated beginnings, his peculiar marriage, his drinking bouts, his epistolary love affairs, the production, publication, and reception of his stories and poems and critical essays) and his work. The other is the conclusions drawn by Mr. Symons from his examination of the work. He accepts neither the psychoanalytical nor the more recent (and heavily academic) symbolic explication of Poe's writings. He allows that "sadism and necrophilia are the motive power behind most of the powerful stories, and the repression of these instincts seems the most reasonable explanation of Poe's attitude toward sex," but he declines to apply the Freudian insight to the work itself. As for the symbolists, they "do not read Poe so much as they read *into* him," he says. "They hardly bother to read the lines because they are so busy reading between them." His own reading is that while Poe may have said more than he meant, he meant literally most of what he said.

The Russian Fascists: Tragedy and Farce in Exile, 1925-1945, by John J. Stephan (Harper & Row; $15). Bitter and entertaining by turns, this able history chronicles a minute movement among young White Russian exiles who were attracted to Mussolini. Two Russian Fascist centers developed. In Manchuria in the thirties, a small band of Russian Fascists, led by an adventurer named Konstantin Rodzaevsky, collaborated with the Japanese in the hope that Japan would conquer Russia and turn it over to them. Coincidentally, in Connecticut, an émigré playboy, Anastase Vonsiatsky, funded by his rich American wife, invented a paper Fascist army that was supposed to be carrying out sabotage and propaganda within the Soviet Union. To insure his phantom forces maximum publicity, Vonsiatsky frequently sent news of their doings to anti-Fascist organizations. His intermittent dealings with American Nazis, his tall stories, and the tall stories of an F.B.I. informer got him a five-year sentence for espionage in 1942;



"Might well be the most important Tolstoy publication in English in several decades... Together with Professor Christian's helpful and knowledgeable commentary, the letters open up an unequaled panorama of the man, his evolving outlook and the age in which he lived."
—Simon Karlinsky, *N.Y. Times Book Review* (front-page review)

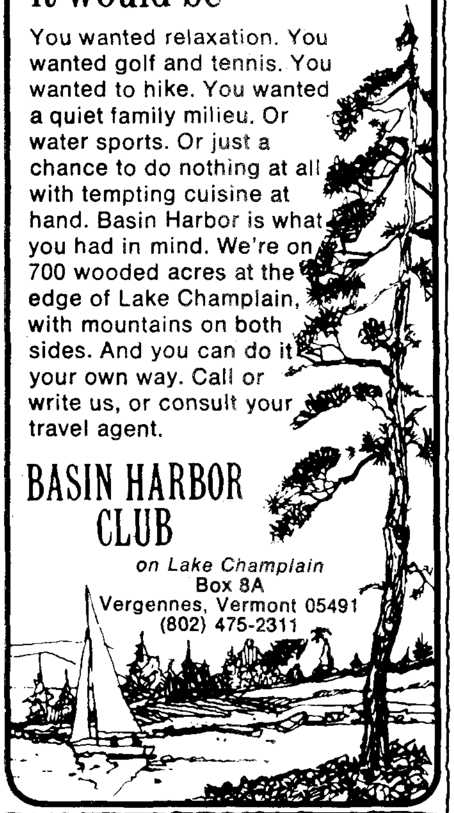
"Could revolutionize the way in which Tolstoy is conventionally seen in Britain and America...To read them in sequence is an overwhelming experience...Excellently annotated." —*N.Y. Review of Books*

"A distinguished labor of love and vital to an understanding of Tolstoy's life." —Edward Weeks, *Boston Sunday Globe*

"No serious student of Tolstoy can afford to ignore this important work which provides much biographical material hitherto unavailable to readers of English." —*Library Journal*

"An extraordinary experience, introducing a Tolstoy story recognizable from his work and the many portraits, but also different, more practical, more directly revealing."
—Robert Kirsch, *Los Angeles Times Book Review* (front-page review)

Tolstoy's Letters
Volume I 1828-1879 • Volume II 1880-1910
Selected, edited and translated by
R. F. CHRISTIAN
Photographs. 2 volumes. $35.00
SCRIBNERS

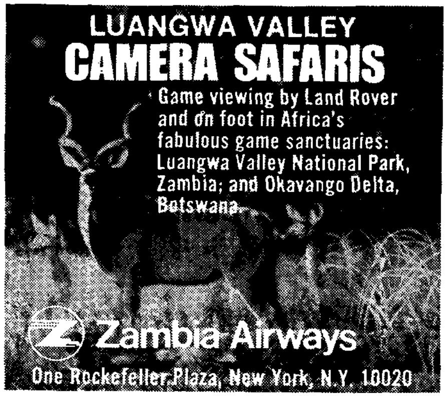


A holiday just the way you thought it would be

You wanted relaxation. You wanted golf and tennis. You wanted to hike. You wanted a quiet family milieu. Or water sports. Or just a chance to do nothing at all with tempting cuisine at hand. Basin Harbor is what you had in mind. We're on 700 wooded acres at the edge of Lake Champlain, with mountains on both sides. And you can do it your own way. Call or write us, or consult your travel agent.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB
on Lake Champlain
Box 8A
Vergennes, Vermont 05491
(802) 475-2311

All Aboard with E.M. Frimbo
World's Greatest Railroad Buff
Rogers E. M. Whitaker and Anthony Hiss
"This is a book you wish would never end, and you close it with a sigh for time marvelously spent."—*Kirkus Reviews*
Black-and-white illustrations.
$2.95 at bookstores.
PENGUIN BOOKS
Many of these articles appeared originally in *The New Yorker*



LUANGWA VALLEY
CAMERA SAFARIS
Game viewing by Land Rover and on foot in Africa's fabulous game sanctuaries: Luangwa Valley National Park, Zambia; and Okavango Delta, Botswana.
Zambia Airways
One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020

CAFE San Martin
Continental Cuisine · Dinner & Sun. brunch
1458 First Ave. (76TH St.) N.Y.C. 288-0470

upon his release, he channelled his exuberance into girl-chasing, and he died of a heart attack in 1965. As for Rodzaevsky, when the Russian Army invaded Manchuria in 1945, he fled to China, where he convinced himself that "Stalinism . . . is our Russian Fascism" and accepted an invitation to return home; he was shot there in 1946. Mr. Stephan, who cautions us against sympathy, has fully realized these two men, who seem to represent puzzling extremes of the puzzling Russian national character—Rodzaevsky brutal and bigoted, Vonsiatsky effusive and extravagant.

NOTE: "On Balance," a collection of poems by Peter Kane Dufault, some of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Sagarin Press ($4.95).

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SPEAK FOR THE DEAD, by Rex Burns (Harper & Row; $8.95). Gabriel Wager, the Mexican-American narc whose exploits in and around Denver reached a high level of entertainment in "The Alvarez Journal" and "The Farnsworth Score," has been transferred to Homicide, and this, his first case, is a nasty one: the severed head of a young woman is found carefully posed in a bed of flowering vines and shrubs in the Denver Botanic Gardens. A few days later, her body turns up in the luggage compartment of an abandoned car in a junkyard. In Mr. Burns' understanding hands, Wager continues to be a full achievement. He is not a particularly attractive man. He is hard-driving, unsociable, and largely humorless. But he is also perceptive, and sensitive enough to see a meaning in the placement of the head and the disposal of the body. And to dig up and define its source. Recommended without reservation.

•

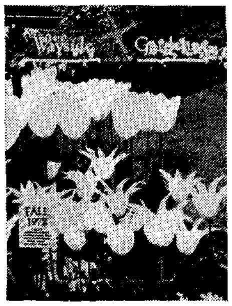
CLEAR DAYS ON THE CUYAHOGA COUNTY POLITICAL SCENE

[*From the Columbus* (*Ohio*) *Dispatch*]

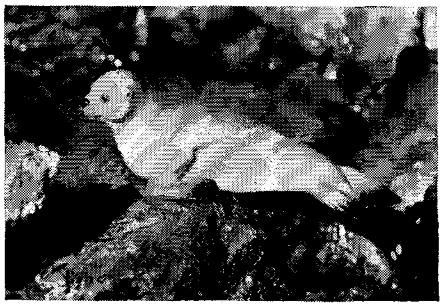
Mrs. Edna Deffler, mayor of Broadview Heights in Cuyahoga County, said her city council sent the auditor's office an ordinance around the first of the year requesting an audit. It had been six years since the last one.

The auditor's office promised an audit would be done around April 1 but the city has heard nothing more about it, Mrs. Deffler said.

"If anything is being done correctly, it ought to be caught early, rather than be allowed to continue," Mrs. Deffler said.

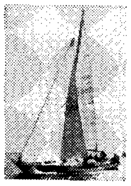


Wayside Gardens
Add Color And Excitement To Your New Spring Garden
Things of beauty . . . joys forever. Now the pleasures and rewards of gardening are as close as your copy of Wayside Gardens' lovely, all-color Fall Catalog. The finest quality shrubs, perennials and bulbs are offered, along with complete growing instructions and Wayside's famous, no nonsense guarantee.
Please rush me your Fall Catalog. Enclosed is $1.00 deposit which will be deducted from first order.
NAME (Please Print)
STREET BOX NO.
STATE ZIP
THE WAYSIDE GARDENS CO.
161 Garden Lane, Hodges, S.C. 29695



THE PORCELAIN JUNGLE
Each animal is an investment in art.
Write for colourful booklet, entitled "Beauty & The Beasts & The Birds."
Aynsley Bone China, 225 Fifth Ave. New York 10010.
SCULPTURED BY AYNSLEY®
The English member of the Waterford Crystal Family.

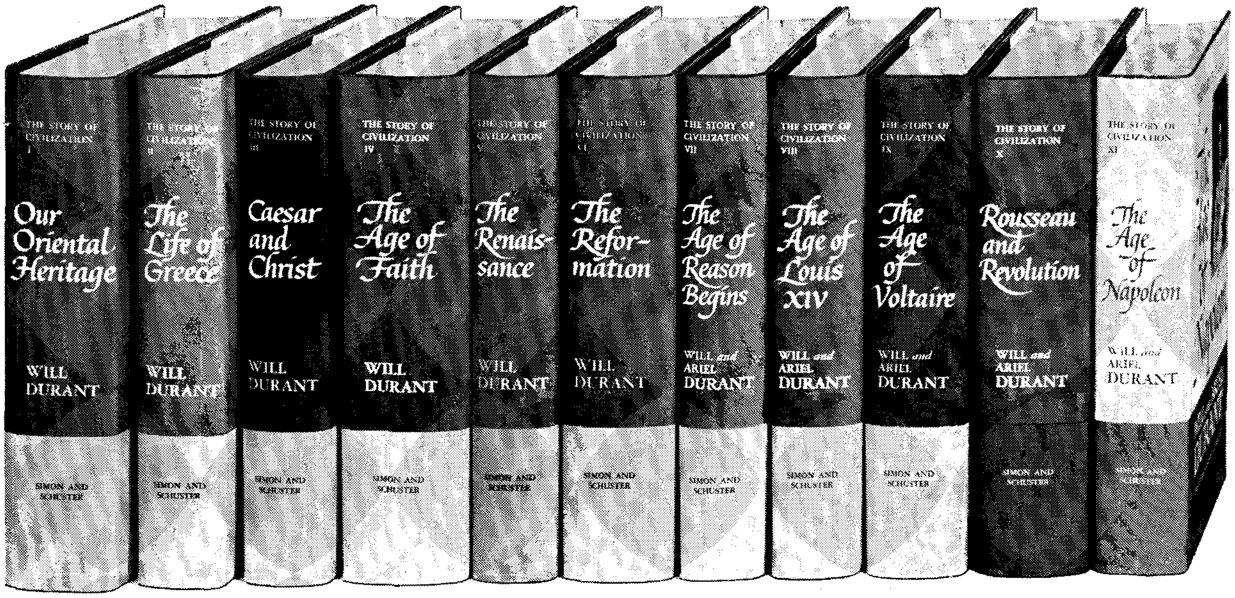
HALF MOON
HOTEL, COTTAGES, GOLF, TENNIS & BEACH CLUB
Heinz E.W. Simonitsch – Managing Director
Rose Hall, Jamaica, W.I.
3000 ft. private beach, Robert Trent Jones championship 18-hole golf course, eleven tennis courts, sailing, 18 fresh-water pools, sauna, massage, shopping arcade, luxurious cottages, suites and rooms. Exclusive vacation plans available.
Call TCI 800-423-2922 or see your Travel Agent.



Sail the Maine Coast - Licensed native captain and finest 45' fiberglass and teak Camper and Nicholson sloop provide fresh seafood, quiet anchorages, and islands to be explored. Your choice of destinations. Three double cabins for six guests. $1,300-$1,500 per week plus provisions. Brochure and photos available. Call (207) 326-8525.

Rediscover the past in The Story of Civilization.

"Our century has produced no more successful attempt to narrate the whole common story of mankind"—*Clifton Fadiman*



I. Our Oriental Heritage. Ancient Egypt and the Near East. The Far East, early to modern times.

II. The Life of Greece. Explores all facets of Greek life from prehistoric times to the Roman conquest.

III. Caesar and Christ. The rise of Rome and Christianity and the collapse of classic civilization.

IV. The Age of Faith. Christian, Islamic and Judaic civilizations, 325 to 1300, including the Crusades.

V. The Renaissance. Italy's golden age, 1304 to 1576. A turbulent world of intrigue and great art.

VI. The Reformation. Europe's religious conflicts, from two centuries before Luther to Calvin.

VII. The Age of Reason Begins. Europe, 1558-1646. The age of Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Galileo.

VIII. The Age of Louis XIV. The brilliant era of the "Sun King," Milton, Cromwell, Peter the Great.

IX. The Age of Voltaire. Europe from 1715 to 1756. The world of Frederick the Great, Wesley, Bach.

X. Rousseau and Revolution. Europe from the Seven Years' War to the storming of the Bastille.

XI. The Age of Napoleon. France's domination of European history, from the fevers of the French Revolution to Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo. A history of European civilization from 1789 to 1815.

Will and Ariel Durant's masterpiece is now offered as your first benefit of membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.

The complete 11-volume set: $20
Publisher's price: $248.55

You simply agree to buy four books within a year.

Since the first volume of this remarkable work appeared forty-three years ago, it has been hailed both as a great literary achievement and an epic history of mankind. To read it is to enjoy the past made live with excitement and power. To own it is to have at your fingertips a reference work of undisputed authority. It is hard to imagine a more valuable set of books for your home library.

Beginning with this special opportunity to own *The Story of Civilization* at the extraordinary saving of more than 85% (including postage and handling charges), you'll enjoy continuing benefits on the best and most important books published today. As a Club member, you always get bookstore quality at book-club savings. Every book is identical in size, paper, type and binding to those sold in stores. You never settle for the altered or inferior editions that some book clubs send their members. And when you remain a member after the short trial period, each book you buy earns Book-Dividend® credits. These entitle you to enormous savings on current art books, reference sets, literary classics, records, and children's books. Join now, and shop for books the civilized way—in America's Bookstore.

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. 8-A116-8-1
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION, billing me $20, plus postage and handling charges, for all eleven volumes. I agree to buy 4 books during the coming year. A postage and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Mr.
Mrs. 17
Miss. (Please print plainly)

Address .... Apt. ......

City ....

State .... Zip ....

Facts About Membership

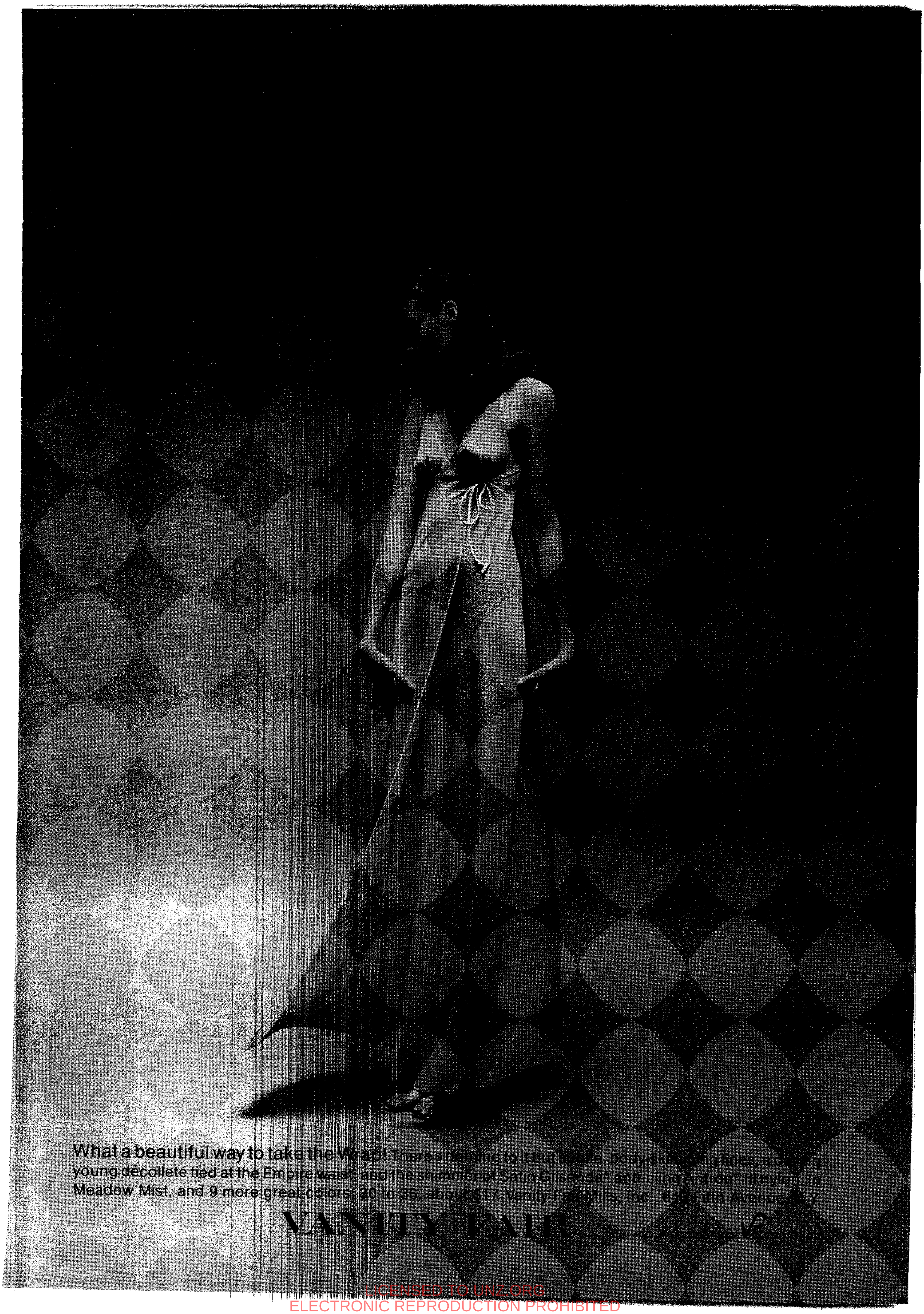
You receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*,® a literary magazine, 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a *Main Selection* plus scores of Alternates.

If you want the *Main Selection* do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.

Return Privilege. If the *News* is delayed and you receive the *Main Selection* without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.

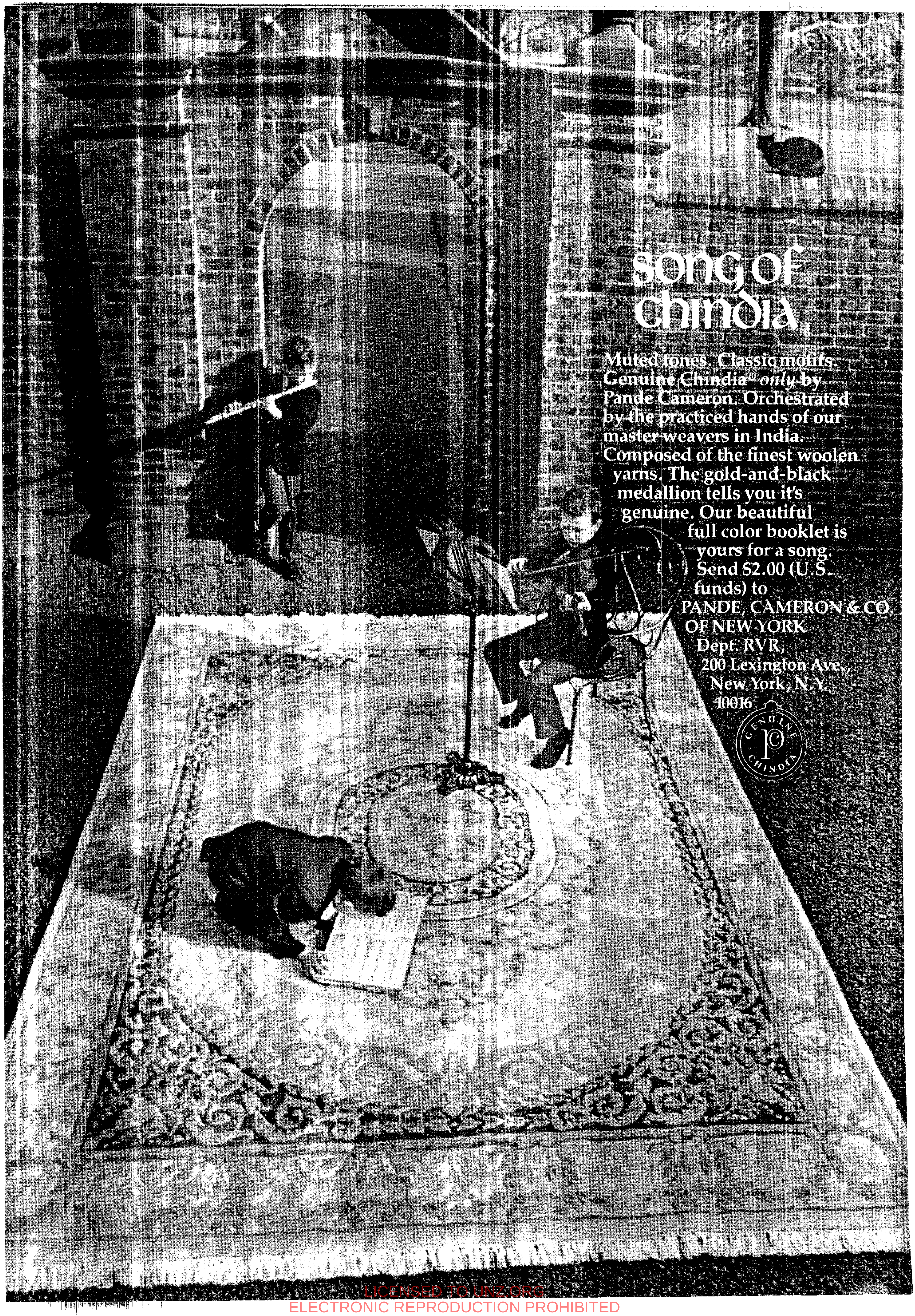
Cancellations. Your membership is cancelable at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Simply notify Book-of-the-Month Club.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®
AMERICA'S BOOKSTORE®
Since 1926, 330 million books in 15 million homes.



What a beautiful way to take the Wrap! There's nothing to it but subtle, body-skimming lines, a daring young décolleté tied at the Empire waist, and the shimmer of Satin Glisanda® anti-cling Antron® III nylon. In Meadow Mist, and 9 more great colors. 30 to 36, about $17. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

VANITY FAIR



song of chindia

Muted tones. Classic motifs. Genuine Chindia® *only* by Pande Cameron. Orchestrated by the practiced hands of our master weavers in India. Composed of the finest woolen yarns. The gold-and-black medallion tells you it's genuine. Our beautiful full color booklet is yours for a song. Send $2.00 (U.S. funds) to

PANDE, CAMERON & CO.
OF NEW YORK
Dept. RVR,
200 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N.Y.
10016